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WHEN Mr. Seward was asked, at a public dinner given him on his retiring to private life, what was the most important act of his official life, in his consideration, he replied, "The purchase of Alaska"; but he added, "But it may take two generations before the purchase is appreciated."

The treaty with Russia for the purchase was made March 30th, 1867, and at its ratification a stormy debate occurred in the United States Senate. On that occasion

Charles Sumner delivered one of his finest orations, in defense of the purchase. As he unfolded the resources of the vast and distant land, and presented its intimate relations to our Pacific Coast possessions, patriotism glowed with a warmer enthusiasm. Mr. Sumner's eloquent presentation of facts turned the doubters into supporters, and the treaty was ratified on May 28th, and on October 18th Russia formally turned over to the United States the possession of the country.



YUKON RIVER INDIANS ON THEIR WAY TO CHURCH.

Very few people, unless their attention has been particularly called to the fact, have any idea of the extent of Alaska. According to Professor Guyot, the Island of Attu, in Alaska, is as far west of San Francisco as the coast of Maine is east of that city, so that the geographical centre of the United States, east and west, is the city which we have been accustomed to consider on our extreme western boundary.

Alaska is an English corruption of the native word, "Al-ay-es-ka," which means "a great country or continent," and the name is very appropriate for the country which bears it, for Alaska has an extreme length north and south of 1,400 miles, an extreme breadth east and west of 2,200 miles; the coast line measures 25,000 miles, and the country covers an area of 580,107 square miles: an area equal to that of all the United States east of the Mississippi River and north of Alabama, Georgia and North Carolina.

The dividing line between Alaska and Asia, according to the Russian treaty, is the meridian 193° West Longitude. The meridian of the easternmost point of Maine is in longitude $66^{\circ} 52'$, making a difference of 127 degrees of longitude.

Alaska was acquired by Russia by right of discovery. On July 18th, 1741, Vitus Behring, the celebrated Russian explorer, discovered the rocky range of mountains, the crowning peak of which is Mount St. Elias, which towers to the height of 19,500 feet, the highest mountain in North America. Subsequently, and during the same voyage, Behring visited many of the Aleutian Islands, until finally he was overtaken by death on the one which bears his name.

In 1778 Captain Cook explored the Alaskan coast, and sailed far up into the bay now known as Cook's Inlet, in the hope that it would prove to be a northern passage homeward to Great Britain. Numerous Russian commercial expeditions visited the new region, and in 1783 a trading establishment was opened on the Island of Kadiak. Similar enterprises followed in other localities, and in 1799 the Russian-American Fur Company was organized under the sanction of the Emperor Paul, by a consolidation of all the companies then existing in the territory. This corporation was granted the exclusive right of hunting and fishing in the American dominions of the Czar. It established a line of forts and trading-posts along the coast from Norton Sound, southward, with occasional stations further inland; and after Sitka was founded, the headquarters were removed from Kadiak to that place. The country was ruled by the company, the chief director of which exercised absolute sway throughout the colony until 1862, when, the charter having expired, the Government declined to renew it, in consequence of the abuses which had grown up. The company, however, continued in control by permission of the home authorities. In 1865-67 the territory was explored by a scientific corps, sent out from the United States to select a route for the Russo-American telegraph line, a project which was afterward abandoned.

The negotiations for the purchase of Alaska by the United States were begun in 1867, and the price agreed upon was \$7,200,000; and when Russia gave up possession, Brigadier-general Lovell H. Rousseau, of the United States Army, who had been appointed commissioner for that purpose, formally took possession of the territory in the name of the United States, on October 18th, 1867, and raised the Stars and Stripes in Sitka.

One of the objections urged against the purchase of this country was on account of the belief that it was, outside of its timber and fisheries, a worthless bit of ground.

And it is singular that both Secretary Seward and Senator Sumner overlooked the very important fact that the Seal Islands of the newly acquired country were worth more than all the other islands and all the mainland together. Nobody knows yet what is the exact value of all the timber and minerals and fish in Alaska. But this much is certain—the two little islands of St. George and St. Paul, away up in Behring Sea, afford a revenue which is sufficient to make the purchase of Alaska a good business operation, no matter whether we ever get anything else out of the country or not. The Seal Islands are leased to the Alaska Commercial Company for \$55,000 per year. The tax collected on each fur seal skin shipped from the islands is \$2.62½, which, on 100,000 skins, the greatest number the company can take, by law, in any one year, amounts to \$262,500, making, along with the rental, a total of \$317,500. Charging the transaction \$7,500,000, which more nearly represents the cost of Alaska, including all expenses attending the matter, than \$7,200,000, the actual price paid, the \$317,500 yearly income from the Seal Islands is four per cent. on the investment and \$17,500 profit. Had this return been dreamed of in 1867, there would have been far less questioning whether it was wise to buy the country. The lease of the company now holding the Seal Islands was for twenty years, and it expires in 1887. If 200,000 skins may easily be taken every year, the Government will have no difficulty in making a new lease to the present company, or to a new one, which will return double the present rental. Then Alaska, more than ever, will be a paying property, the source of a steady, legitimate income.

The physical configuration of Alaska naturally divides it into three districts: the Yukon, extending from the Alaskan range of mountains to the Arctic Ocean; the Aleutian, embracing the Aliaska Peninsula and the islands west of the 155th degree of longitude; and the Sitkan, including southeastern Alaska.

Of these, the last is by far the best known. Sitka, or New Archangel, the capital of the entire territory, is situated in this district, on a small but commodious harbor on Baranoff Island. It was founded in the last century, and at the time of its transfer to the United States was little better than a collection of log huts, about a hundred in number, with a few superior buildings occupied by the Government officers. There are mossy Russian ruins there now. During the Russian occupancy Sitka was full of life and gayety, the officials and their retinues, and the priests of the Greek Church, constituting its society. The Church was at that time rich, magnificent with its pictures, its gold-wrought and jeweled frames and hangings. The church and its dressings and ornaments were turned over to our country with the rest of the territory, but the most of the valuables have been stolen by the United States soldiers. The lowest and worst Russian respects the Church. It is not so with our cosmopolitan population. There were also, in the Russian time, several good schools and a seminary at Sitka. Also several shipyards, with ways for launching vessels of one thousand tons. After the transfer and the consequent removal of nearly all the better class of Russians, civilization sank to almost native rudeness, without one saving hand. Schools ceased, industries failed, and the principal aim of the United States military force stationed in Sitka seemed to have been the rapid and total extinction of good. The soldiers introduced to the natives that worst product of the civilized world, bad whisky, which, running riot ever since, is rapidly reducing a once rugged race to extinction. At present Sitka is a sort of deserted village, holding tenaciously to the memory of busy days,

but leading an existence of such invariable dullness that there seems scarcely to have been ever any life or gayety in the place. Even the public buildings, which once were bright with paint and the scenes of movement and activity, are nearly deserted now, and stand black and ruinous beside the harbor shores, and the "Castle" on the high hill overlooking Sitka Bay has lost its windows with its tidiness, and the winds whistle unmolested through the great rooms in which the Russian princess used to hold her court, in the days when the people owed allegiance to the Czar. One cannot help feeling a sort of pity for the place, it looks so lonely; but perhaps if it were smarter it would not be so picturesque, and picturesque, after all, is what the majority of tourists visit Alaska for. There are not over 1,000 people living in Sitka now, Indians and all, and while the town at present is the Government headquarters of the Territory, it is not unlikely that Juneau will in time rob it even of this distinction, and then Sitka indeed will be left to the elements. It is to be hoped there will not be a general forsaking of the old place, for it is the most picturesquely situated town in Alaska, and has had a romantic history. Its first visitor of note was Alexander Baranoff, of Russia, who came to Sitka and captured it from the Indians in 1793. Afterward it was retaken by the natives and then recaptured by Baranoff in 1814. From that year to 1867, when the country was transferred to the United States, Sitka was the home of Imperial governors, and held a prominent position as a shipping station and the seat of Russian power in America. There was more than one cruel fight between the Indians and the foreigners during the Czar's ownership, but by the time Baranoff retired, old, but vigorous and determined as ever, there was not much trouble, and a considerable number of Russians had migrated there and formed a colony of respectable size. There was a marked distinction then between the commoners and the gentle folk. A peasant had her dress prescribed for her, and people made way for their betters when they met them, and dropped a courtesy too. In the Castle there was a throne-room, elaborately decorated, and in the centre of the town the princess had a garden made, with walks and flowers and a cottage, while the men frequented a club-house, full of good things to eat, which still flaunts its deserted balcony over the main street of Sitka. When the Russians went away, however, the Castle was pillaged by the Indians, and since then has fallen more and more to decay every year. The garden, too, is neglected and in ruins, and the once hospitable club-house is the dreary home of those who are too poor to have any other abode.

Sitka has an excellent harbor and a pretty location. The bay is formed by two long arms of the main island, ending in the peaks of Edgcombe and Vestovia, and is protected from the open sea by a group of islands covered with a heavy growth of timber. Behind the town are piled up mountains with steep sides, between two of which flows Indian River, working its way through a dense mass of shrubbery, and crossed by rustic bridges. Between the wharf and the river, a distance of two miles, runs the one street of Sitka, which leads past the warehouses, down by the water at first, and then by the side of the parade-ground and the Government buildings and Russian church. Later it leaves the houses and follows the crescent curve of a rocky beach, where boats are hauled out, from which an extensive view is had of Vestovia and the intervening islands. Following this highway, Sitka, seen from the end of the road, appears not unlike a fishing village of distant Maine, for one sees the nets spread out to dry upon the beach, and the houses

and rising from the

all have the weatherbeaten look so noticeable in the cottages on the Eastern coast.

Sitka had long been a Russian mission station. On June 30th, 1793, the Empress Catherine issued an Imperial order that missionaries should be sent to her American colonies. In accordance with this order, eleven monks sailed from Ochotsk for Kadiak Island, in charge of the Archimandrite Joasaph. In 1796, Joasaph, having been made a bishop, returned to Irkutsk to receive consecration; but, in 1799, the newly-made bishop and all the missionaries but one were drowned by shipwreck. The solitary survivor remained eleven years in the colonies before an assistant was sent him. The first church was erected at Kadiak in 1796. On December 5th, 1822, three more priests arrived safely.

But the one whose influence was the greatest began his labors at Unalashka in 1823. This was Innocentius Veniaminoff. In 1840 he was made a bishop, and subsequently advanced from one position to another, until at last he became the Metropolitan of Moscow, the highest position in the Greek Church. He died in the Spring of 1879, mourned by a whole nation. He left an untarnished reputation, and was possessed of the true missionary spirit.

At one time the Russo-Greek Church had seven missionary districts in Alaska, with 11 priests, 16 deacons, and in 1869, 12,140 members. The first school was established on the Island of Kadiak, by Shelekoff, in 1792. The Russian language, religion, and arithmetic, were taught. A few years later a school was started in Sitka. In 1841 an ecclesiastical school was begun in Sitka, which, in 1845, was raised to the rank of a seminary. In 1860 a colonial school was opened, which, in 1862, had twenty-seven students, only one of whom was a native. A girls' school for the orphans and children of the employes of the Fur Company had been established in 1839. A school for natives was established on Unalashka Island in 1825, and another school was established on Amilia Island. All these schools were well attended by eager and enthusiastic pupils, but since the American occupation they have all been suspended.

In addition to the priests of the Greek Church, Russia provided a Lutheran minister for the Lutherans, Swedes, Finlanders and Germans in the employ of the Fur Company. The first one came in 1845 and remained till 1852. He was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Wintec, who remained till 1867, when his support being withdrawn, on account of the transfer, he returned to Europe. All religious influences ceased when Russia departed, and for ten years the Alaskans were allowed to live and die without any religious instruction or care. The Gospel went out and bad whisky came in.

The United States Government did nothing. Our Government is Christian only in name—not in deed—and consequently the missionary work in Alaska was left to churches. They were not quick in responding, and it was only in 1877 that the first missionary was sent there. It was a gathering of a few Christian Indians which was the beginning of missions in the Territory.

In the Spring of 1876, some Tsimpsean Indians went from Fort Simpson to Fort Wrangell to obtain work. They secured a Government contract to cut wood. On Sundays, it was their custom to meet for worship. They found a friend and protector in Captain S. P. Jocelyn, of the Twenty-first United States Infantry, then in command at that station. He helped them to secure a room for their services, and supplied them with some small hymn-books that had been sent by the American Tract Society. In September, 1876, the Rev. Thomas Crosby visited Fort



ST. MICHAELS.

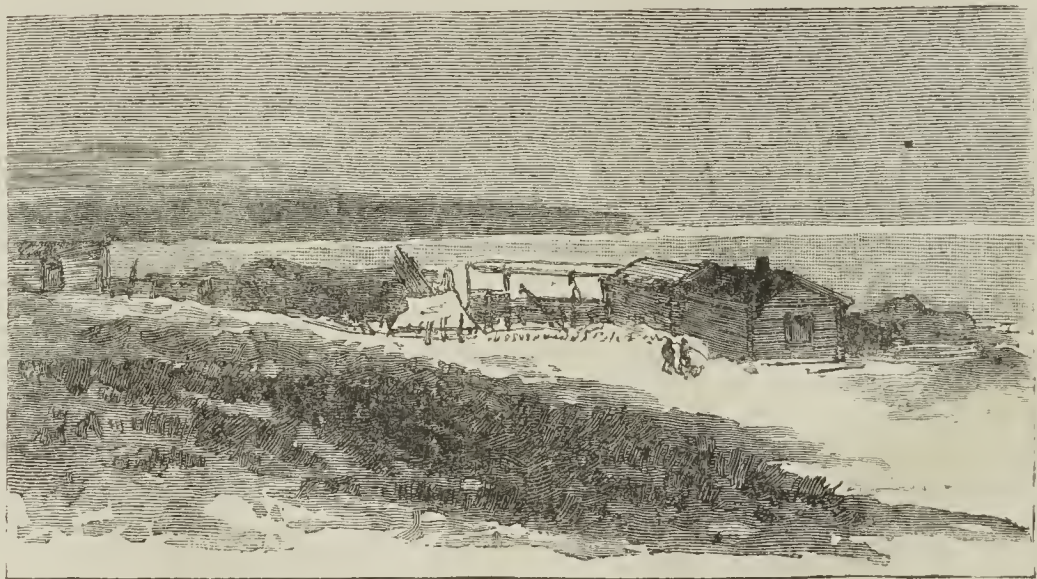
religious training. Many of them openly joined the band, and forty natives renounced their heathenism and became Christians.

An appeal was made for a regular missionary. The Indians of British Columbia were supplied with pastors, but the Alaskans were perishing day by day. The appeal had its effect. The Presbyterian Board of Home Missions appointed the Rev. Francis H. Robinson as missionary to Alaska, at its meeting in June, 1877, but he accepted the pastoral charge of a church in California instead. The Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson then determined that it was his duty to go thither, and on August 10th, 1877, he and Mrs. A. R. McFarland

Wrangell, and with the assistance of Captain Jocelyn, he held a meeting of Indians and whites to take measures to secure a church and school building. At this meeting there were present Indians from the following tribes: Stickeen, Cossiar, Tarko, Hydah, Tsimpsean, Clawock, and Sitkan. A considerable subscription was made, in money and blankets, and promises to do work.

So anxious were the natives to learn, that when the school was opened, it was attended by sixty or seventy adults. Clah was the name of the one who was appointed to conduct the services. He was assisted on Sundays by two Indians, named Lewis Ween and George Pemberton. Three times each Sunday these devoted men preached to their own people, numbering from 200 to 400 people at each service. This subjected these Tsimpseans to much ridicule from the Americans, and threats of violence from the native sorcerers. But they persevered, and the meetings increased in interest and numbers. The sight of unlettered Indians singing, praying, and preaching, was a strange one. Prayerless white men were reminded of their early

reached Fort Wrangell and began Presbyterian missions in Alaska. Since then a Presbyterian church has been built, and the McFarland Industrial Home has been established at Fort Wrangell.



INDIAN VILLAGE OF ST. MICHAELS, AT THE MOUTH OF THE YUKON RIVER.

The town of Fort Wrangell is on Wrangell Island, about 145 miles east-southeast of Sitka. It is a post village and military post.

The first missionary to Sitka was the Rev. John G. Brady who arrived in 1878, accompanied by Miss Fanny E. Kellogg. In 1879 the Rev. Eugene S. Willard and his wife arrived in Sitka, and since then the Presbyterian missions in Alaska have been systematically prosecuted. In Sitka the Sheldon Jackson Institute for natives has been successfully established and maintained, and from this place and the McFarland Industrial Home at Fort Wrangell as centres, the missionary influences go out to the great unexplored country to the north.

The Aleutian district of Alaska, which is just north of the Sitkan,

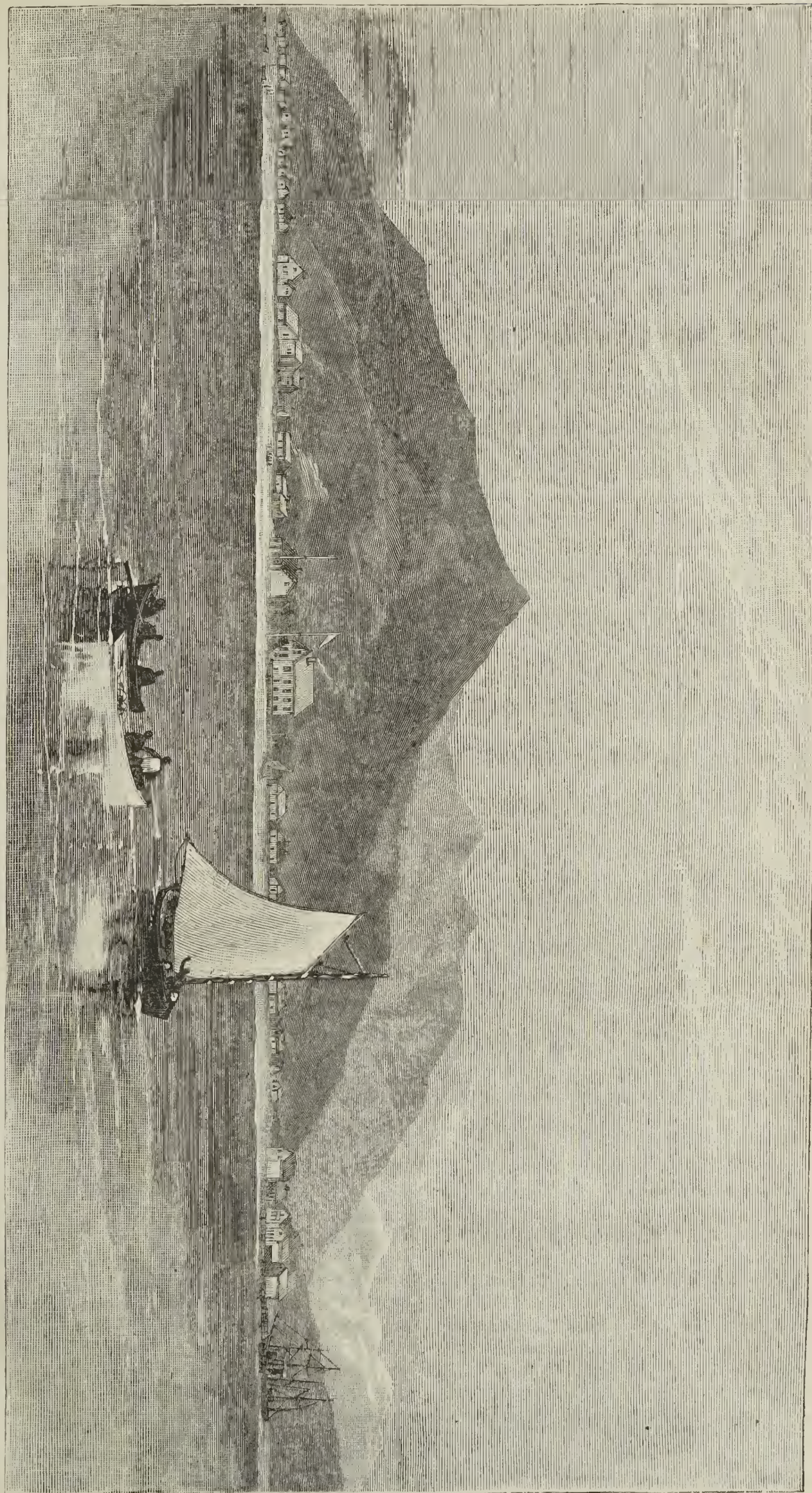


ABANDONED TRADING-POST OF THE WESTERN FUR AND TRADING COMPANY.

embraces the Alaska Peninsula, and the chain of islands which are really the continuation of the peninsula. Alaska is the great island region of the United States, having off its southern coast an archipelago rivaling the better known archipelagos of the Southern Pacific. The 732 miles of latitude from the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad at the head of Puget Sound, in Washington Territory, to the head of Lynn Channel, contain one of the most remarkable stretches of island ocean navigation in the world. It is remarkable for its bold shores, deep water, numerous channels, innumerable bays and harbors, abundance of fuel and fresh water, and shelter from the swells of the ocean. The great mountainous islands of Vancouver, Queen Charlotte, Prince of Wales, Wrangell, Baranoff, Chichagoff, and others, form a complete breakwater, so that the traveler can enjoy an ocean voyage of a thousand miles without getting out to sea and without seasickness, the trip being made through channels between the islands and the mainland.

The labyrinth of the channels around and between the islands, that are in some places less than a quarter of a mile wide, and yet too deep to drop anchor; the mountains rising from the

VILLAGE OF UNALASHKA, IN THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS, BEHRING SEA.



water's edge from 1,000 to 8,000 feet, and covered with dense forests of evergreens far up into the snow that crowns their summits; the frequent track of the avalanche from mountain-top to water's edge; the beautiful cascades, born of glaciers or the overflows of high inland lakes, pouring over mountain precipice or gliding like a silver ribbon down their sides; the gloomy sea-fjords, cleaving the mountains far into the interior; the beautiful kaleidoscopic vistas opening up among the innumerable islets; mountain-tops domed, peaked and sculptured by glaciers; the glaciers themselves sparkling and glistening in the sunlight, dropping down the mountain heights like some great swollen river filled with driftwood and ice and suddenly arrested in its flow—all go to make up a scene of grandeur and beauty that cannot be placed upon canvas or adequately described with words. When the attractions of that trip are better known, thousands will make a pleasure tour along the coast of Alaska.

The southern portion of this great archipelago is in Washington Territory, the central portion in British Columbia, and the northern portion in Alaska. This latter has been named the Alexander Archipelago, in honor of the Czar of Russia. It is about 300 miles north and south, and 75 miles east and west, containing 1,100 islands that have been counted. The aggregate area of these islands is 14,142 square miles. Six hundred miles to the westward is the Kodiak group, aggregating 5,676 square miles; then the Shumagin group, containing 1,031 square miles; and then the Aleutian chain, with an area of 6,391 square miles. To the northward is the Pribyloff (Seal Islands) group, containing, with the other islands in Behring Sea, 3,963 square miles. The total area of the islands of Alaska is 31,205 square miles, which would make a State as large as the State of Maine.

The Aleutian district is largely mountainous, and of volcanic formation. Between the mountains and the sea, however, are many natural prairies, with a rich soil of vegetable mold and clay, and covered with perennial wild grasses. Dr. Kellogg, botanist of the United States Exploring Expedition, reported that Unalashka abounded in grasses, with a climate better for haying than the coast of Oregon; that the cattle were remarkably fat, and that milk was abundant; and William H. Dale, of the Smithsonian Institution, predicted that the Aleutian district will yet furnish California with its best butter and cheese.

In this district are the highest mountain-peaks in the United States. The Coast range of California and the Rocky Mountain range of Colorado and Montana unite in Alaska to form the Alaskan Mountains. This range, instead of continuing northward to the Arctic Ocean, as the old atlases represent, turns to the southwestward, extends through and forms the Alaska Peninsula, and then gradually sinks into the Pacific Ocean, leaving only the highest peaks visible above the water. These peaks form the Aleutian chain of islands. These islands decrease in size, height and frequency as the mountain range sinks deeper into the ocean. Unimak, the most eastern of the chain, has a magnificent volcano, Shishaldin, 9,000 feet high; then Unalashka, 5,691 feet high; next, Adak, 4,852 feet; then Kyska, 3,700 feet; and Attu, the most western of the group, 3,084 feet high. In the Alaskan range are Mount St. Elias, 19,500 feet high; Mount Cook, 16,000 feet; Mount Crillon, 15,900 feet; Mount Fairweather, 15,500 feet, and others. In addition to the Alaskan range, there are the Shaktolik and Ulukuk Hills, near Norton Sound; the Yukon and Romanzoff Hills, north of the Yukon River; the Kaiyuk and Nowekakat Mountains, east and south of the river, and a low range of hills bordering the Arctic coast.

Sixty-one volcanoes have been enumerated, mainly on the Alaska Peninsula and Aleutian Islands, which have been active since the settlement by Europeans. Of these, but ten are now in operation. The volcanic forces are apparently decreasing. Of the extinct volcanoes, the largest one is Mount Edgecumbe, near Sitka. It has a funnel-shaped crater 2,000 feet in width and about 400 feet deep. It is on the southern point of Kruzoff Island, and has an elevation of 2,855 feet.

The Rev. John G. Brady, the first missionary to Sitka, gives the following traditions concerning this volcano: "This is a Mount Olympus for the natives. They say that the first Indian pair lived peaceably for a long time, and were blessed with children. But one day a family jar occurred. The husband and wife grew very angry with each other. For this the man was changed into a wolf and the woman into a raven. The metamorphosed woman flew down into the open crater of Mount Edgecumbe, and is now holding the earth on her wings. Whenever there is thunder and lightning around the summit, it is only the wolf giving vent to his rage while he is trying to pull her off the stump. It would be a great calamity if she should lose her grip, for then the earth would be upset and all who live upon it perish. So whenever it thunders the Indians take stones and pound the floors of their houses to encourage the raven to hold to the stump.

"Another myth is that a being who is half dog and half Indian lives on the top. He comes down once a year near the harbor to catch halibut. He covers himself with an eagle's skin. But on his first attempt to fly to the crest he failed. In his efforts he scratched the grooves and deep gullies in the mountain-side. After repeated attempts, he got so that he could fly, and now he feeds on whales, which he carries to his home in the crater."

On the Naass River, just across from Southern Alaska, is a remarkable lava overflow from a volcano in the neighborhood. The Indian tale is that some cruel children, playing at the mouth of a small stream, were catching the salmon, and, cutting their backs open, put stones in them and then let them go again. The Good Spirit, being angry, set the river on fire and burned up the children, and the lava plain remains as the memento.

In 1878 a new crater opened in the volcano on Unimak Island, which had been extinct for many years. The lava flowed out slowly, but the ashes extended over a large area of land and water. The eruption made a great noise, and the lava and ashes caused a disappearance of fish from the waters in and near the island and its near neighbors.

There are many glaciers, too, in this region of Alaska. From Bule Inlet to Unimak Pass nearly every deep gulch has its glacier, some of which are vastly greater and grander than any glacier of the Alps. On Lynn Channel is a glacier computed to be 1,200 feet thick at the lower projection. In one of the gulches of Mount Fairweather is a glacier that extends 50 miles to the sea, when it ends abruptly in a perpendicular wall of ice 300 feet high and 8 miles broad. Thirty-five miles above Wrangell, on the Stickeen River, between two mountains 3,000 feet high, is an immense glacier 40 miles long, and at its base 4 to 5 miles across, and variously estimated from 500 to 1,000 feet high or deep. Opposite this glacier, just across the river, are large boiling springs. The natives regard this glacier as a personification of a mighty ice-god, who has issued from his mountain home invested with a power before which all nature bows in submission. They describe him as crashing his way through the cañon till its glistening pinnacles looked upon the domain of the river-gods, and

that after a conflict the ice-god conquered, and spanned the river's breadth so completely that the river-god was forced to crawl underneath. The Indians then sent their medicine-man to learn how this could be avoided. The answer came that if a noble chief and fair maiden would offer themselves as a sacrifice by taking passage under the long, dark, winding ice arch, the anger of the ice-god would be appeased, and the river be allowed to go on its way. When the two were found and adorned, their arms bound and seated in a canoe, the fatal journey was made, and the ice has never again attempted to cross the river.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson relates another tradition which was given him by one of the medicine-men. "Years ago, a tribe that resided on the upper waters of the Stickeen River wanted to come down and see the great salt water. But the great ice mountain of the Stickeen at that time spanned the river, and barricaded all passing up or down. The water, indeed, ran under the ice, but they did not know whether they could go through safely with their lanoes. While they were assembled in solemn council, consulting about it, two old men of the tribe offered to attempt the passage. They said: 'If we are lost, it will only shorten our lives a very little; but if we succeed, then you can all follow.' They chanted their death-song, and disappeared beneath the ice. The passage was made safely and their people followed."

Professor John Muir, State Geologist of California, thus describes a large glacier near Cape Fanshaw: "The whole front and brow of this majestic glacier is dashed and sculptured into a maze of yawning chasms and crevices, and a bewildering variety of strange architectural forms, appalling to the strongest nerves, but novel and beautiful beyond measure; clusters of glittering lance-tipped spires, gables, and obelisks, bold outstanding bastions, and plain mural cliffs, adorned along the top with fretted cornice and battlement, while every gorge and crevasse, chasm and hollow, was filled with light, shimmering and pulsing in pale-blue tones, ineffable tenderness and loveliness. The day was warm, and back on the broad, waving bosom of the glacier, water streams were outspread in a complicated network, each in its frictionless channel cut down through the porous, decaying ice of the surface, into the quick and living blue, and flowing with a grace of motion and a ring and gurgle, and flashing of light, to be found only on the crystal hills and dales of a glacier.

"Along the sides we could see the mighty flood grinding against the granite with tremendous pressure, rounding the outswelling bosses, deepening and smoothing the retreating hollows, and shaping every portion of the mountain walls into the forms they were meant to have, when in fullness of appointed time the ice-tool should be lifted and set aside by the sun. Every feature glowed with intention, reflecting the earth plans of God. Back two or three miles from the front the current is now probably about 1,200 feet deep; but when we examine the walls, the grooved and rounded features, so surely glacial, show that in the earlier days of the ice age they were all overswept, this glacier having flowed at a height of from three to four thousand feet above its present level."

There are altogether some 600 glaciers in Alaska, varying in size, but in nearly every case having dimensions far greater than any in Switzerland. Those extending down from the Fairweather group and from the lesser heights guarding the bay on the north and south, and which drop portions of their immense bulk into the deep waters of the inlet, number six in all. The largest of these is the Muir Glacier, explored and measured first by John Muir, who was guided to it by Indians. It is fifty miles or more in length, and where it touches the bay is three

miles wide and has a solid height above the water of 200 feet, with pinnacles of spire-like design rising 50 and 100 feet above the more solid mass. Underneath the immense cakes and blocks of snow and ice constituting the glacier, which are piled together in the wildest and most disorderly manner, runs a living stream of water, coursing through its hidden passage with a rumble as of a thousand carts. Escaping from the ice at last, the river boils upward from the glacier front, then mingles with the waters of the bay, and flows off toward the outer sea. The constant wear of this sunless stream, acting with other causes, forces particles of the glacier to break away from the main body, and as they fall a roar like the sound of cannon wakes the echoes of the place, and columns of water leap upward against the frozen cliff, until it is drenched with spray. During the Summer months, when there is more general warmth, the glacier is eaten away for a distance of half a mile, but later in the season the ever-moving mass regains the distance lost and appears in the springtime again as long and high as ever. During the Summer the bay is filled with the fragments that have fallen, for they rise after sinking and go floating away like icebergs from the Polar Sea. Many of them measure a hundred feet in height, and appear to be islands of richly colored ice and snow. Many are flat and square, but others are covered with towers and castles, and have deep caves within them, filled with a light-green or deep-blue hue so peculiar to bodies of thick ice. Sailing among these bergs, with Fairweather on the one side and the glacier on the other, and feeling the chill air which all this ice creates, one may easily imagine himself among the ever-frozen barriers of the distant North.

In addition to islands, mountains and glaciers, Alaska contains numerous hot springs. There are large ones south of Sitka, also on Perenosna Bay, on Arnagat Island and Port Moller. On Unimak Island is a lake of sulphur. Near the volcano Pogrumnoi are hot marshes. Boiling springs are found on the islands Akhun, Atka, Unimak, Adakh, Sitiguak and Kanaga. These latter have for ages been used by the natives for cooking food. In the crater of Gorcloi is a vast boiling, steaming mineral spring, eighteen miles in circumference. A lake, strongly impregnated with nitre, is found on Beaver Island. The thermal springs on Unalashka Island hold sulphur in solution. Noises proceed from them occasionally like the booming of caunon. The natives have a tradition that long ago the volcanoes in the neighborhood fought with each other, and Makushin came off victor.

The Yukon district is by far the largest of the three divisions of this great Territory, and it contains one of the largest rivers in the world. The Yukon River is seventy miles wide across its five mouths and intervening deltas. At some points along its lower course one bank cannot be seen from the other. For the first thousand miles it is from one to five miles wide, and in some places, including islands, it is twenty miles from one side to the other. Navigable for 1,800 miles, it is computed to be 3,000 miles long. On its upper waters, within the Arctic Circle, is Fort Yukon, a post of the Hudson Bay Company. At this far-distant post, where tidings from the outside world reach only once a year, is a Scotch missionary. The British Church looks well after its own people.

The Yukon River rises in British Columbia, enters Alaska near the Arctic Circle, and flows with a southwest trend across the entire width of the Territory into Behring Sea. Its current varies in rapidity from three to seven miles an hour. On its banks live thousands who know neither its source nor its outlet, and yet recognizing its greatness, proudly call themselves the "Men of Yukon."



MONUMENT ERECTED BY AN ALASKAN GIRL OVER HER MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Next to the Yukon comes the Kuskokwim, which also flows into Behring Sea. It has been explored by the Russians some 600 miles above its mouth, and is a very crooked and moderately rapid stream, navigable for a considerable distance. Next comes the Tananab River, 250 miles long; the Stickeen or Francis, 250 miles long; the Nushagak, a large, shallow stream 150 miles long; the Nowikakab, 112 miles; the Porcupine, the Copper, the Fire and the Chilcat. All these flow into Behring Sea, except the Tananab, Nowikakab and Porcupine, which are tributaries of the Yukon. The only river of any importance flowing into the Arctic Ocean is the Colville, for a long time supposed to be the outlet of the Yukon.

The mean annual temperature of the Yukon district of Alaska is about 25° Fahrenheit, and the ground remains frozen to within about two or three feet of the surface throughout the Summer. In Winter the ice on the Yukon averages about five feet in

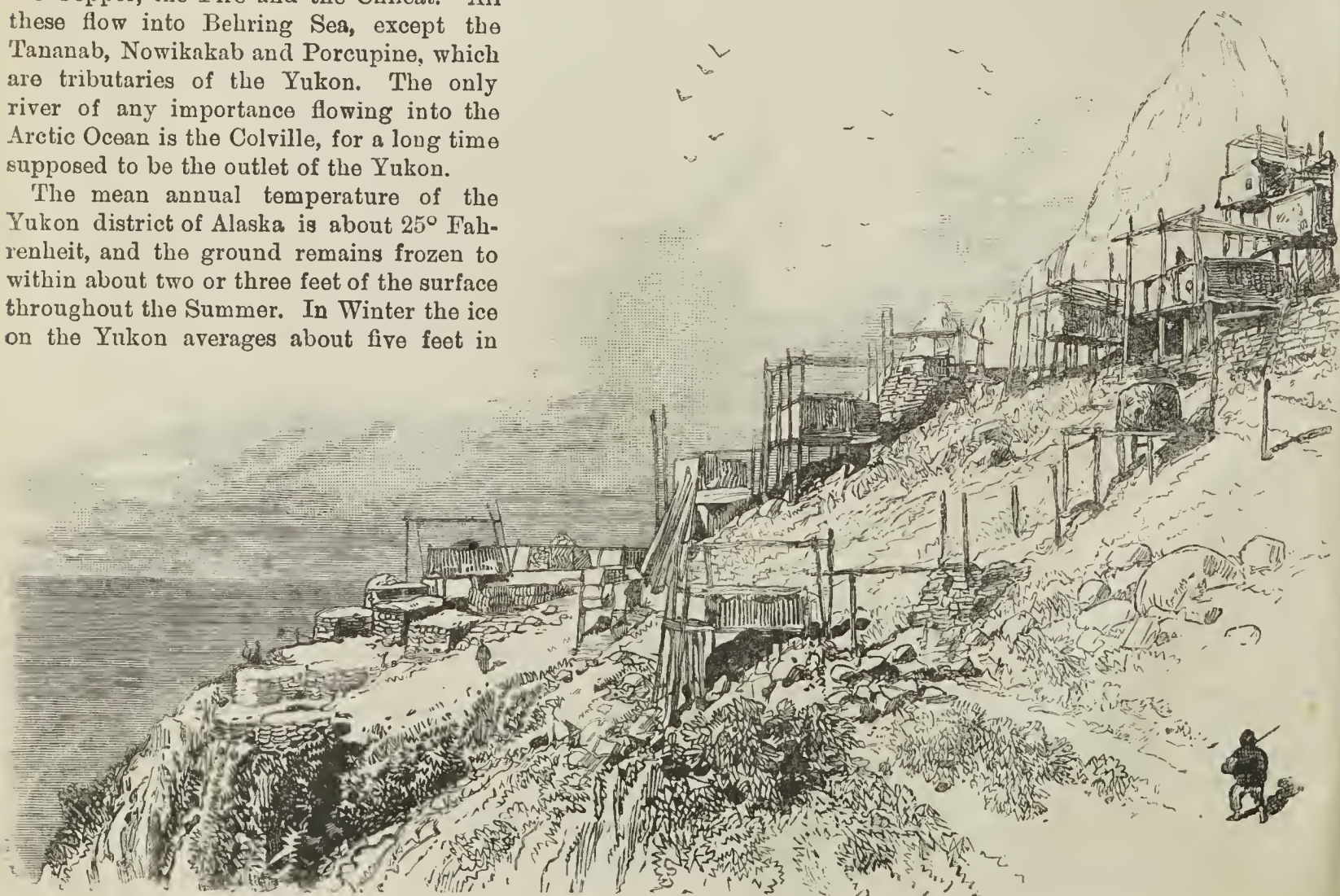
thickness, and it has been known to reach nine feet in thickness. The Summer is short, dry and hot. May, June, and a part of July, constitute the pleasant season, then the rainy weather begins and lasts till October. The lowest temperature ever recorded in this region was 70° below zero.

In the Aleutian district the mean annual temperature ranges from 36° to 40°. In a series of observations at Unalashka, the highest recorded was 77°, and the lowest 0°. The average annual rainfall is about 40 inches, distributed among 150 rainy days in the year. January, February and June are the pleasantest months.

The climate of the Sitkan district is still warmer and moister. The mean annual temperature is 44.07° Fahr., and the average rainfall,

from 60 to 90 inches. The town of Sitka is the rainiest place in the world outside of the Tropics. The number of rainy days varies from 190 to 285. The average temperature in Winter is proportionately much higher than that in Summer, the rain making that season unduly cold. Ice fit for consumption rarely ever forms in Sitka.

In addition to the sealskins, Alaska furnishes about



KING'S ISLAND, BEHRING SEA.

ALASKAN WOMEN FISHING THROUGH THE ICE IN THE KUYUK RIVER.



10
\$100,000 worth of sea otter fur, and a variety of land fur animals, including several varieties of the fox, mink, beaver, marten, lynx, otter, bear and wolverine. There are also the skins of the whistler, reindeer, mountain goat and sheep, ermine, marmot, muskrat and wolf. The fur product amounts to \$1,000,000 annually.

During the last two years three expeditions to Alaska have conclusively shown that Americans who possess a mania for exploration need not journey to Franz-Josef Land or Equatorial Africa in order to satisfy it. Within their own domains are regions easily accessible, but as yet unvisited by white men, which have a high degree of geographical interest and perhaps no little commercial importance. From the latest of these expeditions Lieutenant George M. Stoney has just returned, bringing news of fresh discoveries, and the account of a voyage of 400 miles up a great river, whose existence, prior to last year, was only vaguely suspected.

Taking these recent Alaskan explorations in chronological order, we find the first to be that of Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, who set out from Vancouver in May, 1883, with a party of seven persons besides himself. Having arrived at Sitka, he crossed the country of the Chilcat Indians, a distance of about 140 miles, to the mouth of the Perra Pass, and through this defile, which was covered with snow and ice, reached the opposite flank of the high mountain chain, and soon after came upon the upper waters of the Yukon. The explorers were then about 180 miles east from the coast; and on the borders of a lake which they called Lake Lindermann they built a raft for the purpose of descending the river. Threescore Indians had brought their food, clothing, and other supplies, through Perra Pass, carrying an average of a hundred pounds each on their backs. These provisions being placed on the raft, the Indians were sent back to their homes. The raft voyage down the great river of Alaska, now through deep lakes and now through lagoons or marshes, continued for 1,829 miles, when the mouth of the Yukon was reached, on the 27th of August, 1883.

Meanwhile an enterprise even more interesting had been undertaken by Ensign (now Lieutenant) Stoney of the Navy. This officer, on the strength of reports from natives that a great river debouched at Hotham Inlet, was left by Captain Healey, of the revenue cutter *Corwin*, at the mouth of the inlet, in July, 1883, to investigate the facts. With two men and a dingey, and supplied with ten days' provisions, Ensign Stoney discovered the mouth of the river, and ascended it fifty miles. On the 12th of April, 1884, he set out from San Francisco in the schooner *Unalashka*, which had been fitted up at the Mare Island Yard for the purpose of further exploring this stream, to which had been given the name of Putnam River, in honor of the young officer of the *Rodgers* who was lost on the ice near the Siberian coast. From this second trip he has now returned to San Francisco.

While the full details of Lieutenant Stoney's latest discoveries will be contained in his report to Secretary Chandler, it is already known that Putnam River is three-fourths of a mile wide near its mouth, and half a mile wide for a long distance up the stream. Throughout scores of miles it has a depth everywhere of not less than two fathoms, which is increased in some parts to seven. The banks are lined with birch, alder, pine and spruce, and some of the trees are a foot thick. This growth of timber and the presence of flowers and vegetation not hitherto known to exist in so high a latitude, have made the complete exploration of the valley of Putnam River a work of importance. The announcement of the results disclosed by a journey of 400 miles up the stream will be awaited with interest.

SETTLEMENTS AT THE MOUTH OF THE YUKON RIVER.

The little trading-station at the mouth of the Yukon River, in Alaska, is the most northern white settlement in United States. Situated a little south of the Arctic Circle, on the east shore of Behring Sea, it is exposed to the full severity of an Arctic Winter. St. Michaels, as the place is called, was established by the Russian Fur Company a number of years before the transfer of the country to the United States, when all the buildings were purchased by the Alaska Commercial Company, and by them made into headquarters for the fur district of the great Yukon River. From this post, traders, mostly white men, are sent every Spring to the interior, some of them going over two thousand miles up the river. The following year they return, bringing down the results of twelve months' trade to St. Michaels for shipment to San Francisco. It was here the ill-fated *Jeannette* took her final departure from the last evidence of civilization, steaming into the Arctic never to return. She left behind her a small-boat, which is, perhaps, the only remaining relic of the expedition. Across the bay the Western Fur and Trading Company had a station, also entitled St. Michaels, but which is now abandoned, owing to the failure of the company to compete successfully with the Alaska Commercial Company. During the Summer, especially when the steamer arrives bringing supplies and news of the civilized world for the preceding year, this little settlement is thrown into a great state of excitement. The Fourth of July is religiously observed both by white and Indian residents. A national salute is fired at noon from a brace of old cannon, relics of Russian times, and a dinner-party and an Indian dance are among the amusements for the day. But when Winter shuts in, the scene is changed. Everything covered by snow and ice, a little over two hours of sunlight daily, and the thermometer ranging between twenty and forty degrees below zero, makes life in that vicinity not quite so enjoyable. Mr. Lorenzo, the agent of the Alaska Commercial Company, two years ago took his wife up as a bride, and Mrs. Lorenzo has made his hitherto lonely bachelor quarters into a pretty little home. Mrs. Lorenzo has her team of seven splendid dogs, and, accompanied by an Indian servant, make frequent sledging expeditions of fifteen or twenty miles along the coast.

KING'S ISLAND, BEHRING SEA.

King's Island, situated in the northern part of Behring Sea, about thirty miles south-southwest of the Diomedes, is a veritable Arctic Gibraltar. Only in one place, where the village is located, is a landing possible, and even there it is frequently dangerous. The island is half a mile in length, seven hundred feet in height, nearly surrounded by inaccessible precipices, and surmounted by a broad plateau. On the south side, four hundred feet above the sea, fairly well protected from the severe winds of an Arctic Winter, a settlement of two hundred Esquimaux has sprung into existence. Living in houses built of walrus-hide, supported against the cliff by poles made from driftwood, these natives appear during the short Summer to live an indolent, happy life. In Winter they move into stone huts, partly under ground, and subsist on the walrus and seal caught and *cached* during the preceding Summer. Very expert in the use of the "kyack," or skin canoe, a native will come off to the ship through a heavy surf, safe and dry, when to attempt such a performance in an ordinary lifeboat would result disastrously to all concerned. The language of these people is similar to that used by the natives of Arctic Alaska, differing only in a few unimportant expressions.

The village of Unalashka is situated on the shores of a pretty little land-locked harbor in one of the largest islands of the Aleutian chain. It is the centre of the fur-trading district of these islands and the headquarters of the Alaska Commercial Company in Alaska. An immense business is carried on in furs, more especially in that of the sea-otter—the most valuable fur in the world. The natives, consisting of a mixed population of Russians and Aleuts, to the number of four hundred, subsist almost entirely by hunting and fishing; the few exceptions to these are the favored and trusted men who are employed by the company as laborers and servants, the old chief of the settlement, Ruf, holding the high and respected position of captain of police, and it is only right to state that his duties are faithfully and conscientiously performed.

Here, as elsewhere in the Territory, the Alaska Fur Company have advanced the status of the native from that of an ignorant savage to that of a civilized being. Taking them from the underground huts, or "barabaraks," they have been placed in well-built, substantial frame houses, each family being allowed two rooms and a small out-house adjoining the kitchen and living-room, used principally for storing provisions. Some of the more prosperous inhabitants have built for themselves houses of larger dimensions, better furnished than many of those belonging to or rented by the laboring classes in the States. A school, in which both Russian and English are taught to the children, is in operation during the Winter months. Services are held regularly at the Russian-Greek Church by an ordained priest, and the morals of the parish are supposed to be attended to by the same individual.

The sole representative of the United States Government is a deputy collector of customs, whose principal official duty consists in sending his servant to hoist the American flag whenever a vessel is seen entering the harbor. Socially, however, the gentleman in question is above praise, and a hearty welcome from his charming wife, as well as from himself, can be safely guaranteed to any stranger visiting this far possession of Uncle Sam.

THE MUSIC OF "THE ROSE OF SHARON."

THE first thing to be noticed in this oratorio is its form, in which it differs from all other specimens of this class of works. Those who are accustomed to accept "The Messiah" as the recognized form of an oratorio will be very much astonished, and perhaps displeased, at the form of "The Rose of Sharon." Handel makes each of his solos and choruses complete in itself, so that, as far as the music is concerned, the sequence of pieces might be altered at will; and, in fact, this was done in the case of "The Messiah" at one of the concerts of the Church Music Association in New York, when the "Hallelujah Chorus" was removed from the end of the second part, to the end of the third part. In the "Rose of Sharon," such a procedure would be impossible, for the music proceeds without break from the beginning of each of the four parts to the end of the part. There is no stop anywhere in a scene, for when the voices are silent the orchestra continues, frequently completing the melodic idea left unfinished by the voices. In fact, the treatment is consistently dramatic, and the oratorio is composed in the outlines of a grand opera, and the composer subordinates everything to the dramatic expression. Here, indeed, we have but an advance upon the plan followed by Mendelssohn in the "Elijah," for the dramatic element in that work is quite strong. The scene at Mount Carmel, where

Elijah and the Priests of Baal confront each other and build their altars; the scene with the *Youth*, and the prayer of *Elijah* for rain, ending with the great rain chorus, and the scene between *Queen Jezebel*, *Ahab* and *Elijah*, are all truly dramatic, and each one of these might be illustrated with scenery and action.

Another evidence of Mr. Mackenzie's sympathy with modern rather than traditional methods, is found in his employment of representative themes, called by Wagner *Leitmotive*. In the very beginning of the Prologue, a theme is employed representing the words, "My love is strong as death," which appears frequently. Another is always associated with the exclamation of the *Sulamite*, "My beloved is mine, and I am his." Another is used for the Villagers of Sulam, another for *Solomon*, and others. These melodic phrases, appearing now in the voice parts, and now in the orchestra, bind the whole work together, and preserve a unity from beginning to end.

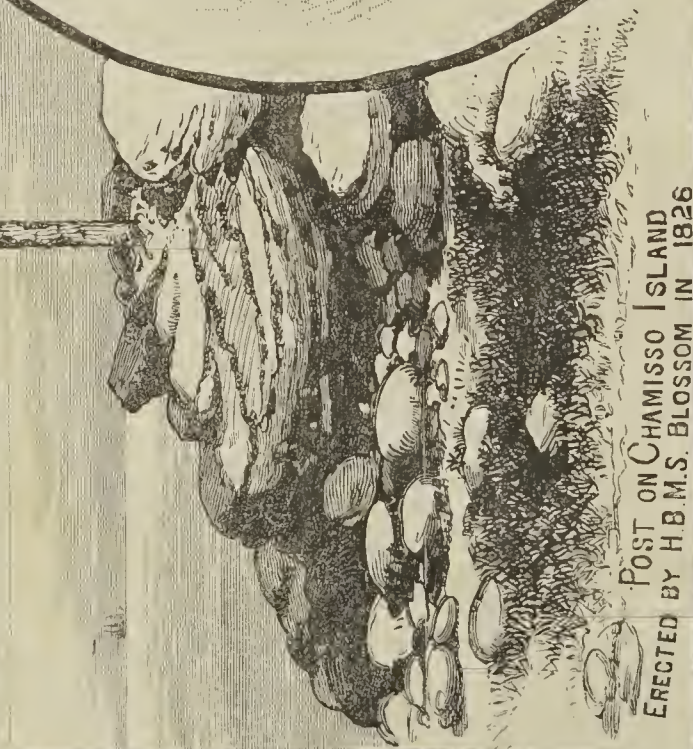
In distributing the voices of his characters, Mr. Mackenzie makes the *Sulamite* a soprano; the *Beloved* a tenor; *Solomon* a baritone; the *Elder* a bass; and the *First Woman* a contralto. All the soloists are well provided with music; the largest share of work falling naturally to the soprano. The contralto airs are specially effective; while those for the tenor, baritone, and bass, are all more or less important and graceful. A feature of the oratorio, indeed, is the admirable balance preserved by the composer in dealing with the great divisions of his executive force. Although the solo vocalists have much to do, the task of the chorus and orchestra is scarcely less weighty or less prominent. It may even be that the choristers engaged will complain of too heavy a burden.

The Prologue, suggesting the parabolic character of the drama is given to a contralto solo. It is declamatory in character, but short. The opening of Part First is a pastoral chorus, in which what may be called the "vineyard theme" appears, which runs through the succeeding solo of the *Beloved* and the *Sulamite's* answer, together with the duet between these two. The pastoral chorus is repeated, and the music runs without break into the orchestral movement, entitled "Spring Morning on Lebanon." This ends scene first. The second scene is called "In the Vineyards," and is devoted to *Solomon's* entry. Here the music makes a decided change in character, the exclamations of the people, the solos of *Solomon*, and the broadly polyphonic chorus of people, "God Save the King," all being in happy accordance with the text. The musical figure accompanying *Solomon* is in military march style. It is frequently heard in various forms and keys. This scene is intensely dramatic. *Solomon's* two fine songs, the *Sulamite's* rejection of his suit, the ejaculations of the princes and nobles in *Solomon's* train, and the persuasions of the *Elder*, are all different in their characteristics, but all very appropriate. The scene ends with a repetition of the chorus, "God Save the King."

The *Sulamite* has now been carried to Jerusalem by her royal lover, and the first scene of Part Second opens in *Solomon's* palace. The *Sulamite* is alone, and she sings a touchingly beautiful solo, voicing her unfailing trust in God, the words of which are Psalm xxiii. 1-4. The women of the palace endeavor to persuade the *Sulamite* to receive the King's advances, and she reiterates her affection for her village lover. The leading motive representing the *Beloved* appears frequently, and the entreaties of the Women are also accompanied by a representative theme. The commingling of these two themes is very artistically accomplished; and when the Women sneeringly bid the *Sulamite* return to her village shepherd, we hear in the orchestral part snatches of the pastoral chorus of the first

SCENES IN THE ARCTIC REGION.

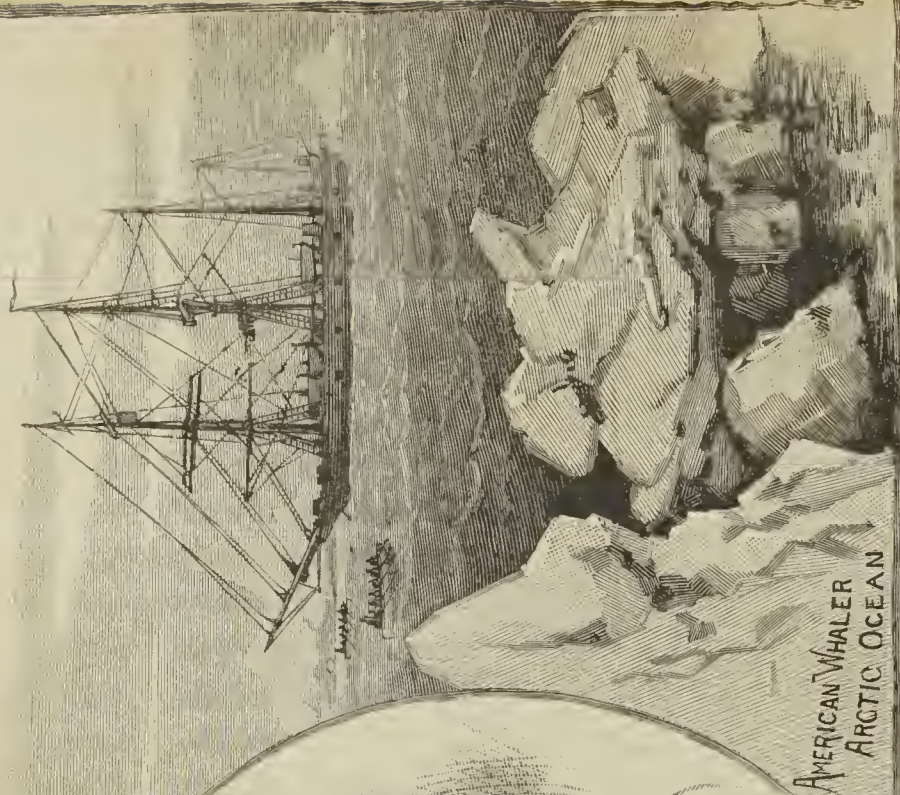
WE give on page 37 a group of illustrations of scenes in and on the Arctic Ocean from photographs supplied by Mr. G. H. Doty, of the United States steamship *Corwin*. One of the pictures shows a native village on the northwest coast of Siberia, while another presents a typical Esquimaux of the Arctic Ocean. An illustration is also given of a post on Chamisso Island, Kotzebue Sound, Arctic Ocean, which was erected by the British vessel *Blossom* in 1826, while on an exploring expedition. Chamisso Island belongs to Alaska, and its shores, except on one side, are steep and difficult of approach. Another illustration shows an American whaler in the Arctic waters.



POST ON CHAMISSO ISLAND
ERECTED BY H.B.M.S. BLOSSOM IN 1826



TYPICAL ESQUIMAUX



AMERICAN WHALER
ARCTIC OCEAN



NATIVE VILLAGE

Greely. The Neptune, the vessel which took the party, met with heavy gales and a rough sea, and five days after starting encountered the first field ice. These, though not large, were heavy and solid. The little ship forced her way through the field, and on the 17th of July reached Godhavn. There a quantity of supplies for the Greely party was taken on board, and on the 20th the Neptune resumed her dreary voyage northward. Two days afterward they were again unaccompanied with field ice, rain and sleet increasing their discomfort. The weather cleared, however, sufficiently at noon to enable the captain to ascertain his position, which was found to be latitude 73 deg. 4 min. north, and longitude 68 deg. 19 min. west. At night a blinding snow storm came on, and the Neptune was tied up to the ice field, being unable to force her way through the ice, which had become firmer and more closely packed. In the morning the work of forcing the vessel to the northward through the ice was resumed, and they were able to make fair progress. On the 23d the little ship was completely beset, being unable to move in any direction, but at midnight a strong north wind freed the vessel and they made their way to latitude 75 degrees north, and longitude 60 degrees west, when they were again beset, drifting helplessly with the tides within plain view of Cape York, with its numerous glaciers and crimson cliffs of Beverly. On the 28th a favorable gale blew and the Neptune made fair progress, passing Westenholm Island at eight o'clock in the morning and Cary Islands about seven in the evening.

OFF LITTLETON ISLAND.

At half-past three on the morning of the 29th, Littleton Island was passed. Half an hour later the further progress of the Neptune was most effectually checked by an unbroken barrier of ice from twelve to twenty feet thick, extending from Cape Ingfield on the west, across the Sound to Rosse Bay and to the northern horizon. The ship's head was turned to the southward and Pandora Harbor was made for. There they anchored for a week and rode out a succession of southwesterly gales, losing one anchor and two heavy hawsers. Going ashore, Sir Allen Young's record of the Pandora was found near the water's edge, where it had been washed down from the cairn upon the summit of a low point of rocks. Game was found in abundance. Arctic hares, older ducks and several varieties of ducks were brought in by the hunting parties. Enough to supply all hands for two weeks was shot and proved an acceptable change from the ordinary ship's diet. On Monday morning, August 7, the voyage was resumed. The ship soon fell in with heavy ice and at night they were compelled to stop and tie up to an icefield off the northern point of Bache Island.

NIPPED BY THE PACK.

On the morning of the 9th the ship was completely beset, movement in any direction being impossible. Victoria Head was visible twelve miles off. Toward night the larger fields closed in more rapidly, rendering their position extremely perilous. The ship was raised bodily three feet, and the creaking of timbers and the grinding of the ice as it pressed upon her sides were ominous sounds. Had it not been for the smaller and softer ice immediately around them, and which, crushed by the solid fields as they closed in, formed a cushion, so to speak, underneath the hull, the strong ship would doubtless have been crushed. On the next day the ship drifted a short distance northward, and reached the ice point at about 10 o'clock. There they were twelve miles from Cape Hawkins and seventeen from Cape Prescott, the intervening ice being impassable by even an experienced man. The season, however, was still young, and all on board were sanguine that a northerly wind would soon start the ice and that Discovery Harbor might yet be reached. On the 11th the ice closed in more firmly, pinning the broken fragments as high as the bulwarks. On the 12th the wind subsided and the ship was once more on an even keel, but still three feet above the proper level. At midnight a gentle cracking of the young ice attracted attention and the water began to trickle through. At seven o'clock a slight opening was observed between the large fields which had held the Neptune so fast, and with great exertion the ship was forced into open water to the southward. So great a power was found necessary to force her way that the boiler was overstrained and sprang a leak. This unfortunate result very naturally added to the anxiety of those on board. On the 15th of August open water was reached and the Neptune stood across the sound to the eastern shore. They were not so fortunate, however, as to secure an anchorage from which to watch the movements of the ice, so that they might be prepared to take advantage of the first opportunity to reach Cape Hawkins, at least, where Mr. Beebe had determined to establish a depot and leave the whaleboat specified by Lieutenant Greely, which could be removed and taken further north should opportunity occur.

IN PATER HARBOR.

On the 18th of August a comfortable anchorage was found in Pater Harbor, between Cape Sabine and Brevoort Island, where the Alert and Discovery remained for a few days in 1875. In a cairn on the summit of Brevoort Island Captain Nares' record was found, and on a long low island near to and due west from Brevoort Island was found a small depot of provisions left by the Discovery. The depot contained one barrel of canned beef, two tins of bacon, forty pounds each; one barrel containing 100 pounds of dog biscuit, two barrels of biscuit, all in good condition; a quantity of chocolate, tea and sugar, wicks, tobacco, salt, stearine, onion powder and matches, in satisfactory good condition. Three small cases that had contained gun and high wines were separated from the other packages, broken and their contents

nearer Lady Franklin Bay, where the United States circumnavigating station is located, at a distance of 100 miles, which is quite a serious distance in Arctic regions. In a communication dated August 15, 1881, Lieutenant Greely stated that in his opinion a retreat southward from Lady Franklin Bay to Cape Sabine would be perfectly practicable in case no vessel could reach them in 1882 or 1883.

A SECOND FAILURE.

THE RELIEF SHIP PROTEUS NIPPED AND SUNK IN SMITH'S SOUND.

Lieutenant E. A. Garlington, of the Seventh cavalry, was selected by the government to command the second party to go to the relief of the Greely expedition. On the 29th of last June he sailed from St. Johns, N. F., on the steamship Proteus, the same vessel that carried Greely and his men to Lady Franklin Bay. The United States steamship Yantic accompanied the Proteus as a supply ship and base. Godhavn Harbor was entered on July 7, coal bunkers were filled, stores for the Greely party were taken on board, preparations were made to form depots, and everything was got in order for the voyage. The Yantic arrived on July 12. Two days later twenty-one Esquimaux dogs were taken on board, and on July 16 the Proteus sailed, leaving the Yantic in port. For two days the strong ship forced her way to the north through a thick ice field, on which were many pools of brackish water. On the third day the Proteus was stopped by an impenetrable ice pack; backing her astern, the ship was moored to the ice. A lead to the west was, however, discovered, and on the 21st South-east Carey Island was reached, the cache of the Nares expedition being plainly in sight on the southwest end of the island. Lieutenant Garlington landed and found the greater part of the stores in good condition. He took a copy of all the records he found, leaving in turn a copy of his own. Next day Cape York was rounded, and the ship entered Pandora Harbor. The water was delightfully warm, the hills were covered with verdure, and the cliffs overlooking the harbor were covered with birch.

PASSING LITTLETON ISLAND.

Pushing on, Littleton Island was passed, the coal pile being plainly visible and apparently undisturbed. With the telescope on board the ice was visible to the water from the crew's nest. Payer Harbor was entered the same afternoon and the cache of the expedition of the previous year was examined. Everything was in good condition except the boat, which had evidently been clawed by bears. In the evening the voyage was resumed and Cape Sabine was rounded, the Proteus then heading her way through an ice lane of open water. When within four miles of Cape Albert the ship's way was barred by a thick icepack which extended across the sound. Seeing open water 600 yards to the northward of the pack, the Captain thought the ship could be rammed through. Half the distance was accomplished in this way, but then the ramming proved to be ineffectual, as the fragments of ice about the ship had become ground up so fine that when she backed out it would fill up the spaces immediately in front of the new fracture in the ice; and as the ship advanced to ram it acted as a cushion, which reduced her momentum to such an extent that she could not force her way through. At midnight further efforts in this direction were abandoned, and a lead was found more to the eastward, in which the ship made fair progress until two A. M. on the 23d, when she was jammed, and unable to move in any direction within 200 yards of open water. The block lasted only for three hours, the ice in front separating, and the Proteus steamed through the open water until within four miles of Cape Albert.

STRUGGLE AND FOUNDERING.

On the same afternoon the ship was brought to a standstill, lying due east and west. The ice in front and along the track she was following began to show signs of enormous pressure. A nip was imminent. The Neptune had been beset in nearly the same position the previous year; but had withstood the strain, rising three feet, getting through without damage. The pressure against the sides of the Proteus increased, and the heavy ice (from five to seven feet thick) broke and rattled up on the floor amidship, and astern. But still there were no signs of giving way. Meanwhile Lieutenant Garlington's men were getting the stores on deck in readiness for an emergency. All at once there was a loud crash. The ice had forced its way through the ship's side into the starboard coal bunker. The deck planks began to rise and the seams to open out. All the stores on deck and those near at hand in the hold were now thrown on to the ice and two boats were also lowered onto the floor. These were the starboard whale boat and the dingy. The port whale boat was jammed and resisted all efforts to move it. The ship now began to settle. The cry was raised, "She is sinking!" and the men, as she settled only a few inches there seemed to be no immediate danger. Making a great effort, the enlisted men, assisted by members of the crew of the Proteus, got the port whale boat clear. The instruments and records were got on the floor. At a quarter past seven in the evening the ship sank, Cape Sabine bearing N. N. W. 10 W. distant six miles. The ship's crew and party were then directed to saving the stores and preparing for the retreat, which all hands, after many perils, succeeded eventually in making good.

STORES FOR GREELY.

Lieutenant Garlington left the following stores of clothing for the Greely party in a cache on the rocks in Pater Harbor—Bonnies, trousers, blanket shirts, and woolen and cotton stockings, mitts, buffalo overcoats, fur caps, flannel drawers and undershirts, all wrapped up in rubber blankets, covered with a taut fly and weighted down with rocks. This supply of clothing was sufficient for twenty-five men for six months. Near this cache a new top and two bolts of new canvas

considered advice is given as to the choice of a winter outfit, the use of the pole of boat expeditions and the chances of obtaining food supplies on Grinnell Land.

THE THETIS.

The Thetis is the flag ship of the expedition. She was, until purchased by the government, a Dundee steam whaler. She is of great strength, an excellent sea boat, and capably adapted for the present voyage. Like all vessels constructed for the whaling business, she is not heavy, but what she lacks in symmetry of shape she makes up in seaworthiness and solidity. She is of about 600 tons burden, 181 feet long, 29 feet beam, and her depth of hold is 21 feet. Her engines are of 98 nominal horse power and under favorable circumstances can steam from six to eight knots an hour. She was built two years ago and the price paid for her was \$140,000. On February 29 she sailed from Dundee for New York, under the command of Lieutenant L. L. Keamy, of the United States Navy. She experienced heavy gales on the voyage and was driven far to the northward. In latitude 46 deg. 20 min. north and longitude 14 deg. 15 min. west a field of ice was encountered twenty-five miles wide. The Thetis was rammed through it. The hatches were battened down for twenty days, big seas sweeping her decks fore and aft. The ship was not in the slightest degree injured by sea ices, the only mishaps which occurred being the smashing of a whaleboat and the washing away of one of the sidelights. The Thetis was admitted to be the sturdiest and most serviceable vessel of the Dundee whaling fleet. She was inspected in behalf of the government by Lieutenant Commander F. E. Chadwick, naval attaché of the American Legation at London, assisted by Mr. Leigh Smith, the well known Arctic explorer. Since her arrival at this port on March 22 she has been thoroughly overhauled at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Her decks have been put in and extra detail and all ship irons have been fitted. The detail of officers for the Thetis is as follows:—Lieutenant W. S. Schley, commander; Lieutenant Uriel Seabra, executive; Lieutenant E. H. Taunt, navigator; Lieutenant O. C. Lamy, Ensign C. H. Harlow, Passed Assistant Surgeon E. H. Green and Chief Engineer George W. Melville.

THE BEAR.

The steamer Bear was a steam sealer sailing from Dundee, where she was built some nine years ago. She is of 648 tons burden, heavily timbered and strongly bolted. She is, if possible, nigher to look at than the Thetis, but is doubtless a strong and serviceable craft. A year ago she was fitted at Greenock with a new steel boiler, and her engines, of 110 horse power, are in good condition. She has three masts, is bark rigged and can steam about eight knots an hour in smooth water. She too has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted.

The detail for the Bear is as follows:—Lieutenant W. H. Emory, commander; Lieutenant J. H. Crosby, executive; Lieutenant John H. Colwell, navigator; Lieutenant N. E. Brown, Ensign L. K. Reynolds, Passed Assistant Surgeon H. E. Ames and Chief Engineer John Lowe.

The Bear will leave this port on April 24 and the Thetis will sail ten days later.

The steam launches, one for each vessel, are provided with a combination joint on the screw shafts so as to raise the screws from the water in case of danger from ice. The condenser for making fresh water for drinking purposes and for the feeding of the boilers is a pipe running along the bottom of the boat parallel with the keel. For the other boats sled runners have been made so as to be attached and detached at any time, and for some of the boats the runners will be attached permanently.

THE ALERT.

The Alert, the gift of the British government, has already gained fame as the advance ship of the Nares expedition of 1875. She was built originally in the Pembroke dock yard in 1856 and was then classed as a five gun steam sloop of war. The Alert may be fairly classed as one of the strongest vessels afloat, and is thus admirably suited for the arduous task on which she has been and will be again employed. She is a single-deck wooden vessel of 1,270 tons displacement and 381 horse power. In 1875 she was thoroughly rebuilt at Portsmouth, and specially strengthened for Arctic service, under the direction of Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock, for the expedition commanded by Sir George Nares.

After her return in 1878 she was again commissioned for arctic service, and was paid off in the autumn of 1882 at Sheerness. She has had new rigging and new spars, and a new redder fitted for shipping and unshipping, which was necessary for Arctic work. She has been strongly protected at the bow with iron plates going entirely round the stem and eight feet aft, and new greenheart planks have been put in where the worst chafing had occurred on her previous expedition. In all other respects such change have been made as to bring her as nearly as possible to her previous condition as fitted in 1875.

Captain Chadwick, naval attaché of the United States Legation, has had the direction of the work, which, under the supervision of Captain Goodrich, with the advice and assistance of Captain Barry, has suffered from no lack of promptitude and despatch. Throughout the Admiralty have rendered all the aid they possibly could, while Sir Leopold McClintock, Sir George Nares, Sir Allen Young and Leigh Smith have placed their experience at the disposal of the new expedition.

The detail for the Alert has not yet been completed. In command of the expedition is Commander Coffin. On account of her size she will be used as a supply ship and will follow in the wake of the other vessels so as to be of service in case of need.

WORK AT THE STATIONS.

INSTRUCTIONS OF THE POLAR CONGRESS TO

THE COMMANDERS OF THE COLONIES.

At the suggestion of Count Witkecz the Polar Congress resolved to publish a special journal, the *Bulletin de la Commission Polaire Internationale*. This publication was to record the work of the expeditions and to inform the scientific world

H. Rae, assistant civil engineer, on September 1st, 1894, started on the part of the station. The part of the station was taken on board, and on the 20th the Neptune resumed her dreary voyage northward. Two days afterward they were again unaccompanied with field ice, rain and sleet increasing their discomfort. The weather cleared, however, sufficiently at noon to enable the captain to ascertain his position, which was found to be latitude 73 deg. 4 min. north, and longitude 68 deg. 19 min. west. At night a blinding snow storm came on, and the Neptune was tied up to the ice field, being unable to force her way through the ice, which had become firmer and more closely packed. In the morning the work of forcing the vessel to the northward through the ice was resumed, and they were able to make fair progress. On the 23d the little ship was completely beset, being unable to move in any direction, but at midnight a strong north wind freed the vessel and they made their way to latitude 75 degrees north, and longitude 60 degrees west, when they were again beset, drifting helplessly with the tides within plain view of Cape York, with its numerous glaciers and crimson cliffs of Beverly. On the 28th a favorable gale blew and the Neptune made fair progress, passing Westenholm Island at eight o'clock in the morning and Cary Islands about seven in the evening.

Lieutenant years, returned from Point Barrow, Alaska, occurred during the summer of August 13, 1894, various were in preparation.

MRS. THOMAS.

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IMPOLAR STATIONS.

Colonies Established in the Arctic Circle, According to the Decisions of the Polar Conference.



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May, 1891,
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at St. Petersburg to complete the arrangements. It was decided that the observations at all the circumpolar stations should be begun as soon after August 1, 1892, as possible, and that they should be continued until September in the following year. It was announced at this meeting that France, England and Germany would also take part in the work. The stations were finally resolved upon as follows:—The United States in Lady Franklin Bay, in Smith's Sound and also at Point Barrow; Denmark at Godthaab; Germany in Cumberland Sound, on the west side of Davis Strait; England at Fort Rae, in the boat of the Hudson Bay territory, near the Great Slave Lake; Russia at the mouth of the Lena and at Moller's Bay, Nova Zembla; Holland at Dickson's Haven; Norway at Besskop, in the Alten Fjord; Sweden at Spitzbergen; Austria at Jan Mayen Island, famous for its fog and ice. The Finnish Landdag equipped a meteorological station at Sodankyla; a branch station was also established in Labrador. France selected a station near Cape Horn, and Germany also ventured into the Antarctic regions by sending a party to one of the islands of South Georgia, in 54 de-

grees south latitude and about eleven hundred miles to the eastward of Cape Horn. These southern stations were to perform the same work in the way of scientific observation as their friends at the north. They were to note carefully all the phenomena, in order that they might be able to compare their results with those of the Arctic stations. The gentlemen in charge of the observatories at Melbourne and Cape Town were also instructed to make a series of observations in connection with the researches of the French and German expeditions. It will thus be seen that fifteen expeditions were arranged for to carry out the plans of the International Polar Commission. Arrangements were also made for the taking of magnetic and meteorological observations at a number of permanent observatories on the let and 15th of each month; the same work was also provided for on many ships of war belonging to various countries, and the officers of several merchant vessels were also enlisted in the cause of science.

THE GREELY COLONY.

AN AMERICAN POLAR STATION ESTABLISHED IN LADY FRANKLIN BAY.

In June, 1881, preparations having been made for the United States Arctic colony, the following named officers and enlisted men were assigned to duty as the expeditionary force to Lady Franklin Bay:—

First Lieutenant A. W. Greely, Fifth cavalry, acting signal officer and assistant.
Second Lieutenant Frederick E. Bishlingbury, Eleventh infantry, acting signal officer.
Second Lieutenant James E. Lockwood, Twenty-third infantry, acting signal officer.
Sergeant Edward Israel, Signal Corps, United States Army.
Sergeant Winfield S. Jewell, Signal Corps, United States Army.
Sergeant George W. Rice, Signal Corps, United States Army.
Sergeant David C. Ralston, Signal Corps, United States Army.
Sergeant Hampton S. Gardiner, Signal Corps, United States Army.
Sergeant William H. Cross, General service, United States Army.
Sergeant David L. Brainerd, Company L, Second cavalry.
Sergeant David Lunn, Company C, Second cavalry.
Corporal Daniel C. Starr, Company F, Second cavalry.
Corporal Paul Grimm, Company H, Eleventh infantry.
Corporal Nicholas Salor, Company H, Second cavalry.
Corporal Joseph Ellison, Company E, Tenth infantry.
Private Charles D. Henry, Company E, Fifth cavalry.
Private Maurice Connell, Company B, Third cavalry.
Private Jacob Bender, Company F, Ninth infantry.
Private Francis Long, Company F, Ninth infantry.
Private William Waistler, Company F, Ninth infantry.
Private Henry Biederstick, Company G, Seventh infantry.
Private Julius Fredericks, Company L, Second cavalry.
Private James Ryan, Company H, Second cavalry.
Private William A. Ellis, Company C, Second cavalry.
Octave Pavy, M. D., as is mentioned elsewhere, was taken on board at Disco, Greenland, to fill the position of acting assistant surgeon with the expeditionary force.

Corporal Starr and Private Ryan were relieved and returned in the Proteus.

In addition to the men mentioned above, Jans Edward, an Esquimaux, and Frederick Thorley Christensen, a half-breed, both of whom were engaged at Proven, accompanied the expedition. The

would main pack, extending right across the channel and appearing to be at least twenty feet thick. The Proteus had then reached the southwest part of Lady Franklin Bay and was within ten miles of her destination. For seven days the vessel was moored to the ice, and Lieutenant Greely almost despaired of attaining his object. But the ice moved to the eastward and the ship was forced at full speed until Discovery Harbor was reached, and there Lieutenant Greely determined to locate his camp.

ESTABLISHING THE STATION.

The anchor was dropped and the work of unloading the stores began. The carpenters set to work at building the house and all progressed merrily. On the same day they arrived fourteen musk oxen were killed, and they averaged when dressed fully three hundred pounds each. Stores of provisions sufficient to last the party for fully two years were landed. The house erected had double frames and measured sixty-one feet by twenty-one feet. In addition to the stores and supplies about one hundred and forty tons of coal were landed at the station, which was christened Fort Conger, in honor of Senator Conger, of Michigan, who had been instrumental in passing the bill through Congress which authorized the expedition.

Dr. Octave Pavy, the surgeon of the expedition, has quite a remarkable history. He was born in Havre, France, and after a liberal and scientific education took part in an Arctic expedition sent out by France. He spent several years among the Esquimaux in Lady Franklin Bay and Grinnell Land. Afterward he formed one of the members of the Howgate expedition, and when this failed Dr. Pavy remained at Disco and afterward joined the Greely party.

The Proteus left the party on August 19 and arrived safely at St. Johns, N. F., after a voyage in which no disturbing incident occurred.

DISQUIETING RUMORS.

Since August, 1881, nothing definite has been heard from the Greely party. Rumors, it is true, have reached us from various sources, but as they have all been traced to the Esquimaux it is needless to say that little or no reliance should be placed on them. A few months ago Baron Nordenfjeld, in a despatch from Thurea, stated that Dr. Nathorst's party had heard from some Esquimaux near Cape York that two members of the expedition to Lady Franklin Bay had died, while the others had returned to Littleton Island, a Copenhagen paper subsequently stated, on the authority of its Upernivik correspondent, that Lieutenant Greely had been murdered by his mutinous crew. This statement was made on the authority of Hans Hendrick, the Esquimaux who accompanied Dr. Nathorst to Cape York, and who, it is said, got it from some Esquimaux whom he met in that locality. This statement seems incredible on the face of it, as it is almost certain that Dr. Nathorst would have heard of it as well as Hendrick, and if so it is safe to presume that he would have mentioned it. The rumor that the expedition has reached Littleton Island seems far more probable, and with the experience of the party in high latitudes and their skill in shooting and fishing it is not too much to presume that they might winter on Littleton Island in safety. The Esquimaux search party availed themselves of the resources of the country, and in their prolonged stay northward led for subsistence on the game they shot and the fish they caught. That Greely's position had been one of grave danger is recognized by geographical authorities both in this country and abroad.

SUPPLIES FOR GREELY.

THE NEPTUNE'S STRENUOUS BUT VAIN EFFORTS TO RELIEVE THE COLONY.

In June, 1882, Mr. W. M. Beshe took command of a party which sailed from St. Johns, N. F., on the 8th of July, 1882, to take supplies to Lieutenant

On the beach, which was contained fifteen sleeping bags, 600 pounds of hard bread, a quantity of bacon, 700 cases of canned meats, vegetables and fruits, a box of sun powder, a can of muntache, a tin pot and a quantity of clothing.

In a conspicuous cairn on the top of Brevoort Island, built for the Nares expedition, Lieutenant Garlington deposited a definite description of the locality of the caches of clothing and provisions.

of the same. He also decided that it would be advisable to place the material behind the buildings and all the material belonging to the expeditions that might be available for the use of future scientific observers; and it was suggested that the officers in command of each party should be instructed to this effect, and that every possible precaution and safeguard against injury to the material left behind should be taken. The Polar Commission

behind should be taken. The four commissions in its instructions to the commanders of the various expeditions divided the observations to be made into two classes—the voluntary and the obligatory. The obligatory class was divided into four branches—meteorology, magnetism, aurora and astronomy. The voluntary

The British government presented us with the good ship Alert, and we have also to thank several distinguished British officers for their suggestions as to the best means to be pursued by the present expedition to attain their ends. In a valuable document addressed to our minister at London, Mr. Lowell, Captain Sir G. S. Nares, Major H. W. Fellden and Captain Alport H. Markham embodied their views on the subject. These gentlemen, who are well known Arctic authorities, recommended that the two main relief ships should arrive at Upernivik about the first week in July, and in the event of no tidings of Greasy's safety, having been sent on to the westward by De Witt, that they should proceed northward in company. If no tidings or traces of the missing party are forthcoming at the end of August, they should then proceed to Kennedy Channel, even, if necessary, to Discovery Bay. Proceeding to consider the ship which was most probably lost, as pursued by Lieutenant Greasy, we find that, according to the tenet strongly up to the present date, taking as their guide that officer's own letters to General Milson from Discovery Bay in August, 1881, that

observations, the taking of which—though not absolutely insisted on, were warmly advocated—included the measurement of the temperature of the air, of the surface and at various depths of the soil, snow and ice, above and below the surface; evaporation, terrestrial magnetism, galvanic surface currents, auroral phenomena, hydrographical, and astronomical observations. The latter included atmospheric electricity, and inquiries into the growth, motion and structure of ice; the physical properties of sea water, as well as a number of other subjects. It was suggested also that samples of air and water should be procured for analysis, and that collections should be made in the departments of zoology, and of mineralogical observations, being of the greatest importance, were insisted upon and the other branches of inquiry which, of course, would depend on various circumstances, were left to the discretion of the expedition.

Under these circumstances it is not too much to expect the most valuable results in the way of meteorological observations from the Polar stations, the facilities for which are already complete concerning Arctic and Antarctic phenomena are necessarily scant and incomplete. What we do know of the Arctic creates an anxious desire for knowledge, and the phenomena are very complicated, and the observer of the three elements, de-clination, inclination, and intensity, is confronted with grave difficulties arising from the nature of the climate.

Not only this, but, in the language of a recent scientific writer, "the feebleness of the horizontal intensity of terrestrial magnetism, as well as the feebleness of the magnetic declination, in those regions make such observations very troublesome and delicate. No less than thirty-two readings of the dipping needle are required for a single estimate of the dip, because of the supplementary readings on other instruments."

other instruments.

DEPARTS FROM THE STATION

Detailed description of the home by Heri Sopanen Trombo from the Finnish station at Sodakya are startling in the novelties they contain. He expounded almost on a gigantic scale with the apparatus. By means of an arrangement of batteries and wires along the walls up the summit of the 1,500-foot high he was able to produce an artificial aurora differing in respect to appearance and spectroscopic analysis from the genuine article. He was unable, however, to obtain any photographs of the aurora, the most serious deficiency of the exhibition. The brilliant colors and lights are the actual amount of light contained in them is exceedingly slender.

The Austrian Polar expedition, which returned last August from Jay Mayen Land after an absence of sixteen months, was quite successful. The observations were perfect, their collections rich and their photographs numerous.

The English contingent at Fort Rae did good work, too. The spectroscopic observations were very satisfactory.

From the latest news regarding the Swedish station at Spitzbergen it is gleaned that the results have been good.

The Danish expedition was caught in the ice in the Kara Sea, and their operations were thus delayed for a year.

The Russian contingent were so late in reaching their station on the Lena that they dreaded to spend another year there.

With the exception of the Danish expedition stations were established in accordance with the plan devised by the International Polar Commission all round the Polar area, ready to begin their work of observation on August 1, 1882.

REMARKS MADE AT THE SECOND AMERIC

SCIENTIFIC WORK OF THE SECOND ARCTIC COLONY.

The station at Point Barrow is at the northern part of Alaska, in latitude 71 deg. 27 min. north and longitude 156 deg. 15 min. west. The party consisted of First Lieutenant

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For nearly a day, February 1, has been strict Church on a Lent, when austerities are expected mortification. At this time, however, Low Sunday,

large number of pulpits or altars of the Roman vicinity yesterday. The laws of the Province of Piacenza in the north of Italy require that a station on the main line of the railway or both of the lines be allowed to take the banns, therefore, at Easter Sunday, the whole Church of the peninsula of Italy extends from Lent) until the end of the month, when the Sunday of the Resurrection (Easter Sunday) period of about a month, unless the celebration of the feast has been postponed to the following Sunday, when the usual Easter Sunday is celebrated.

TO THE RESCUE!

The Expedition to the Relief of
the Greely Party.

PROSPECTS FOR ITS SUCCESS.

How the Arctic Colony Was Estab-
lished in the Icy North.

SCIENCE NEAR THE POLE.

Circumpolar Stations and the Valuable Work
They Have Done.

TWO FORMER FAILURES

Fruitless Efforts to Succor Greely--Loss
of the Proteus.

OBSERVATIONS AT POINT BARROW.

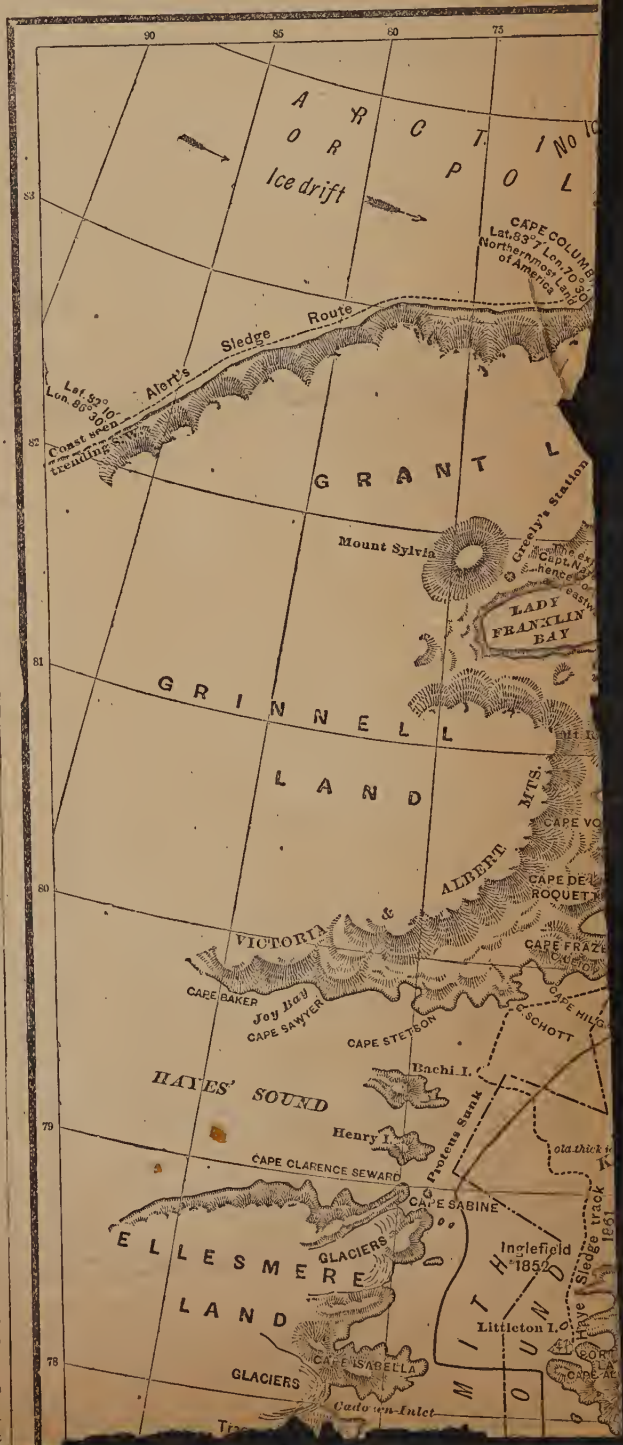
In a few days there will sail from this port an expedition to the icy North which will carry with it the good wishes of both America and Europe. It goes on an errand of rescue, and that it may be successful in its merciful mission will be the heartfelt hope and prayer of thousands. The expedition has been fitted out with every appliance that science and seamanship, backed up by long years of experience, can suggest, and every precaution that human ingenuity can take has been made use of in preparing the fleet to cope with the inevitable perils of the Polar seas. Three stout ships--the Bear, the Thetis and the Alert--have been chosen for the voyage. They are ships that ere this have battled with the ice, and have behaved admirably in tempestuous seas. The Bear, as a Dundee steam whaler, has seen some arduous service in the Arctic whaling grounds, has been nipped more than once in the ice pack and has withstood many a heavy gale. The Thetis is equally well fitted for the expedition, and the Alert, as the flagship of Captain Nares in the Polar search of 1875-6, proved most effectually her enormous strength and stability. The Alert has been very generously presented to the United States by the British government, and, stanch in hull and sound in spars and rigging, will no doubt render as good an account of herself under the Stars and Stripes of America as she did when flying the English flag.

The party that these ships are to sail in search of is one of two expeditions sent out by the United States to form an international polar station. It consisted of twenty-four officers and men chosen from different branches of the United States Army and was commanded by Lieutenant Adolphus W. Greely. On August 12, 1881, the party was landed safely at Lady Franklin Bay. The orders of the United States government to the commander of the expedition were that he should not only make a series of scientific observations, but that he should explore as large an area of the Polar region as he should find practicable. He was to remain until last fall, when it was arranged that a relief ship should be sent for him. Two vessels, the Proteus and the Yantic, accordingly, were dispatched to bring Lieutenant Greely and his comrades home, but, as our readers will remember, the Proteus, which was the advance ship, was nipped and crushed in the ice and all hands on board had a narrow escape from death. Such, in a few words, is the story of the events which have led to the fitting out of the present relief expedition.

POLAR EXPLORATION.

The mysterious region of the North Pole seems always to have had a weird fascination for explorers. Many have been the expeditions, led by gallant men, which have left port with light

Map Showing the Route to Lady Franklin
Tracks of Former Explorers



14
EVERY SATURDAY :

JUNE 11, 1870.]

DALL'S ALASKA.

THREE years ago — June 20, 1867 — President Johnson proclaimed the ratification of the treaty by which, for a golden consideration, which seemed large save to Secretary Seward and Senator Sumner, Alaska was ceded to the United States by Russia. At that time all knowledge of that region of furs and freezes seemed to be limited to the above-named persons, and their rose-tinted descriptions were as apocryphal as the red snow of the Arctic. Alaska was a *terra incognita*, and it was not considered disgraceful to be ignorant of its 'offskis and 'lovskys, and its whole system of dislocating nomenclature, and no one was able to form an intelligent opinion whether Russia or America had made the best bargain. There was a little diplomatic verbiage about raising the flag of our country on the outermost regions of the far Northwest, the growth of the nation, and the spread of civil freedom. Then came in natural sequence place-hunting and governmental "job-work." By this time we began to realize that we had made an acquisition, and that it should be looked after. Whymper's volume, pertaining to Alaska and other localities, appeared in a handsome reprint, but it was written from an English point of view, and was far from accurate; rivers ran in wrong directions and emptied themselves in unknown waters, and all the descriptions were too vague to be valuable. But ignorance in regard to Alaska is now a literary, geographical, and national sin. In the elegant volume by WILLIAM H. DALL, just published by Lee and Shepard, of Boston, is a complete encyclopædia of information pertaining to the history, inhabitants, and resources of that country. Mr. Dall was



TOMONIDOLA.

Director of the Scientific Corps of the late Western Union Telegraph Expedition, and not only had in his travels through Alaska remarkable facilities for obtaining correct ideas, but had the disposition and ability to avail himself of these facilities. In many respects he is a model explorer, and this volume is evidence of his painstaking labors.

In a purely business light, the grand project of the Western Union Telegraph Company to establish telegraphic communications with the uttermost parts of the earth, was a failure, for after an expenditure of about three million dollars, and while in the midst of their labors, they learned of the success of the Atlantic cable, at a cost that rendered competition impossible; but the nation reaps the results of the expedition in the vast amount of knowledge thus obtained of the character of the country, and which, but for this expedition would have been long in creeping into notice.



WOLASATUX' BARRABORA IN WINTER.

Incidental to the purchase of Alaska, Mr. Dall gives a story, without attesting to its truthfulness, that a company of citizens applied to Mr. Seward to assist them in purchasing the country to carry on a fish, fur, and timber trade, and that he, finding Russia willing to sell, secured the territory, not for the private company, but for the nation.

Mr. Dall's work is crowded with facts, and as they have regard to a new territory, they possess a peculiar interest. He seems to have been a careful observer, a diligent, persistent worker, and while he has availed himself of all the hitherto published books and documents on Alaska (many of them inaccessible to the public), he has trusted to no second-hand information where it was possible to acquire the same or better by personal investigation. It would be difficult in these times, when "Societies for the Diffusion of Knowledge" seem to have outlived their usefulness, to find a volume of this size — 627 royal octavo pages — which contains so much that is absolutely new; and Dall's pencil has kept pace with his pen, and his book is profusely illustrated with pictures of Alaskan scenery, of natives, of customs, &c. &c.

Perhaps the most interesting portions of this volume are where the author (Part I.) gives the journal of his own voyage and travels, and (Part III.), where he describes the inhabitants, and the resources and capabilities of the country. Part II. is not less



FORT YUKON, IN JUNE, 1867.

valuable, but is mainly historical and chronological. He seems to have left nothing unthought of that could in any way interest or instruct the reader, and a very thorough Index renders it easy to turn to any name or topic. An Index of seventeen double-column pages may be considered satisfactorily full. The general impression conveyed by the book is favorable to the country, and the details and statistics of investigations into the material resources are very encouraging, so that the reader is satisfied that furs, fish, timber, minerals, etc., etc., are to be added to the solitary ice-crop which politicians at one time would have us believe was the only marketable commodity Alaska afforded.

To the general reader, the description of the Yukon River and the territory through which it flows will prove very interesting, and will convey a fine idea of the real importance of Mr Seward's purchase. The Yukon River is of a size which will astonish

our people generally, and its tributaries are important streams. Of this mighty river Mr. Dall says:—

"The total length of the Yukon from the Kusitvak-mouth to Lake Kennicott is about 1,800 miles. This may be too low an estimate if we take in all the curves of the channel, which I have not done; so we may safely estimate the total length of the Yukon,

"The present buildings consist of a large house, containing six rooms, for the commander; a block of three houses, of one room each, for the workmen; a large storeroom; a kitchen; and four block-houses, or bastions pierced for musketry, at the corners of the proposed stockade. Outside of the fort is a small house of two rooms, belonging to Antoine Houle, the interpreter.

"All the houses were strongly built, roofed with sheets of spruce bark pinned and fastened down by long poles. The sides were plastered with a white mortar made from shell-marl, obtainable in the vicinity. Most of the windows were of parchment, but those of the commander's house were of glass. The latter was provided with good plank floors, and the doors and sashes were painted red with ochre. The yard was free from dirt, and the houses, with their white walls and red trimmings, made a very favorable comparison with any of those in the Russian posts."

This description will apply to the better class of houses in Alaska, such as were then occupied by government officials. A well-built Indian winter-house is represented by the picture of Wolasatux' *barrabara* (Russian for the Inuit winter-houses). A description of the dwelling of the great Inuit family of Indians will give a good insight into a mode of living which hitherto has been unknown to American citizens! In speaking of an Inuit village, Mr. Dall says:—

"It comprises half a dozen houses and a dance-house, built in the native fashion; that is to say, half underground, with the entrance

"Look not for ukali, old woman.
Long since the cache was emptied, and the crow does not light on the ridge-pole!
Long since my husband departed. Why does he wait in the mountains!
Ahmi, Ahmi, sleep, little one, softly.

"Where is my own?
Does he lie starving on the hillside? Why does he linger?
Comes he not soon, I will seek him among the mountains.
Ahmi, Ahmi, sleep, little one, sleep.

"The crow has come, laughing.
His beak is red, his eyes glisten, the false one!
'Thanks for a good meal to Kuskokala the shaman.
On the sharp mountain quietly lies your husband.'
Ahmi, Ahmi, sleep, little one, wake not!

"Twenty deer's tongues tied to the pack on his shoulders;
Not a tongue in his mouth to call to his wife with.
Wolves, foxes, and ravens are tearing and fighting for morsels.
Tough and hard are the sinews; not so the child in your bosom.'
Ahmi, Ahmi, sleep, little one, wake not!

"Over the mountain slowly staggers the hunter.
Two bucks' thighs on his shoulders, with bladders of fat between them.
Twenty deers' tongues in his belt. Go, gather wood, old woman!
Off flew the crow, — liar, cheat, and deceiver!
Wake, little sleeper, wake, and call to your father!

"He brings you backfat, marrow, and venison fresh from the mountain.
Tired and worn, he has carved a toy of the deer's horn, While he was sitting and waiting long for the deer on the hillside.
Wake, and see the crow, hiding himself from the arrow!
Wake, little one, wake, for here is your father!"

One of the prominent mountains of Alaska is on Plover Bay, and is called Mount Kennicott in honor of the naturalist whose name will always be honorably associated with Alaskan explorations. The mountain stands at the head of one of the finest harbors on the coast, a harbor that must hereafter be a rendezvous for ships of all nations. Robert Kennicott died in that far-off region alone. "His remains were found where he fell; struck down by disease of the heart, aggravated by exposure, privation, and anxiety. He was one who made enemies as well as friends, but even enemies could not but respect the purity of motive, the open-handed generosity, the consideration, almost too great, for his subordinates, and the untiring energy and lively spirits which were the prominent characteristics of the man. On the sad anniversary of his death we erected, on the nearest hillock not swept by the spring freshets, a cross, which was hewn out by the blacksmith Paspilkoff, and which upheld a tablet with the following inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF
ROBERT KENNICOTT,
NATURALIST,
who died near this place,
May 13th, 1866, aged thirty.

On asking Paspilkoff what he wanted for his labor in hewing out the arms of the cross, he replied, 'We Russians take nothing for what we may do for the dead; we do not know when it may be our turn.' May we not learn from the Russians?

We commend the chapters on the fisheries and fur trade of Alaska to those incredulous Thomases who are fain to believe that Alaska is worthless. Mr. Dall's statistics are wonderfully suggestive of great things in store for the mercantile and commercial interests of the country, and as he makes no random statements, he is to be relied upon.

"In short," as Mr. Micawber was wont to express it, Dall's "Alaska and its Resources" is a book to be purchased and read. It is thorough, satisfactory, comprehensive;

* I. e. the warm principle of the sunlight, which they regard as a personal spirit

A slight amendment.
Emperor Napoleon desired the French nation to make use of at the plébiscite were not "I O U," but "O U I"!

IT'S SET FOR TWENTY MINUTES. — A good story is told of an English judge visiting a penal institution, and being practically disposed, the learned judge philanthropically trusted himself on the treadmill, desiring the warder to set it in motion. The machine was accordingly adjusted, and his lordship began to lift his feet. In a few minutes, however, the new hand had had quite enough of it, and called to be released, but this was not so easy. "Please, my lord," said the man, "you can't get off. It's set for twenty minutes; that's the shortest time we can make it go." So the judge was in durance until his "term" expired.

LAST month in an English court a legal matter was proposed to stand over till the 1st of June, when some one exclaimed in horror, "Why, that's the Derby!" Calmly and majestically the response came: "The court knows nothing of the Derby Day — but make it the 2d of June." This reminds one of the scene between Paterfamilias and Young Hopeful reading the paper. "I am surprised, Charles," says the former, "that you should encourage such a brutal sport as fighting.

with all its windings, at about 2,000 miles, of which three fourths are navigable for river steamers. In some places on the Lower Yukon one bank is invisible from the other. Above the Ramparts, including islands, the river is sometimes twenty miles wide. By its size and the important changes which it is always bringing about in Bering Sea, it is fairly entitled to rank as one of the largest rivers in the world. It is larger than the Ganges or the Orinoco, about the size of the Danube or the La Plata, and belongs to that great family of northern rivers, of which the Obi, Lena, Saskatchewan, and Mackenzie are the most prominent members."

The five pictures on this page of EVERY SATURDAY are from Mr. Dall's book, and the largest represents Fort Yukon. To reach this post Mr. Dall travelled six hundred and thirty miles in twenty-seven days in a *bidarra*, or skin-boat, and he modestly confesses to having felt a pardonable pride in being the first American to reach Fort Yukon from the sea. At the time of his visit, it needed only a stockade to complete it. The buildings are thus described:—

more or less so, and the roof furnished with a square opening in the centre, for the escape of smoke and admission of light. They are built of spruce logs, without nails or pins, and are usually about twelve or fifteen feet square. The entrance is a small hole, through which one must enter on hands and knees, and is usually furnished with a bear or deer skin or a piece of matting to exclude the air. Outside of this entrance is a passage-way, hardly larger, which opens under a small shed, at the surface of the ground, to protect it from the weather.

"They are about eight feet high in the middle, but the eaves are rarely more than three or four feet above the ground. The floor is divided by two logs into three areas of nearly equal size, the entrance being at the end of the middle one. This portion of the floor is always the native earth, usually hardened by constant passing over it. In the middle, under the aperture in the roof, the fire is built, and here are sometimes placed a few stones. On either side the portion separated by the logs before mentioned is occupied as a place to sit and work in during the day, and as a sleeping-place during the night. The earth is usually covered with straw, or spruce branches when obtainable, and

over this is laid a mat woven out of grass. Sometimes the space is raised, or a platform is built of boards, or logs hewn flat on one side. This is a work of such labor, however, that it is seldom resorted to. The beds, which generally consist of a blanket of dressed deerskin, or rabbit-skins

sewed together, are rolled up and put out of the way during the day. Almost all sorts of work are done in the houses after the cold weather sets in."

The account of the Indian tribes and their habits and superstitions is very interesting, and makes an important portion of the volume. The portrait of Tohonidola is doubtless a fair sample of the better class of Indians. Each tribe has its peculiarities, but all have the same general characteristics. The mode of burial in practice by the Ingalik tribe is given on this page. Mr. Dall says:—

"The usual fashion is to place the body, doubled up, on its side, in a box of plank hewed out of spruce logs and about four feet long; this is elevated several feet above the ground on four posts, which project above the coffin or box. The sides are often painted with red chalk, in figures of fur animals, birds, and fishes. According to the wealth of the dead man, a number of articles which belonged to him are attached



INGALIK GRAVE.



MOUNT KENNICOTT, PLOVER BAY.





PETROPAULOVSKI HARBOR, AVATCHA BAY, KAMTCHATKA.

Glimpses of Kamtchatka.

BY MARY MAYNE.

KAMTCHATKA is generally regarded as a bleak and desolate country, barren of pleasant scenery, and exhibiting little but sterile cliffs, moss-covered rocks, and snow-bound coasts. The summer visitor is therefore astonished and delighted when entering Avatcha Bay, upon whose northern shore the capital, Petropaulovski, lies, through the fog—which perchance is suddenly lifted—there is disclosed a scene of wild, luxuriant beauty. The long, high cliffs gleaming in the brilliant sunlight are crowned with beautiful green slopes and dotted with verdant foliage, through which little rivulets slowly trickle; patches of flowers peer out of sheltered nooks; myriads of birds circle about the rocky summits and crowd the coves of overhanging precipices, while hundreds of lazy seals are basking in the warmth of the sun.

Avatcha Bay is a beautiful sheet of water about nine miles in width, although at the narrowest point of its entrance it is only a mile and a half wide. It is bordered on its northern side by a range of hills; but in approaching the shore there are no indications of human habitations until, the course of the vessel changing and rounding a steep promontory, the low log-houses of Petropaulovski suddenly appear, built upon the side of a tiny harbor and sheltered by the encircling cliffs. A valley opens back of the town, disclosing in the distance, on a clear day, the lofty cones of

Avatchinska, Villenchinska, and other volcanic mountains.

Petropaulovski, although the chief town of Kamtchatka, and the principal Russian military station, contains only three or four hundred inhabitants. Formerly it was much larger. At the time of the Crimean war, when

this little settlement was dragged into the contest, the population was about one thousand. The houses are mostly thatched with bark or straw, only those belonging to the Government officials being roofed with shingles. There is a quaint, though rather dilapidated little church, near which, in a sort of shed, wholly detached from the main building, is a chime of seven or eight bells. Russians residing in Petropaulovski, isolated though they are, contrive to make themselves very comfortable, and English and other foreigners engaged in the fur trade often become much attached to their Kamtchatdal home. The name of the town is derived from two vessels, St. Peter and St. Paul, which were built at Okhotsk, in the year 1739, for the use of Captain Behring in his explorations. An iron monument erected to the memory of Behring is of interest to visitors.

The peninsula of Eastern Siberia, which lies between the Sea of Okhotsk and Behring Sea, bears a tangled name of divers spellings, of which, perhaps, Kamtchatka is most favored. Throughout nearly its whole length of eight hundred miles there stretches a range of mountains having no general name, but divided into two distinct branches, and springing from which are many remarkable volcanoes, both extinct and active. The snowy summit of Avatchinska, a magnificent peak 11,000 feet in height, is a prominent feature in the landscape at Petropaulovski, and scarcely less conspicuous are Villenchinska, Koratskoi, and Boselskoi.

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PETROPAULOVSKI HARBOR, AVATCHA BAY, KAMTCHATKA.

Glimpses of Kamtchatka.

BY MARY MAYNE.

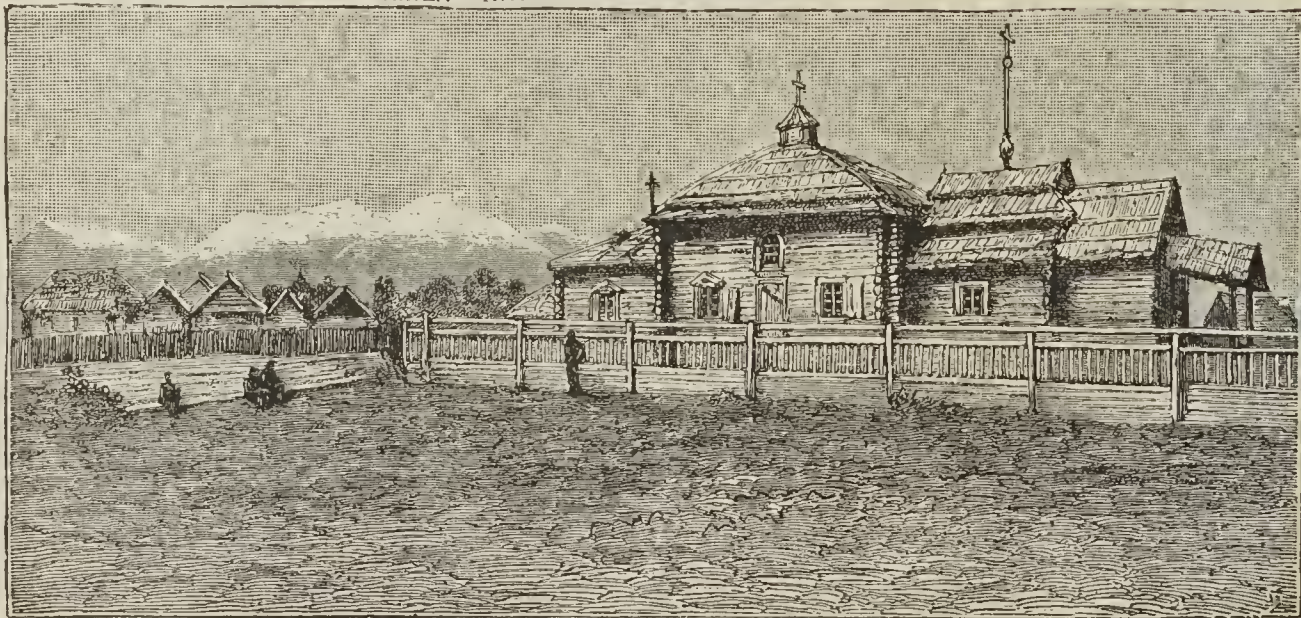
KAMTCHATKA is generally regarded as a bleak and desolate country, barren of pleasant scenery, and exhibiting only sterile cliffs, moss-covered rocks, and barren coasts. The summer sun, however, is so warm and delightful that the Bay, upon whose north shore Petropaulovski lies, the chance is suddenly closed a scene of wild, long, high cliffs gleaming in the light are crowned with verdure and dotted with very small flowers which little rivulets slowly flow down. The air is full of birds circle about the coves of the bay while hundreds of lazy fish bask in the warmth of the sun.

Avatcha Bay is a beautiful bay about nine miles in width at its narrowest point of its mouth and a half wide. On the northern side by a range of mountains proaching the shore there are no human habitations until, the vessel changing and rounding a steep promontory, the low log-houses of Petropaulovski suddenly appear, built upon the side of a tiny harbor and sheltered by the encircling cliffs. A valley opens back of the town, disclosing in the distance, on a clear day, the lofty cones of

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THE CHURCH, MELKOVA.

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But rivalling all in height, beauty, and sym-



THE VILLAGE OF GUNAL, KAMTCHATKA.

metry is Kloochefskoia, one of the grandest volcanoes in the world. Although it has never been ascended, its estimated height of 16,500 feet is probably not exaggerated. It is an isolated peak, yet in close proximity to others scarcely inferior in altitude; but its regular, cone-like form, "its crown of smoke by day, and its beacon of flame by night," distinguish it above its companions. Notwithstanding Kloochefskoia is almost constantly in activity, the little village of Kloochoy lies in an open plain at its very base on the bank of the Kamtchatka River, in a spot of wild and picturesque beauty. The winter snow is frequently covered with ashes for many miles around Kloochoy, and there are traditions of fearful eruptions which have terrified though not destroyed the little village. But the present inhabitants seem to associate no danger with the dense wreaths of smoke that float from its summit, nor with the low thunderings that often break upon the midnight air.

They live comfortably and at ease, while yet holding in reverence the monarch mountain which stands the grand central figure in a view of surpassing beauty. The familiar sight may arouse no emotion in their breasts, yet all the same the rosy hues of morning tinge its lofty crater while yet darkness rests upon the valley below, and purple shadows linger around its summit long after the sun has disappeared, imparting lovely shades to its snowy sides; now fleecy clouds lightly encircle the huge cone, and again it is enveloped in volumes of black smoke; or gray mists gather in heavy masses, rolling hither and thither upon its lofty crest. And in all its varying moods Kloochefskoia is magnificently grand.

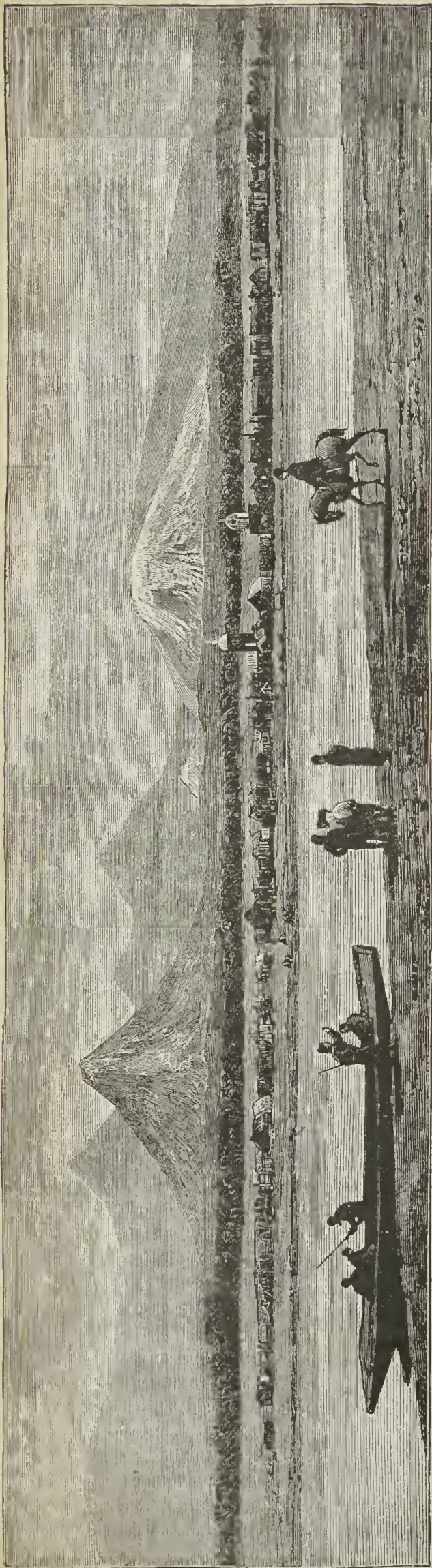
The climate of Central and Southern Kamtchatka is comparatively mild, the severity of Arctic cold being experienced only in the extreme north. The winter is long, but in summer vegetation assumes an almost tropical freshness and luxuriance. Especially is this noticeable in the valley of the Kam-



SALMON-DRYING SHEDS, GUNAL.

tchatka River, which is the most fertile portion of the peninsula. This river, the largest of the country, rises in the central range of mountains, and flows north for about three hundred miles, emptying into Behring Sea. The short summer covers its banks with waving wild grass and myriads of flowers, while flourishing gardens and fields of grain are seen in all the villages.

Northern Kamtchatka, where the nine months' winter gives a severe climate, is mainly inhabited by the Koraks, a wild, wandering tribe, who with their herds of reindeer occupy the desolate steppes lying east of Penjinsk Gulf. Upon their reindeer they depend for food, clothing, tent-coverings, and means of transportation. Their wealth consists in their herds; and as the deer will in a short time paw up the snow and eat all the moss beneath within a mile or two of any encampment, the Koraks must lead a wandering life and move frequently to fresh moss-steppes, or their reindeer will starve and they themselves be left without the means of livelihood. A



KLOOCHEFSKOIA VOLCANO ON THE KAMTCHATKA RIVER.

herd of deer in Kamtchatka sometimes numbers several thousands, and the care of them is almost the only occupation of the Koraks. They watch them day and night, patiently enduring long vigils in cold and darkness to protect them against the attacks of their fierce enemy—the wolf. The Koraks have some superstition which makes them refuse to part with a living reindeer, although they will not hesitate to kill one and sell it for a mere trifle.

These northern tribes live in fur tents and are clothed in fur—needful protection where the mercury sometimes falls to 30° , 40° , or even 50° below zero. But it is said that this extreme cold is by no means as unendurable as it might seem, excepting when accompanied with wind; that if one will eat plenty of fat food and avoid over-fatigue, he can bear a very low degree of temperature without suffering or danger. One traveller relates that he saw natives of Eastern Siberia, when the thermometer was 40° below zero, clad only in

a shirt and a sheep-skin coat, standing quietly in the street talking and laughing as if it were a pleasant summer day and they were enjoying the balmy air.

The wealth of vegetation that summer brings in Southern Kamtchatka is truly marvellous. With the melting of the snow a rich verdure overspreads the soil; vegetables grow as if by magic, grass springs up to a height of several feet, violets, lilies, bluebells, dense tangles of delicate wild roses, and a profusion of other flowers brighten the landscape. Berries of all kinds abound in the woods. The whole country swarms with animal life; not only reindeer, dogs, sheep, bears, and wolves roam over the mountains, but every river and little marshy lake is alive with ducks, geese, and swans. Salmon is the great staple article of food. Every summer an immense quantity of this kind of fish, seeking Northern rivers in which to spawn, are captured by the natives.

Salmon are usually dried by the sun and air beneath rough sheds. The drying-sheds shown in the illustration are at Gunal, a little village on the Bolcherask River, containing less than a hundred inhabitants, who are, however, enterprising enough to do a thriving business in the way of drying fish. At Melkova, nearly three hundred miles from the mouth of the Kamtchatka River, the stream is staked across, as shown in the engraving, and the salmon pass into weirs, from which escape is impossible. Melkova is the largest native village in Kamtchatka, and contains a pretty church.

The Kamtchaldals are not very expert boatmen, and the only water-craft they use are somewhat unwieldy canoes dug out of logs. These they often lash together for greater safety, and even then rarely venture far from shore.

When the fishing season is over the people prepare for hunting sable, otter, foxes, and other fur-bearing animals; for Kamtchatdal furs are of the finest quality, and command a high price in European markets. Government taxes are always collected in furs. Every person subject to taxation is required to furnish a sable-skin or one of equal value; and the collector selects as many of the best thus brought together as will pay the tax assessed upon the community, taking them at about half their market value. Thus the finest furs fall into the possession of the Russian Govern-

A well-to-do Kamtchatdal, arrayed in his winter costume, looks somewhat like a huge bundle of furs; yet in his apparel he has, perhaps, as much of an eye to tasteful ornamentation as is consistent with the protection he requires. The outer garment is a double fur, shirt-like coat, made of the thickest, softest reindeer-skin, and reaching to the knees. This is of different colors—the deer-skin varying from white to dark brown—and is often ornamented at the bottom with a band of silk embroidery and a wide border of glossy beaver or other fur, a trimming which is also added to the neck and sleeves. A hood, lined with soft dog or wolf skin, is attached to the neck, to be worn over the head, and a square flap, under the chin, is used to protect the nose. The coat is called a "kookhlanka." The "torbassa" are long fur boots, which are worn over heavy socks of reindeer or wolfskin, the fur being next the foot. Fur trousers, a fur bonnet to be worn under the hood, fur mittens, and an ornamental but very useful tippet made of the tails of squirrels or foxes, completes a costume which defies the most intense cold.

Except in northern sections where reindeer are used, the winter travel of the Kamtchatdals is accomplished entirely upon dog-sledges. The natives are exceedingly skilful in the training of their dogs, which in appearance are not unlike half-domesticated Arctic wolves. Perhaps there is no more hardy, long-enduring creature in the world than the Siberian dog. Capable of travelling long distances in the severest cold, and with very little food, he is of inestimable value to his master. The sledges are from five to ten feet in length, light but strong, and the dogs will travel from four to eight miles an hour. Often a dozen or more are harnessed to a sledge,



DUG-OUT CANOE AND FISHERY, MELKOVA.

and they are controlled entirely by the voice and a trained leader. No whip is used, only a thick, sharp-pointed stick, which is thrust through the heavy snow in front of one of the sledge-runners, as a sort of brake, to check the speed of the dogs.

Travel in summer over some parts of the Kamtchatdal peninsula, is, strange to say, almost impossible on account of the immense moss-steppes. These steppes are often covered to a depth of two feet with a dense, luxurious growth of soft, spongy moss, saturated with water, into which the foot sinks as into a great



VOLCANIC RANGE NORTHWEST OF PETROPAULOVSKI.

20
wet sponge. Travelling in such circumstances is immediately exhausting to man or animal, and cannot be long continued.

Kamtchatka was discovered and conquered by the Russians towards the end of the seventeenth century; and the natives have, in the main, adopted the religion and customs of their conquerors. The Kamtchatdal language is one of the most curious of all strange tongues, but the people are not confined to it, as a majority also speak Russian.

The Kamtchatdals are a strong, hardy race, capable of great exposure and endurance; affectionate in their families, honest and peaceable. Some of the isolated northern tribes are treacherous and cruel; but the genuine Kamtchatdal is invariably hospitable and kind-hearted.

In every village may be found the small Greek church, which is, however, conspicuous by contrasting strangely with the rude log-houses in the midst of which it stands. It is usually built of hewn logs, and painted a deep brick red, with a green sheet-iron roof surmounted by a gaudily-ornamented dome and a glittering cross. A priest visits every village, however small, at least once a year, large settlements having a permanent priest. The members of the priesthood are by no means irreproachable in character; yet they wield great influence over the natives, who

are very strict in the observance of all religious forms—regarding, as they do, forms and ceremonies the essential part of Christianity.

The Koraks and other tribes in the north of Kamtchatka are devotees of a religion known as "Shamanism," a corrupted form of Buddhism, which with them consists chiefly in the worship of evil spirits, who are supposed to be embodied in certain mysterious manifestations of nature—such as storms and eclipses, or epidemics and contagious diseases. Ignorant and superstitious, they look with terror upon the wild phenomena of nature, which in their Northern home are often startling, and endeavor by gifts to propitiate the evil spirits through whose agency they believe them to be produced. So deeply rooted are their religious phantasms, and so blindly are they under the dominion of frenzied priests and mere physical laws, that even the combined influences of education and Christianity work but slowly on their minds.

PETROPAULOVSKI.

Accounts from Eye-Witnesses of the Battle.

Residing at Esquimalt is Mr. W. H. Saunders, who was steward to Admiral Price at the storming of Petropaulovski, and in whose arms the admiral died, after receiving the fatal (self-inflicted) shot. Mr. Saunders has kindly supplied *The Colonist* with the following:

A FEW REMARKS RELATIVE TO THE BATTLE OF PETROPAULOVSKI.

When H. M. S. Virago arrived at Callao with the proclamation that war had been declared between England and Russia the two Russian war ships, Aurora and Diana, had only left port that morning. Every one on board the flagship President was surprised that the English and French admirals did not proceed immediately to sea to endeavor to capture them. The French admiral's ship was called the La Forte. There was only one Russian war ship at Petropaulovski during the engagement, the Aurora. The Russian war ship Diana was destroyed by a tidal wave, en route to Japan, and all hands lost. It was just as H. M. S. Virago was about to take the two flagships in tow that Admiral Ince came down from the mizentop, where he had been taking observations, relative to placing the allied fleet in position. During the engagement some altercation took place with Captain Burrige and the admiral, of what nature it was impossible to ascertain. The admiral then left the quarter-deck and came down the main ladder on the main deck, which was cleared for action. He spoke to me, asking what I intended to do during the engagement. I replied I was going to assist Mr. Hall, the paymaster, in carrying away any wounded to the cockpit. He shook me by the hand saying, "Take care of yourself during the action;" he then proceeded to the quarter galley, and in about five minutes I heard the report of a pistol. I immediately went aft, when he fell into my arms. I sat down and took his head in my lap. When Capt. Burrige and the officers came below they inquired how the supposed accident had occurred. I informed them to the best of my belief that the admiral had accidentally shot himself when loading his pistol; but immediately on his recovering consciousness the first expression he used was, "I hope the Almighty will forgive me for committing such a rash act." That remark entirely set aside my version of the affair. Before his death he gave the command of the English fleet to Sir Frederick Nicholson, senior officer on the station, and captain of H. M. S. Pique, which ship was not in action, having been moored off out of range of the enemy's guns. The crew of the Pique partly manned the President, and the remainder were landed with the President's men to storm the forts. Admiral Price was buried the next day before the allied fleets engaged the town.

ESKIMOS

OF

LABRADOR.



22 The second year I was steward to Admiral Bruce, and accompanied him in the President again to Petropaulovski, which place was found evacuated. During our stay here a marine, belonging to H.M.S. Dido, was tried by court martial for running First Lieutenant Piggott through with his bayonet and killing him. The sentence of the court, after three days' trial, was DEATH. H. M. S. Dido went into the roads the following morning and hanged him at the foreyardarm and buried him outside at sea. With reference to the other portions of your description of the affair, as far as I can recollect, it is perfectly correct.

W. H. H. SAUNDERS,

Late admiral's steward in the Pacific, from 1853 to 1858.

[Illustrated (London) News, Sept., 1854.]

THE ATTACK ON PETROPAULOVSKI.

Extract from a letter received from an officer of one of Her Majesty's ships engaged in the late attack on the Russian settlement of Petropaulovski, in Kamschatka:

SEPTEMBER 9, 1854.

We arrived off Petropaulovski, Kamschatka, on the 23th August, after a very tedious passage from Honolulu. We were becalmed very frequently, and the rain poured down without ceasing for eight or ten days. Our squadron comprised H. M. S. President, Pique and Virago, the French flagships La Forte, L'Eurydice and Obligado, the whole forming a very imposing force. All the ships were painted entirely black, to render their strength more doubtful to the Russians.

On making the highland of Kamschatka our excitement was very great, having little or no idea of the position and strength of the batteries we were about to attack. About 2 p. m. on the 28th Admiral Price and the secretary went on board the Virago and proceeded to Awatska bay to reconnoitre. We were kept in suspense until about midnight, when the admiral returned and we then got but a faint notion of the strength of our enemy. On the following morning all the squadron made their way to Awatska bay, the approach to which is very grand—high mountains (volcanoes) appearing on either side, covered with snow and looking magnificent amongst the clouds. On one side of the bay, on a hill about 700 or 800 feet high, we perceived a lighthouse, in front of which and commanding the entrance is a large gun, which, as we neared the land was fired to give the alarm to the batteries and town situated out of sight of the entrance and about eight miles up the bay. We passed this point in great style, the President (with the admiral's flag flying) leading the way. We anchored out of gun-shot of the batteries which were all manned and ready to receive us.

The admiral then ordered the Virago to proceed towards a battery of five guns, and have some long-range fire (about 2000 yards) at it. The battery opened fire at once, and I think the Virago's guns did not do much execution on this day. After opening the ball, she took up her position amongst the squadron. I am afraid I can

convey but a very vague idea of the strength and admirable position of Petropaulovski. The Russians have certainly done their best to render it impregnable, and they have, in our operations against them, proved good soldiers and brave men. Awatska bay, in which this hornets nest is situated, is of great magnitude, large enough to enable fifty sail to manoeuvre in it with ease and safety. The place is situated at the base of a mountain about 12,000 or 14,000 feet high, a volcano covered entirely with snow; we had the pleasure of witnessing it in action which was worth seeing. The town lies in a hollow and another huge mountain is behind it. The shape of the harbor is something like a horse-shoe and at the entrance to the port, on one side is a battery of three heavy guns, and a little further in towards the town is another long battery of eleven guns, well built, with embrasures; and from its peculiar position, on a spit of land, running nearly across the harbor, rendered it very formidable, as behind it lay the Russian frigate Aurora and corvette Dwina, with their broadsides facing the entrance to the harbor. We called this lot "The snake in the grass."

There appeared to be at anchor when we arrived, in addition to the two ships above named, two merchant—one bearing Hamburg and the other American colors. Opposite these two batteries, and on the other side is a circular battery of five guns (heavy ones, too), which commands the entrance entirely around the hill on which this battery is placed, and in a hollow is a battery of seven guns commanding the bay; and a little further on, on the same side as the hill, is a low battery of five brass guns, which also commands the bay. In addition to these there are three other batteries in and about the town, making a total of eight batteries and the citadel, the whole mounting probably fifty guns. On the 29th, the day after our arrival, an unfortunate and awful calamity occurred, which for a time stupefied every one in the squadron, our beloved old Admiral Price fell mortally wounded, sad to relate, from a pistol bullet fired by his own hand. As early as 6 a. m. he was on deck, and even ascended the rigging of the President as high as the maintop, to obtain a better view of the enemy's position. Dur-

ing the forenoon he visited the French admiral and returned to his own ship quite cheerful. We were all getting under way to commence operations, when the admiral went below and passed into the quarter-galley. At that minute the report of a pistol was heard by all on board of the President, and it was soon known that the poor old admiral had shot himself. This was about 10:30 a. m. The medical officers were immediately with him, and as soon as the poor old gentleman recovered from the shock of his wound he became quite calm and composed—much more so than all who were with him—and spoke in the most kindly terms of his officers and men. The Pique was moving to open fire when this distressing event took place. She was sig-

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nalled to anchor, and her captain (Sir F. Nicholson) went on the board the President. Soon after the French admiral (who is a very aged and infirm officer) arrived with his surgeon. He was greatly overcome, I am told; was so agitated as to be obliged to leave the cabin to compose himself. Admiral Price desired Sir F. Nicholson to take charge of Her Majesty's ships and to follow out the previously arranged measures for taking the place, expressing himself confident of success. The chaplain of the President was with the admiral in his last moments. On this sad day of course, nothing was done; but on the next operations commenced in real earnest, the battery called the "Snake in the Grass" fell to all of us, as also the little battery and the circular one, all of these facing the harbor. The ships engaged on this day were—President, La Forte, Pique and Virago. The little battery was soon silenced, and a party of our marines and seamen landed and spiked the guns. The ships' guns effectually silenced those of the circular battery for that day, and we all turned our attention to the "Snake," which proved a very troublesome and ugly customer; a rapid shower of shell and shot soon cleared it, and then we piped to dinner. After dinner we had another go at our friend, who opened fire on La Forte with great precision, and several shot-holes in her hull attest the accuracy of her aim. La Forte had one man killed this day. President soon came within range and between her and La Forte the battery was soon completely done up. To show the perseverance of the Russians, there was a sentinel whom all our shots could not drive away. He appeared to walk his post quite unconcerned and there he stuck throughout; luckily for him, I believe he received no injury. The Virago, on steaming out received a shot in her "counter," which damaged the ship but wounded no one. We slowly hauled out of range towards evening, satisfied with our first attempt.

On the 2d of September the body of our lamented admiral (Price) was put on board the Virago and conveyed to an unfrequented part of the bay and there consigned to the earth. The officers of the President only, attended the funeral. The place of burial is marked at present with the letters "D. P.," cut on a tree by the admiral's servant. After some debate between Sir F. Nicholson and the French admiral it was resolved to attempt the place again on the 4th of September by landing a party of scamen and marines from the French and English ships. They were to be guided by two Americans acquainted with the place, who had been fallen in with by the party who went to bury the admiral and brought on board the President to afford information about the place. On Sunday, 3d September, all arrangements were made for the landing—the men all properly equipped and instructed as to what was before them the next day. All were confident of the success of their hazardous expedition. At 1:30 on Monday morning the hands were called, the intention being to make the attack at daybreak. After a breakfast

preparations were made to go on board the Virago. The landing party sent to her amounted to nearly 900, of whom half were French. They were all well armed and ready for anything. A vast number of officers accompanied the party. By 6 o'clock all were on board the Virago. Taking in tow La Forte and the President she steamed in towards the batteries. The plan of attack was, that the President should engage a battery of 7 guns, called the "Saddle battery," and La Forte to do the same with a battery of 5 guns, called the "Gorge," the Virago to effect the debarkation of the landing party. The President was first dropped by the steamer, about 600 yards from the Saddle battery. At first her firing was not very good, but after a little practice, she got the correct range, and her guns soon cleared the battery, doing great injury to the guns therein. Again one Russian alone stuck by the battery and he kept us on the alert as we thought he might point one of the guns and fire when an opportunity offered. It was amusing to see him dodge behind the earthworks when a gun was fired, and then stand up and observe our movements with a telescope. In the early part of this engagement serious damage was done to the President, a shot entering a port on the main deck killed two of a gun's crew and wounded all the rest. The ship was in close quarters with the battery, and had a benefit, several shots entered her side on the lower deck, and one passed through a chest belonging to a junior officer of the ship, leaving, strange to say, his clothes uninjured, which remains in the same state and affords a source of amusement to him and his messmates. La Forte silenced her battery without sustaining any loss of life; and as soon as this was done the landing party was disembarked. Sad to relate their subsequent proceedings led to the most fatal consequences. It had been arranged that the party was to form in military array on the beach before proceeding into the bush. Instead of this, immediately on landing, each division took their own course, and instead of entering the town together by a road found themselves ascending a hill at the back of the town, amongst tangled and thick brushwood, in which it was impossible to distinguish an enemy from a friend. In the severe and random firing which was kept up, there is little doubt but many French and English met their deaths without Russian interference. Our loss was most serious and I believe the French lost quite as many men as we did, and more officers. Captain Parker, of the marines, under whose management the party landed, but whose arrangements were not attended to, was shot dead soon after landing. Two lieutenants of the President received severe wounds. After an ineffectual struggle against their unseen enemy a retreat was sounded. All the party had to descend a high hill. From the ships our men appeared to be falling down one side of the hill as if shot some head-long, some rolling, and all in the greatest confusion. When the landing party returned on board, which they

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did by 10:45 a. m., the ships hauled out of the range of the batteries to attend to the wounded and repair damages. The melancholy result of this attempt is as follows, as regards the English ships:

H. M. S. Pique—Lieut. A. Bland, Mate G. Robinson, Midshipman L. Chichester, Lieut. McCullum, R. N., slightly wounded; Lieut. Clements, R. N., severely wounded; 8 seamen and 4 marines killed; 5 seamen and 2 marines dangerously wounded; 5 seamen and 5 marines severely wounded; 4 seamen and 1 marine slightly wounded; total killed and wounded, 30.

H. M. S. President—Capt. Parker, R. N., killed; Lieuts. Howard and G. Palmer, R. N., severely wounded; Lieut. W. G. Morgan, slightly wounded; 5 seamen and 5 marines killed; 2 seamen dangerously wounded; 15 seamen and 11 marines severely wounded; 4 seamen and 4 marines slightly wounded; total killed and wounded, 50.

H. M. S. Virago—Mr. Whitelock's boats, 1 seaman and 2 marines killed; 3 marines dangerously wounded; 1 seaman and 3 marines severely wounded; 7 seamen and 1 marine slightly wounded; total killed and wounded, 18. Total English killed and wounded, 107. Since this day we have made no further attempts on the town.

It is doubtless a very strong place, and will at any time afford hot work for our ships. Our disappointment has been great as we have come upwards of 7,000 miles from Valparaiso to obtain what may be almost termed a repulse. We left Petro-

paulovski on the morning of the 6th, and about two hours after getting outside had the good fortune to discover two strange sail in sight, one a schooner and the other a large ship. The last we took for the Pallas or Biana, Russian frigates. The Virago was dispatched after the smaller craft. She turned out to be a Russian merchant vessel, bound to Petropaulovski with provisions, etc. The President being the fastest sailor of the squadron, went in chase of the larger vessel. The weather was thick and the Russian tried to escape; but after a few hours, and owing to the skilful manœuvring of Capt. Burridge, the Present was close alongside. The stranger proved to be the Sitka of 700 tons, carrying ten guns, one of the ships of the Russian American company, last from a place called Agan, in the sea Okhotsk bound to Petropaulovski with the winter store of provisions, ammunition, etc., for the garrison. She had on board a colonel and other Russian officers with twenty-three Russians, passengers to Petropaulovski; also her crew, 28 in number, who are with us now. They appear good-tempered fellows. Their mates are very intelligent men. None of the crew are Russians, but Germans, Swedes and Dutch. We have also a little fellow of 14, a midshipman, as prisoner. They are all well treated and allowed to do just as they please. we are now going ten knots in a gale of wind, with the Virago in tow. A prize crew is on board the Sitka. I fear the prize money will be but small. We junior officers might get about 10s. each.

Until another admiral's flag is hoisted on the station we shall be under the orders of Captain Frederick, of the Amphitre, who becomes a commodore of the first class pro tem. We find it hard times in the messing line—nothing to drink and less to eat, and no fresh meat since the middle of July. The French squadron are going to San Francisco, while our ships go to Vancouver island to complete our water, which is running so short that six pints have to suffice each of us for breakfast, dinner, tea and washing.

P. S.—I send you a sketch of the fleet and batteries.

New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

NEW-YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 17.

RECENT GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERIES.

The discoveries which have been made in Alaska this year are of real geographical importance. Officers of the Army and of the Navy of the United States have had an equal share in them. Lieutenant Schwatka has made a journey of 2,800 miles inland and followed the Yukon seaward on a raft, demonstrating it to be one of the great rivers of the Continent. Ensign Stoney has discovered another large river, the existence of which had not even been suspected. It is deep and wide, with a strong current, and its banks are lined with forests and rank vegetation. The account which is given of this Arctic valley is most surprising. Its outlet is Hotham Inlet, one of the innermost indentations of Kotzebue Sound, and its course is northerly, lying entirely within the Arctic Circle. Yet the heat during the summer is represented to be intense, the natives being scantily clad, and the jungles of undergrowth and the luxuriance of vegetation suggesting low rather than high latitudes. Ensign Stoney ascended this valley only fifty miles, but he was informed by the natives that it was at least half a mile wide 300 miles further north, and that by making a short portage at its headwaters he could reach another river flowing into the Polar Sea. It is probable that this second river is the mysterious Colville, which has never been traced southward from its mouth, and that both streams have their sources in the northern range of Alaskan mountains.

The conditions of temperature and vegetation in the interior of Northern Alaska are apparently more favorable than those of any other section of the Arctic zone. Baron Nordenskjöld expected to find a plateau in mid-Greenland, where the temperature would be moderate and the climate equable, but the further he penetrated into the interior, the higher were the mountains and the more intense was the cold. In Alaska

there are ranges of mountains—the upper vertebrae of the backbone of the Continent—but they furnish a watershed for great rivers running through fertile valleys. The explanation is that the country hundreds of miles inland gets the

benefit of the warm current flowing through Behring Strait and hugging the American shore, precisely as Norway profits by the presence of the Gulf Stream. The existence of such a valley as Ensign Stoney has discovered in latitudes corresponding to those of the barren and desolate regions where Sir John Franklin and his men perished is, however, a geographical surprise. It is probable that the limit of trees in Alaska runs several degrees higher than has been generally supposed, and that the entire region is rich in natural resources. The discoveries of the year add largely to the importance of Mr. Seward's purchase. Another season ought to witness a general exploration and survey of the coast and the interior on a large scale.

EXPLORATION OF ALASKA.

An Expedition Therefor Proposed by General Miles—An Estimate of Cost by Lieut. Schwatka—Objects of the Expedition Outlined.

The following official documents will be read with interest:

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE COLUMBIA,
Vancouver Barracks, Nov. 2, 1881.

To the Assistant Adjutant General, Military Division of the Pacific, Presidio, San Francisco, Cal.—
SIR: I have the honor to request the attention of the war department to the importance of making such examination of the territory of Alaska as shall determine its topographical and geographical features, the character of its climate and the extent and value of its mineralogical, geological, ichthyologic and other resources.

The army has traversed every territory of the United States and opened the way for development of their unparalleled wealth except Alaska; that has been our most expensive territory, and whatever may be its treasures they are beyond the reach of private enterprise, and must remain dormant for an indefinite period unless the government take the initiatory steps towards their discovery and development.

I am aware that the coast of Alaska and some of its principal rivers have been examined and much information gained, but there has never been an expedition into the interior to ascertain fully the character of the country, its people and resources. I am also aware that some officials of the navy department have exercised control of affairs along the coast, and that small prospecting parties have penetrated short distances inland, but these operations are quite likely to result in disturbances of the peace and a conflict between the whites and natives.

In view of this, I consider it highly important that the government should have in advance all knowledge possible concerning that vast region while it can be obtained peaceably and with trifling expense.

Since being assigned to this department I have given this subject much attention, and if Alaska were like other territories in my command there would be no difficulty in having it thoroughly reconnoitered, but its remoteness renders it necessary to ask special authority and a small appropriation for that purpose.

I am fully convinced that a small, well organized and equipped force, under competent and experienced officers, would render most valuable service in that country during the next two years and furnish the government valuable information, important not only in a military sense, but beneficial to the commercial interests of the Pacific coast and of interest and value to the scientific world.

I have under my present command the personnel and much of the requisite material for the organization of such a force, and recommend its employment with the above named objects in view. I would invite attention to the inclosed estimate of the probable cost of such an expedition, equipped for two years' service. This estimate has been prepared by Lieut. Frederick Schwatka, 3d cavalry, an officer highly distinguished and experienced in such service. It will be observed that the aggregate amount is fixed at \$68,000, yet the real cost is only \$38,000, as the necessary means of transportation would still remain the property of the United States, valuable and useful after the work were accomplished. The above sum is an insignificant one when compared with the expeditions in other territories for like service and the results that might reasonably be expected. As the results of this enterprise would primarily be of value to the military branch of the public service, but would nevertheless benefit other

departments of the government, I have the honor to request that the sum of \$68,000 be appropriated for the purpose, under the head of "sundry civil appropriations," and that the honorable secretary of war be authorized to expend that sum in exploration of the territory of Alaska, in the department of the Columbia. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
NELSON A. MILES,
Brig. Gen. Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE COLUMBIA,
Vancouver Barracks, Oct. 26, 1881.

To General Nelson A. Miles, Commanding Dept. of the Columbia, Vancouver Barracks, W. T.—SIR:—In accordance with instructions of the 25th instant, I have the honor to herewith submit estimate of cost for a two years' exploration of the territory of Alaska, in the military department of the Columbia.

There will be needed a suitable light draught vessel and river boats, with subsidiary small boats, for transporting the personnel and supplies for the expedition, \$30,000.

For paying the expenses of pilots, engineers, firemen and other employes in transportation, \$5000.

There will be needed a corps of scientists, comprising a geologist to report upon the geology, mineralogy and mining industry, present and prospective, of the territory; a botanist to report upon the subjects peculiar to such a department, and especially the subject of timber as a future industry; a topographical engineer, who may be furnished from the engineer corps; a meteorologist, who may be a U. S. signal officer; also an ichthyologist, whose department, generally included in that of others on explorations in the temperate zones, has become of primary importance, owing to the vast and important fisheries known to exist in Alaska; a zoologist especially skilled in a knowledge of the fur-bearing animals—an industry already largely opened in this locality. The peculiar position of Alaska with respect to the two hemispheres would at once indicate it as an interesting field for an ethnologist, and such a scientist should be attached to the expedition if possible.

The scientists who would thus accompany, independent of army pay, could be obtained, I think, for \$15,000 for the two years.

It is possible some of the above branches may be united in one person, but such possibility will not do to depend upon. The other officers, as surgeon, quartermaster, etc., can be detailed from the army. All the other labor can be from the troops of the department. All those detailed from the army, either officers or men, I would recommend be taken wholly from volunteers for that service, the same as upon arctic expeditions in general, even though the country partake more of the characteristics of the temperate zones.

The necessary scientific apparatus, implements, etc., used by this corps, which could not be furnished by scientific institutions under the direction of the government, as the Smithsonian, Hydrographic office, Naval Observatory, etc., etc., would be amply provided, I believe, by the sum of (\$3000) three thousand dollars.

The sum of \$5000 would be needed for the purchase of provisions, trading material, etc., for the employment of native guides, pilots, hunters, interpreters, and native methods of transportation.

Provisions and subsistence for the party could be furnished from the commissary department of the United States army, the same as upon any other expedition.

Building material and utensils, camping outfits, and much that is needed to equip the expedition can be furnished by the quartermaster's department. Building material and utensils will be needed should the party winter in Alaska, a proceeding which would greatly increase its facilities for exploration and research. Many articles, however, not enumerated in the stores of this department, but allied thereto, would be needed, and a fair estimate shows that two thousand dollars would cover this expense.

A contingent fund of eight thousand dollars would leave an ample reserve for unforeseen expenses, much of which, I anticipate, would be covered back into the United States treasury.

I herewith submit a tabular statement of the foregoing expenses, marked "A."

I am, general, very respectfully, your obedient servant, [Signed] FRED'K SCHWATKA,
First Lieut. 3d Cav., A. D. C.

Cost of ocean steamer, etc.....	\$30,000
Pay of civilian scientists.....	15,000
Utensils, apparatus, etc., for scientific corps (contingent).....	3,000
Pay, etc., for native tribes.....	5,000
Contingent quartermaster's supplies.....	2,000
Contingent fund.....	8,000
Pilots, engineers, firemen and other employes.....	6,000

Total.....\$68,000

Although Alaska has been part of our national domain for fifteen years, intelligent citizens know as little of its natural features as they do of those of the most distant planet. The despatch announcing that Lieutenant Schwatka had to travel nearly three thousand miles to reach the head waters of the Yukon River, which stream lies entirely within the boundaries of our polar possessions, and that in descending the river on a raft the distance covered was nearly two thousand miles, shows that the Mississippi may be compelled to relinquish its laurels. What the great stream may be worth to the country will not be known until Schwatka's report is published. The commercial defect of the Yukon is that the stream is in a latitude too high for business purposes; but if Senator Blair can be persuaded to amend his famous resolution to thaw out the frozen North by substituting the Yukon for Hudson's Bay as the water into which to force the Gulf Stream, Alaska might get up an unparalleled real estate boom.

EXPLORING ALASKA.

Details of Lieutenant Schwatka's Journey on a Raft.

NAMING LAKES AND RIVERS

Three Thousand Miles of Perilous Travel in an Unknown Country.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 12, 1883.

No sooner had General Nelson A. Miles assumed command of the Department of the Columbia, in July, 1881, than he began to look forward to a military examination and topographical exploration of Alaska. Rumors had been current for years that this section was rich in mineral wealth, and that its vast forests were unequalled. General Miles therefore sought an appropriation from the last Congress, but the bill was buried. Despite this obstacle, however, last spring Lieutenant Schwatka was detailed to make an examination of the country, commencing if possible at the head waters of the Yukon and following that stream to its mouth. Schwatka left Vancouver in May, with Assistant Surgeon George F. Nilson, C. A. Homan, topographical assistant; four enlisted men and an interpreter. Arriving at Sitka, he made his way across to the country of the Chilcot Indians, 130 miles distant, where he employed sixty-five natives to carry his provisions across the Dabadee (or Kutusk) Mountains. Among these Indians were two who proved to be of great worth during the trip—Billy Dickinson, who was a good English and Chilcot interpreter, and Indianne, who was of great service on the Lower Yukon. Some six thousand five hundred pounds were "packed" across the mountains by less than sixty-five Indians.

HUMAN PACK MULES.

The pass in the mountains was named after the secretary of the French Geographical Society, M. Perra. "Perra Pass" is covered with snow and ice most of the year, and when Schwatka's party went through the trail (if such it could be called) it was one sheet of snow and ice. Leaving Chilcot June 7, the party went through this pass, forty miles in length, at a slow pace. The whites report that it was almost impossible to retain their footing as they wended their way around the sides of the steep mountains. A misstep would have sent the unfortunate one some eight to twelve hundred feet in the canyons below; but notwithstanding that the whites were so cautious their Indian allies went along with apparent ease—boys not yet eighteen years of age carrying sixty-five pounds, and adults from one hundred to one hundred and thirty pounds. The path was oft-times so narrow that the packs on the natives' backs scraped the inner edge of the mountain side clear of snow, or left the impression of the box as it scraped along the ice. The Indians, without exception, carried their entire load by a band around the forehead and never attempted to steady the load or allow its weight to fall upon the shoulders. The whites say it excelled anything in the packing line that ever came under their observation.

THE HEAD WATERS OF THE YUKON.

After reaching the opposite side of the mountains the attention of the party was attracted to a low gurgling sound as of running water. Probing through the snow and ice, they found it to be water, and what afterward proved to be the head waters of the Yukon. Following the meanderings of the stream (which was less than forty yards wide at that place), the party came to a lake, some seven miles long and averaging about one mile in width. At this spot most of the natives were dismissed and sent back to their homes, and the remainder of the party set about constructing a raft. The timber at this place was not the most tempting for this kind of naval architecture, but a small and stanch raft was constructed on which the party commenced their long and perilous journey. The lake (Lake Lindermann, named after Dr. Lindermann, of the Berlin Geographical Society) safely passed, the river took a well defined course for three-fourths of a mile and emptied into a much larger and more beautiful lake, about twenty miles in length, and averaging about one mile in width.

BENNETT LAKE AND FLYNN RIVER.

This lake was deprived of its unpronounceable Indian name and put down on the chart as Lake Bennett, named in honor of the proprietor of the HERALD. The explorers say it is one of the finest lakes they ever beheld. About midway of this lake, on the western side, a river of more than ordinary pretensions flows into it. There being no civilized name attached to it, and it being one of the great tributaries of the Yukon, it was put down on the chart as Flynn River, in honor of a New York journalist. While on Lake Bennett, the raft was driven ashore by a high wind. Here more desirable timber was found, and a large raft, sixty feet by eighteen feet, was built with three large logs as the basis of the structure, lengthwise. In this new raft the journey was continued. Passing out of the north end of Lake Bennett a series of small lakes and chutes were encountered for several miles, when suddenly the raft shot into a lake some forty miles in length and about ten in width. This was called Lake Marsh, after Professor Marsh, of the Smithsonian Institution. The course all this time had been northeasterly, varying, of course, with the meanderings of the lakes or river. Passing through Lake Marsh the Yukon again assumed its proportions as a river for six miles, when Lake Tah-Co was encountered. This lake is about thirty miles in length and about five in width. After leaving this lake the river was uninterrupted for the navigation of the raft for forty miles, when a canyon, or gorge in the mountains, seemed to forbid the party from proceeding further.

A DANGEROUS RAPID SAFELY PASSED.

The river narrowed down at the upper end of the gorge, and all that the explorers could see in the chasm was a mass of frothy, soapy-looking water being dashed hither and thither in its swift descent, only to be caught up again and thrown high against the jagged sides of an almost perpendicular wall. A log was detached from the raft and sent through as a pilot or avant courier, and as the party watched it tumbling and pitching against the rocks on either hand, now hidden beneath the foam, and then bumping and thumping itself against the sides of the canyon, it made them think twice before risking their craft to such unpropitious elements. The canyon was four miles in length, and the provisions were taken

from the raft and a portage made. But once on the other side, with no raft or timber to build a new one, it was concluded that the party might as well have no provisions. Finally Schwatka and a party shoved the raft from its moorings and were soon in the seething torrent. The raft was well braced, and that no doubt led to its successful passage, for it was not the seamanship or its management that prevented it from being ground into kindling wood. After gathering the provisions together and resting another start was made, and the Yukon for fifty miles further down offered no serious obstruction, though an occasional sandbar or shooting rapid gave the party enough to do to make them relish the exciting incidents of the trip. A passage of ninety-four miles from Lake Tah-Cho brought the explorers into another large lake which the natives call Lake Labraish, and which is about thirty-five miles long and averaging four in width. This was the last of the great lakes, and from here on to the mouth of the Yukon the river would at times assume the proportions of a respectable river, then spread out into marshes and lagoons, and again confine itself to some narrow passages through mountains or hills. Strange as it may seem there was but one kind of fish to be found in all these lakes or the rivers or creeks emptying therein. The mountaineer can hardly realize that no trout or salmon trout or the white lake fish of this extreme Northwestern coast was to be found in these waters.

THE ONLY KIND OF FISH CAUGHT.

The grayling was the only fish caught by the party up to this time, and the reputed elk and moose ox were nowhere to be seen. In fact this portion of the country seemed devoid of all animated life, except an occasional grouse or pheasant. He who has read Baron Von Wrangell's expedition of 1822-24 will remember the thrilling descriptions given of huge elks being driven by natives into pens and there slaughtered by the hundreds in the fall of the year to supply the natives with their winter food. The fisherman had in his mind's eye conceived it to be a paradise, where mountain trout would swim ashore and fasten themselves on his hook, and the dreaded worm, so often used for bait, would be dispensed with. The miner had believed it to be a region abounding in precious metals and was loth to give up the ghost until he had heard from this unknown region. But this party found none of the poetry depicted in the imagination of the above classes. Government provender and plenty of manual labor was the regular routine of the day. The party proceeded some six hundred and thirty miles from the last named lake before reaching Fort Selkirk, having travelled over eight hundred miles on their raft. From Fort Selkirk to Fort Reliance is about four hundred miles further, and from Reliance to Fort Yukon about three hundred miles.

COME FROM ABOVE.

At Fort Yukon the party met the steamer of the Alaska Fur Company on her trip up the river for the last load of furs of the season. It was near this place that the raft one day shot out from a canyon and came near being wrecked upon the beach, where a miner stood at work. Amazed at the strange apparition he cried out, "Good God! where did you come from?"

"From above," sing out some one on the raft, and the miner inadvertently turned his eyes toward heaven to see if there was going to be a shower of

rafts and explorers. From Fort Yukon the party proceeded on down the river on their raft to old Fort Adams, having made a journey of over eighteen hundred miles by raft—at times through a wild and unexplored country, shooting through canyons and wading waist deep to shove their raft over sandbars, taking observations and noting the topography of the country, in case the government is ever interested sufficiently to send an expedition thither to find out its true resources and wealth.

TAKING A SCHOONER.

At old Fort Adams the party bade farewell to the raft that had carried them safely thus far, and chartered a schooner to take them to the mouth of the Yukon, hoping they might sight a passing whaler and thus return to civilization before winter set in. Leaving Chilcat on the 7th of June the party reached Fort Selkirk July 15 and the mouth of the Yukon River August 27, and arrived at St. Michael's on the 28th of the same month. They were delayed here for thirteen days, when, providentially, the Leo came in, with Lieutenant Ray's party on board. Picking the explorers up, they made Ounalaska in five days, and, after waiting seven days at that point, again steamed out of port and arrived here the 6th inst.

Lieutenant Schwatka now claims to have made the longest raft journey on record, and has traced the Yukon River for 3,000 miles from its mouth, 1,500 of which he considers navigable, should the country ever demand any great amount of shipping thereon.

Presbyterian Banner.

THE OLDEST RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

JAMES ALLISON, ROBT. PATTERSON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PITTSBURGH, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 17, 1883.

Great Rivers in Alaska.

Lieutenant Schwatka, of Arctic fame, who with his party was picked up by Lieutenant Ray at St. Michael's, says that he and his men descended the Yukon River, in Alaska, 1829 miles. Signal Service Officer Leavitt, who has been stationed at St. Michael's, says he ascended the Yukon to Fort Selkirk, 2000 miles from its mouth. He describes the river as being one of the largest in the world, discharging fifty per cent. more water than the Mississippi and as being at places seven miles in breadth. Mr. Robert Campbell, of the Hudson's Bay Company, declares that this river is navigable at certain seasons of the year for 3000 miles. This river rises in British America, runs generally westward, and empties into Behring's Sea. It cuts through the Rocky Mountains by a narrow, deep and very swift channel, without falls or obstruction, and amidst scenery of surpassing grandeur. The Yukon has five mouths, the intervening delta being seventy miles in breadth. At some points along its lower course it is so wide that one bank cannot be seen from the other. For the first thousand miles it is from one to five miles in width, and in some places, including islands, it is twenty miles from from main bank to main bank.

Lieutenant Story, who went upon the last trip of the revenue steamer Thomas Corwin for the purpose of distributing among the Tchukchee Indians of Alaska the \$5000 worth of presents given by the Government in recognition of the fact that they afforded shelter and food to the officers and crew of the steamer Rogers, burned in 1881, reports the discovery of an immense river hitherto unknown to geographers. The river had been vaguely spoken of by Indians to former explorers, and Lieut. Story being compelled to await the return trip of the Corwin determined to see if it existed. Accompanied by one attendant and an interpreter, he proceeded inland from Hotham Inlet in a southeasterly direction until he struck what he believed to be the mysterious river. He traced it to its mouth, where he saw such huge pieces of floating timber as to satisfy him that the stream must be of immense size. He retraced his steps for a distant of fifty miles, where he encountered natives, from whom he learned that to reach the head

waters of the stream would take several months. The Indians told him they had come down the river a distance of 1500 miles to meet a fur-trader, and that it went up higher than that. Having no time to go further Lieut. Story returned. It is his opinion, as stated by those on the Corwin, from whom this information was obtained, that the discovery of this river accounts for the large quantities of floating timber in the Arctic Ocean, which has popularly been supposed to come down the Yukon River. The Indians stated that the river in some places is twenty miles wide. It lies within the Arctic circle, but in August, when Lieutenant Story was there, he found flowers and vegetation not hitherto discovered in so high a latitude. He has forwarded his report to the Secretary of the Navy and hopes to be permitted to go back to continue his explorations.

FOREST AND STREAM.

[DEC. 20, 1883.]

The Sportsman Tourist.

DOWN THE YUKON ON A RAFT.

BY LIEUT. FRED'K SCHWATKA, U. S. ARMY.

Part I.—Introductory.

THE story which follows is a small painting of the author's recent expedition in the far-off territory of Alaska. The picture is tinged with the hues of hunting adventure, but unless time and mosquitoes are considered legitimate killings, our score, as will be seen, was rather small.

The party, seven in number, left Portland, Oregon, in the latter part of May, 1883, on one of the regular monthly line of steamers that ply between this port and those in the southwestern part of Alaska. Stopping at Astoria, near the mouth of the Columbia, a large salmon cannery was visited, and as our vessel was loading material from it for another in Alaska, we were kindly received and "showed around." The salmon are caught mostly by gill nets (the size of the meshes regulated by State law), stretched across bars, bottoms and shoals that experience has shown to be the best, and these nets are examined mornings and evenings. The salmon, once worth from two to five cents apiece at the canneries, now bring ten and fifteen times the latter amount without a corresponding increase in the value of the canned fish in the English markets (for these markets consume the greater share of the dozen million cans annually produced on this river alone). This shows what immense profits were formerly made.

When the boats have brought the salmon to the canneries and the two interested parties checked off the number, they pass into the great barn of a building, and are placed under a morgue-like hydraulic apparatus to keep them cool until cleaned by Chinamen. Then they pass to the cutting machine. This is a series of knives that at one revolution divide the fish into a dozen sections, one of which may be eaten by European royalty, another by the gentle American backwoodsman, and another—especially if there be any fault in its canning process—may be used to supply our great and numerous army. Chinamen hustle these sub-salmon into two-pound cans, with a certain amount of salt, and they then go through a boiling and steaming process. It requires a couple of sober men and a half a dozen well regulated clocks to do this part of the business properly. The cans are then headed and solder themselves as they roll down to the place where

they are tested and labeled with a modest American label, that gives an exact portrait of the particular fish in that can. Two dozen (48 lbs.) cans in a box make a "case," the unit of commerce and market reports. More than half a million cases were shipped last year from the Columbia alone. The cannery men are mostly Chinese, the fishermen largely from the Mediterranean, a jolly lot of drink-destroyers that would pawn ten yards of blue ribbon for four fingers of "Cayuse claret" (to use the Oregon vernacular), rather than for a bed or a supper.

I can remember nearly thirty years ago when the Chinook Indians fished these waters with spears and canoes, a night scene with the lighted torches in the bows forming a beautiful sight. To the utilitarian, however, whose comprehensive sight does not extend beyond the circumference of a dollar, the present pictures are much the prettier in their gold frames. These salmon, while running up a river to spawn, will not rise to a fly nor even descend to a bait, and a story was once current in these parts that many years ago when this fertile country was in dispute, parties were sent out by the respective governments to see if it was really worth anything more than spitting on their hands and shaking their fists at each other. Sir Anonymous Somebody, K. C. B., on the part of Great Britain, visited it and investigated it thoroughly with a hook and line—having heard of the famous salmon of these regions—and because they would not bite as they did in the Shannon, he is said to have reported that it wasn't worth an obstruction placed across a river to raise its waters. Lewis and Clarke represented our government, I believe, and as they were here only two years and a half, and therefore had no time to spare fishing, in order to read the instructions prepared for them at the seat of government, the salmon question did not enter into our consideration; and Oregon is to-day a prospective star of the first magnitude in the constellation of the American Union. It is not strictly correct that these running salmon will not bite or rise to a fly. Where they meet a serious obstruction to their spawning migration, as a perpendicular fall too high for them to leap, they will not turn back to seek a better channel but persist in their attempts to ascend until the lateness of the season drives them back to sea. At these places salmon fishing with a rod and line is not wholly unprofitable, and during the last year or two several fishermen caught these speckled athletes at the Willamette Falls on the main tributary of the Columbia. So persistent were they in their leapings at this cataract, and so numerous, that boats anchored out below the falls have been known to catch them in varying quantities, according to the size of the craft and the person that told the story.

Leaving Astoria behind we plunged out into the broad Pacific, and most of the passenger row took advantage of this time to get the rest that had been denied them in the hurry of the preparation for the voyage. At least we had their word for it as explanations for absence from meals. Rounding Cape Flattery, a few hours was spent in Necanicum Bay, lightering a few tons of freight ashore in Indian canoes, while the weary passengers came crawling from their rooms, pale with refreshment. The voyage through the Strait of Juan de Fuca, if the day be clear, is very picturesque. On the north is the high rolling pine-covered hill-land of Vancouver's Island, with here and there a pretty open prairie showing a white hamlet or two, and on our own country's side is a duplication of the shore, backed by the snow-covered peaks of the Olympian range. Mt. Olympus, the highest of the group, has never been ascended by white men, I understand, and its impenetrable girdle of dense timber makes it an undertaking of no small magnitude to even reach its foot. The Indians are said to avoid the mountains, with religious determination believing they are the abode of spooks, demons, ghosts and hobgoblins in general. Ahead, Mt. Baker of the Cascade range, 15,000 feet high, breaks in on the scene.

We arrived at Victoria in the forenoon of the Queen's birthday, and every one of the bristling poles was flaunting bunting from its peak, and below every one was making hilarity the duty of the day. Not a pilot was to be had for all the inducements that could be given, all of them joining in the general joy, although the Victoria (such was our vessel's name) was blowing her whistle hoarse for three or four hours to bring them out and pilot us in. Well along into the afternoon a small boat put out having on board a pilot so

well acquainted with the Victoria bars that he had evidently been able to find all of them that day. There was no time for temperance lectures, however, and the Captain understanding the channel well (with the pilot on the bridge to save insurance) the vessel's head was swung around, and the two Victorias approached each other. Despite the fact that, according to our pilot, the buoys were all displaced, and even the granite channel itself had changed during the last few hours, we managed to get to a dock.

Victoria, almost a dead city of 5,000 or 6,000 inhabitants since the Fraser River and adjacent mines have died out, is now reviving under the prospects of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It has the finest drives of any city on the Pacific coast, and is rivalled by but few on the Atlantic slope. Back in the adjacent country the hunting has been good for many years, and even now, bear, deer and other large game are to be found in readily accessible districts. There was no time for hunting, however, and our next journey was to Port Townsend, the custom-house port of Puget Sound, where we cleared, and were soon on our way for Alaska in dead earnest.

From Olympia, at the head of Puget Sound, to Chilkat in Alaska Territory, a distance of over 1,000 miles of coast line, the most fragile river steamer could run, so well is the passage protected by outlying islands. It is known as the "inland passage" to Alaska, and is really more like steaming on a large river, with openings here and there to the great ocean, than any open water navigation. In many places the channel is not more than 300 to 400 yards wide, and at one place in the passage separating Vancouvers Island from the mainland it is proposed to bridge the water, to allow the Canadian Pacific Railway to have its western terminus in Victoria, the metropolis of British Columbia. These inland passages are picturesque beyond description, and although somewhat monotonous in their constantly recurring scenes of the same character, however grand, there is no doubt that when the Pacific coast becomes more thickly settled they will be great traveling resorts, their exemption from sea-sickness being one of the strongest recommendations to the tourist of the average stomach.

The shores of these salt-water rivers are precipitous and rugged, and covered to the snow limit with dense forests of spruce and pine. Here and there avalanches from their tops have hewn great winrows though this timber from the very clouds to the water's edge, and the lighter green foliage of these places forms a strange and beautiful contrast with the sombre colors of the older trees. From the lakes high up on the hills of snow come down many a pretty cascade and waterfall, that gives a pleasant relief to the everlasting green of the mountain sides. As one reaches further north, these snowbanks on the top grade off into glaciers, and in many places the ice accumulations are so great that the resulting glaciers reach far down to the water line, giving off diminutive icebergs that often reach above the ocean steamer's deck, and add another novelty to the tourist of temperate climes, whose ice knowledge has been confined to skating ponds and mint juleps. It is almost impossible to plod through this thicket of timber, not only on account of its thickness but also the marshy, boggy morass that it covers even on the sides of the steepest hills. Once on the top, however, an occasional opening is found, where only the mossy bog has to be taken into account in walking, and here one is likely to find deer, bear or mountain goats, if there be any in the country. Sawing hickory cord wood at fifty cents a cord and investing the proceeds in venison is a much less laborious method of procuring deer meat than to hunt it in the mountains of Alaska and British Columbia. Winged game is not scarce, but for wood birds as grouse, quail and so on we have said enough in describing their country. Ducks and geese are much easier to get in the numerous passages, and are sufficiently abundant to tempt sportsmen, or if the tourist be a sportsman, to break the monotony of his trip.

On the 29th of May the Victoria crossed Dixon Entrance, the dividing channel between British Columbia and Alaskan waters, and we felt that our labors had really commenced. That same forenoon we entered Bocade Quadra Inlet in order to leave freight for the Cape Fox Salmon Cannery, an infant industry of that year. This place was picturesquely situated in one of the many thousand picturesque arms of the sea putting into Alaska from the Pacific Ocean, all of which are merely canals or fjords cut through steep lofty mountains and clothed with dark green verdure of the Alaskan spruce and cedar clear to their tops, not unlike the

fjords of Norway as depicted. Mr. Ward, of Portland, Oregon, was the superintendent, and had some forty or fifty Tsimpsian, Cape Fox and Tougas Indians about him. Engaging him in conversation I found that game was very plentiful in his locality, consisting mostly of mountain sheep, blacktailed deer and brown and black bear, despite the fact that the extremely rugged and mountainous character of the country, with its dense, compact growth of timber would make it, at first sight, appear otherwise in every sense. Not a great many days before we arrived he and a hired Indian at the cannery had taken their guns, his being a double-barreled shotgun loaded with buck or ball, and the Indian's an old Hudson Bay musket, and had clambered up the narrow valley of the little creek that here flows into the inlet from the mountain snows yet visible in great banks on their tops, and during the day had seen eight black bears, securing three with even their imperfect weapons for such game. This particular valley and its adjacent hills he said was alive with this sort of game, and now that he had a fine rifle he hoped to be able to do good execution.

There is another sort of bear in this general vicinity called the brown bear, nearly as large and very closely resembling the grizzly. A curious fact is that the brown and black bears never inhabit the same valleys or mountains, so the Indians here say, although these vicinities of each may be mingled in a general locality like the black and white squares in a checkerboard, but each staying in his own color. The particular valleys and other special localities held by the brown bears are sacred spots to the Indians, who know all of them with unerring accuracy, and they cannot be induced to visit or hunt in them under any circumstances. They say they are unusually savage, and while the Indians have the reputation of being brave when bravery is needed, they are not very prone to display it simply for that purpose, and accordingly, the brown bear with nothing but his robe as a reward, is not much of an inducement for them to seek. They call them in their own language "the crazy bear," from his ungovernable ferocity. I afterward found this dread of the brown bear to be co-extensive with the Alaskan Territory wherever Indians could be found.

Wrangell was reached on the 30th, and it is the seediest looking town in the whole territory of the United States. Such it seemed to be from the steamer, and when I visited the rickety mass of broken-down buildings I was surprised

to see so much business going on, there being four or five fair-sized backwoods stores. The principal display was of dog-skin rugs covering the floors, the animals not yet dead. Wrangell is the principal depot for miners for the Cassiar mines on the Stickeen River, which comes in near here. Stickeen Indian curiosities were quite numerous, and some of them were elaborate, especially their war knives, which looked formidable enough to kill an elephant, although I doubt if they have ever been used in anything more thrilling than slicing salmon. One splendid piece of savage workmanship was a carved ladle from the horns of a mountain goat, for which the possessor had been offered \$60, and this cup showed in its wholesale capacity for fluids that the mouth of the Stickeen Indian and Stickeen River must be nearly the same size.

In order to reach Sitka, the "inland passage" must be abandoned, or the route be very roundabout; and no sooner had we reached the swells of the broad Pacific than the passengers commenced seeking rest. Sitka has been synonymous with Alaska to the greater majority of the people of the United States so long, and so many have described this one point so often, that any person who has traveled a few hundred miles in Alaska proper can afford to drop it as written to death. Killisnoo is another steamboat port in Alaska, and here is a large codfish drying and packing establishment that is owned by the Northwest Trading Company, most of their capital being invested in cod, salmon and whale fisheries, instead of fur-trading, which has been overdone until furs are getting scarce. This policy of fisheries, it is reasonably supposed, will give a needed rest to the fur interest by withdrawing the Indian hunters as employees in the canneries, etc. Such has been the result in a number of frontier mining districts, where the more energetic Indians found lucrative employment in various capacities, and when the mines had "played out," to use a miner's phrase, the fur-bearing animals were found to have increased considerably.

At Killisnoo I saw many Indians with their faces blackened with tar and pitch. In a very few cases this is a part of the fashion for mourning for dead relatives, but in a

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greater majority of the cases it is simply to protect the face from violent sunburn, and the eyes from the dazzling reflections while fishing on the water. It does not increase their beauty in the least, especially when it is about half peeled off, but as they haven't much beauty to mar, it should hardly be counted against them.

On the 2d of June we arrived at Pyramid Harbor, in the Chilkat Inlet, this being the point where I should disembark for my contemplated inland trip to the head of the Yukon, using Indians as packers for my effects across the 40 or 50 mile portage that intervened. There are two canneries in this inlet, and the salmon "run" was expected to commence every day. I unloaded my effects at the cannery of the Northwest Trading Company on the west side, and for many kind efforts in procuring Indians for my trip, I am indebted to its superintendent, Mr. Spuhn, who placed me under many other obligations as well. Indians could be had in profusion at a dollar a day, or a dollar and a half with a canoe if I wanted it. I wanted them for a month or so, and some few were hired, but to cross the mountain portage to the lake on the head of the great Yukon they had charged \$8 and \$10 each, and did not care to lower their prices, for so rich a man as Uncle Sam. In vain did Mr. Spuhn argue that it was a wholesale transaction that would require 60 or 70 of them, that I was twin brother of the Great Father, that another twin brother was to be made governor of Alaska, and so forth, and so on. They remained inexorable, and right here I will say in advance that I had more respect for them for it after I too had traveled the trail and saw the terrible thoroughfare that would have tempted a mule to commit suicide.

Chilkat is particularly rugged and capped with glaciers, with a few open places on the steep, heavily timbered mountain sides. In these open spots bears are frequently seen picking berries and grubbing for roots. It was no unusual occurrence for a number of us, armed with telescopes and field glasses, to sit down on the cordwood piles or lounge around on anything that would give us resting room, and watch the movements of bruin. It was a sort of bear garden on a grand scale. These "bare" spots were 2,000 to 2,500 feet above the sea level, and, while we no doubt looked like a hive of ants to bruin himself, his movements could be watched closely with the help of a fine glass. The usual time for these displays was during the clear, quiet evenings, when, it seems, his bearship is most prone to feed. One evening an Indian, stimulated no doubt by the large number of spectators that he would have for an audience, determined to kill bruin with all the necessary display incidental to a true theatrical performance, and with an old smooth-bore musket started up the side of the hill. He was gone nearly an hour, the bear having promenaded backward and forward in his limited space during all this time, when the Indian was seen on a little break not far from bruin, crawling directly for him. A true, genuine bear hunt, with the spectators occupying private boxes, dress circle and pit (or rather, salmon boxes, cordwood and the ground), was a genuine novelty, and I think a good score of glasses followed the Indian and the bear in all their movements. The Indian got within thirty or forty yards of the bear, as we estimated from our standpoint, and when it looked to all as if both were in full sight of each other, the Indian suddenly halted, stretched his neck up in the air, turned around and ran backward in the bush, and we never saw him again until the next morning, when he reported that he had seen nothing of the bear. After the Indian disappeared the bear, a good-sized specimen of the black variety, "nosed around" for a while and then suddenly vacated, having evidently gotten "wind" of his antagonist. The whole thing seemed to be a grand farce, in which no fault could be found, at least, with the scenery and settings.

On the fourth of the month, some fishermen in the inlet brought in a sting ray that measured five feet six inches in length by four feet four inches in width. They told me it was nothing unusual to catch these fellows in these waters.

Here, too, I found the Indians blackening their faces until they looked like a lot of darkey minstrels, to keep the sun from blistering their faces, and I could not help but think that the prospects for a blonde white man were not very encouraging.

Indians were very hard to procure in sufficient number to transport my party across the portage in one body, requiring some fifty to sixty, as one of the principal chiefs had died at the head of the inlet and all of the tribe wanted to attend

his obsequies when he would be burnt on a funeral pyre. I was sent an invitation to be present as a means of delaying me, but as the ceremonies threatened to be a week long I declined with thanks, and when they saw I was obdurate many decided to forego their pleasure (for it is one grand free

lunch during the time) and promised to be on hand to help me along at \$9 per help.

These Chilkats once owned slaves in large numbers, and I am not quite sure that the practice has been wholly abolished yet, despite the belief of many that it is, and certain amendments to our constitution. However, many of the unnecessary cruelties and barbarities of the institution that they formerly practiced have disappeared, they knowing our opposition to the system, and willing to forego these for the more palpable benefits of work and labors conducted *sub rosa*. Mr. Spuhn told me that these Indians used to celebrate important events by killing slaves in the most horrible manners; tying them in sacks and stamping them to death while singing a death chant, tying them to a huge boulder at low water-mark and then singing and dancing on the bank as the tide came in and drowned the poor wretch; and other methods too horrible and disgusting to relate. Missionary effort has done much to abate this, and industries springing up in their midst and overshadowing their actions and conduct while giving them healthy labor at fair compensation, will throttle it even to details.

On the evening of the 6th of June, twenty Chilkoot Indians from Chilkoot Inlet, an arm of Lynn Channel, parallel to Chilkat Inlet, and both joining about ten or fifteen miles from their villages, came over and informed me that they were ready to go with me as packers. These, with my forty or fifty Chilkats, made me feel safe in designating the morrow as the time to start.

Part II. Introductory (Concluded).

OF course there was the usual confusion and delay in getting away on the 7th with such a large party; but at nearly 10 o'clock the little steam launch Louise, of the Trading Company, with my effects on its deck and one large boat and nine or ten canoes in tow, steamed away from the cannery, down the Chilkat Inlet, then turned northward up the Chilkoot again until the Mission was reached, which, in a straight line, is only three miles from the cannery. Across this narrow peninsula a party of us walked to meet the launch at Chilkoot. Everywhere the flowers were in bloom. Dandelions as big as a large aster, cowslips twice the usual size, grass with stalks five feet long, and many other things in proportion, made it hard to believe that we were in Alaska, the United States' Arctic colony. The dense swarms of mosquitoes added to the impression that we were in the tropics, until a glance at the mountain tops revealed glaciers and snowbanks enough to satisfy any Arctic explorer. At Chilkoot four or five canoes were added to our already long string, and we continued up the inlet.

The route which I had picked out is known as the Chilkoot trail, and is one of three or four passes leading from the inland passages of this part of the country to the various sources of the Yukon; another trail close by being by the Chilkat, but requiring ten or fifteen days' portage instead of three to five, as would the Chilkoot. The Chilkat trail is now nearly abandoned, but formerly was much used, the Chilkat being the larger band of the two and the Chilkoots, then prohibiting all Indians but their own tribe from using their route. This piece of selfishness has now been given up. The inducements for using these trails was the large trade with the interior Tah-Keesh or "Stick" Indians, who were prevented by both tribes from coming to the coast to trade, but even this blockade is now raised. Arriving at Chilkat I found, as I had expected from previous reports, that the irrepressible American mining pioneer, driven from the densely populated districts of Washington Territory and British Columbia with a family to every square township, had found his way into these parts and had crossed the Chilkoot trail looking for gold, although I could find no one that was any the wiser for their excursions as far as the "lay of the country" was concerned. They had as the Indians had before them, reported the country and its mountain ranges and streams as hard to traverse, and supplied with a very scanty population of dejected Indians to help one through. When it became known among the various people, white and native, that I intended to build a raft and try my chances on

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it down the great river to where canoes or boats could be found to transport my whole party, I was looked on as a cross between an idiot and a lunatic, and when I added insult to injury by hoping to do it that summer, there was no mistaking the looks that I was considered a fitter subject for a commission of lunacy than I was for a commission in the army.

Some of the arguments they used did look a little appalling to a person who had never ridden a dozen yards on one of these primitive craft, and I acknowledged that I felt a little dubious myself as to the complete success of my plan. It was represented in glowing language that there was no end to the lakes that I had to cross, one of which was said to be over a hundred miles long. The prospect for paddling across these did not look inviting. The method by which I did finally overcome them, that is by sailing, never occurred to my opponents. There were also many miles of boiling rapids that I would have to shoot with my raft, and it would require a corps of coroners to collect my party after each if I wanted an inquest. Unless I built a new raft after each of these obstructions it seemed hard to comprehend how I would get along, and this would necessitate more work than stopping a week or two to build boats from whip-sawed lumber, a species of labor for which I was not prepared in any way. Indian opinion strengthened that of the whites, so that I was left completely alone to fight my battles. They were willing enough to work, however, as long as they got good wages, reserving the right inherent in savage labor of discharging themselves whenever they felt like it. These Indians of all others carry the principle about as far as any I have ever known. At any time that it suits their feelings they will declare a contract off, and even after a bargain is consummated they think they have a perfect right to revoke it by bringing back the article or articles obtained and receiving those they gave. Years will not obliterate this right of revocation, and obligations are as uncertain as an off year in elections, unless the article be eatable, wear-out-able, or in some way able to be gotten rid of. The cost incurred in these revocations may be charged up to the opposite side. An army officer in Alaska gave an amusing incident where a Sitkan Indian had wasted several charges of powder and shot trying to bag a band of decoy ducks, and when his mistake was discovered, with an assurance that would have commanded enough salary as lightning-rod agent to buy a powder mill and shot tower, coolly demanded damages from the owner of the decoys sufficient to reimburse his wastage.

While we have been led astray chatting about other matters the little steam launch with its long string of canoes tied one behind the other has been puffing northward up the Chilkoot Inlet. Of course the connecting ropes near the little launch had fearful strains on them, and several breakings took place which seemed to be a real amusement to the Indians, until the master of the launch commenced running on a half mile mile or so before he would wait for them, and the labor necessary to paddle up alongside soon ceased to be amusement. In fact some four or five of the more sportive canoes were left to paddle and sail up the inlet to the point of disembarking. Leaving the Chilkoot we entered the Dayay Inlet, still steaming square to the north. This inlet is of the same general character as the inland passages in this part of Alaska, a river-like passage in between high hills covered with pine and spruce to the top, capped with bare granite mountains covered in gulches with snow and glaciers which furnish water for innumerable waterfalls and mountain streams. Sixteen miles from the Chilkoot Mission we came to the head of the Dayay Inlet and mouth of the Dayay River, where our effects were hurriedly thrown into the canoes and lighted ashore, and the steam launch puffed away out of sight and our explorations were commenced.

We "tracked" the canoes about a mile above the swampy mud flats at the mouth of the river before we went into camp, and spent the rest of the evening assorting the packs into one hundred-pound bundles, to be assigned the different packers, or in less weights for the few boys who had eagerly solicited a load, some twelve in number. Here was also found a camp of Tahk-heesh or "Stick" Indians, who were over here hunting bear, the black variety of which they say are very numerous along this river, an assertion that the number of tracks constantly met with made good. One or two big brawny fellows were secured as packers at the eleventh hour, and another with a summer cut on his hair was hired at reduced wages to simply go along and to make himself useful if any one of the large party should be taken sick. He amassed a large Indian fortune from private

sources by terrying the white men across the rushing Dayay at the numerous places it had to be crossed in its winding from bluff to bluff. It had been a splendid day, with light southern wind, and as the evening shades fell from a dozen quarters on the hillsides, amid the fir and spruce could be heard the hooting of the blue grouse, a familiar sound to those who have hunted the woods of Oregon or Washington. Through the day a solitary cock could be heard now and then, but in the quiet evenings one would think that he had run across an assemblage of owls.

On the 8th we started up the Dayay, by far the greater majority of our effects being placed in canoes and these were "tracked" along Indian fashion, pulling with thongs and pushing with stiff poles, and crossing backward and forward according to which bank was the best for the purpose. All of the stores could have gone into the canoes as well as not, but those provided with these crafts strenuously objected to the loads of those who had none; and the latter were forced to carry their burdens on their shoulders the whole ten miles to the head of canoe navigation—a ten miles that was nearly doubled for them by their being forced from one mountain side to another in following the meanderings of the streams, unless they plunged boldly in up to their very middle and forded them at the imminent peril of their lives and more valuable loads—for their comrades even refused them the little favor of ferriage. When I saw this ungenerous conduct of the Chilkats toward each other, I was not at all sorry that I had brought along some extra help; for I found them as slow in assistance to a sick companion as to any other, unless they received a Shylock's share of the compensation. Despite all this inherent meanness in their character, they have the incongruous trait of a keen sense of the ridiculous, and withal are a merry-hearted, laughing race of people. Any ludicrous mishap that occurs to a companion, if he makes a noticeably poor shot, slips up in the water, tumbles off a log, and so on, is at once greeted with a prolonged shout so suddenly sent up that it is hard to distinguish the originator, although only one or two may have seen the mishap and there be a couple of hundred voices combined to make the noise. It stops as suddenly, and one is forced to think that it must have required a great deal of exercise to acquire such perfection. One who has ever heard the midnight serenade of a lot of Indian dogs on clear, cool

moonlight nights, or the howlings of a cordon of contralto coyotes, he will see much resemblance in this Chilcat cry, and may think it is borrowed from one or the other.

The Dayay is a very rapid stream, from thirty to seventy-five yards in width, and often breaking into several beds within the limits allowed it by the steep mountain banks that determine its valley, which is from three-fourths of a mile to a mile wide, containing great bars, and banks of boulders, sand and coarse gravel, with here and there groves of poplars forty to fifty feet high, hedged in by small birch and willow. There are very few places where it can be forded, owing to its swiftness and slippery rock bottoms, while its waters are icy cold fresh from the glaciers on the mountain tops. These became more marked as we ascended the inlet and river, and one on the western side seemed through the fog that it condensed on its side to last from about the mouth of the Dayay (if not before), clear past the point where we left the river, twelve or fifteen miles further on, and then branched off up a western tributary of the Dayay until it was lost in the clouds that its cold sides kept wrapped round them. I named it after Prof. Baird, of Washington, a name familiar to the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*. Like all streams fed by glaciers, especially if they cut through calcareous rock, the waters of the Dayay and its converging tributaries were noticeably white and chalky. Dr. Wilson and Mr. Homan, of the party, fished a long distance up and down the river, but could not get a "rise" or a "bite" to either fly or bait, although the Indians catch trout in their peculiarly constructed fish weirs. At least some were offered us for sale, which they said had been caught in this way. Their non-biting proclivities may be due to the glacier water, or the fact that at this season of the year salmon roe is their principal food, and they find it in abundance when these fish commence running. The first day's march up the river brought us to within half a mile or so of the head of canoe navigation, a point we avoided as being destitute of wood for camping purposes, so our Indians informed us.

That evening our perfumed allies amused themselves with a social gambling game, not inappropriately called *la-hell*, although the philological deduction may be incorrect. Any number of these boreal brokers range themselves in a line,

31 sitting or kneeling down, with an equal amount of material for missionary work directly opposite them, separated by a narrow Wall street three or four feet wide. Each one gambles (as far as property, gain or loss, is concerned) directly with his *vis-à-vis*, although the particular loss or gain is regulated by the rules of the game played by the party as a whole. That is, each row is pitted against the other, and when the game is decided one whole row loses and the other gains, but gains only that put up by his opposite fellow. The "lay-out" in this game consists of the bed of sand or soft earth on which they sit *à la Turc*. There are two small cylinders of polished bone, about the size of small pen knives, and ten or a dozen sticks five or six inches long cut from some neighboring willow brush. One of the ivory cylinders has a black ring or two cut around it and the other is plain. The point of the game is to guess which is the white one, called "the king," after one of the men in a row has changed it backward and forward in his hands under an apron or at his back or in any hidden way. During all this legerdemain, so deep and incomprehensible as to almost rank it with that brain-bursting game of faro, which requires such intricate formulas to play it properly, the savages on both sides are singing a low not unmusical

"Oh! Oh! Oh!

Oh! Ker-shoo, ker-shoo,"

Until one of the opposite side, inspired by some revelation, thinks he has detected the whereabouts of the "king," and makes a sudden guess which, if successful, counts his side one of the tally sticks of willow. This is kept up until one side gets all the willow, when the other side loses.* These orgies were often kept up until way past midnight, several dens running at a time, while the amount of property, present and prospective, that changed hands, would be immense. The opposite party would often dictate what the other should pledge; if he desired live stock, his cap was requested; if real estate, even the shirt on his back was demanded; if movable property, one of the worm-eaten salmon he brought along for food was staked, and so on through the list. To cap the climax, they constructed caps of birch bark, on which were rudely engraved sketches of such character, that they would have to be sent by express.

On the 9th we made an annoyingly short journey of three or four miles, all of the Indians now packing like mules; and anticipating that this was a sample of all the packing days across the portage, I felt that "dangers disappear as you approach them," and also that I was being cheated out of a day or two in time, if not in money. I had to change my mind, however, before I was fairly on the head of the Yukon. Trout were seen at our new camp on the Dayay, but could not be caught. In the dense fir forests some of our Indians spent a great deal of their time (and this probably accounted for the short march of the day) in cutting long lithe fir poles which they cached away, intending to obtain, as they returned, and use as the handles for salmon spears.

The next day, the 10th, our real genuine labor commenced, the trail leading us up the Dayay Valley to its very head until the mountain pass of the coast range loomed up directly ahead of us over four thousand feet above the sea level. The day's travel was not much over ten miles, but as the narrow mountain valley forced us up and over the most abominable ridges for walking, I think it was more than equal to treble the amount on an ordinary road. We consumed the time from 7:30 in the morning till 7 in the afternoon, half of the time being spent in resting from the labors of the other half. I noticed that an Indian in getting over a log on his trail never stepped upon it, but always over it, and in crossing a log over a stream pointed the toes of both feet in the same direction—to the right—although otherwise walking naturally in crossing it. Grouse were hooting and small birds twittering in the woods through the warm pleasant day, and we wished many a time that we had some of the polar theorists of Alaska's climate with us to give them a chance to change their minds. Nearing camp, however, we passed over three or four hundred yards of snow, and except looking back along the densely wooded valley the scene was somewhat of an Arctic character. We got into camp about "as tired as tired could be," as the children would say, and I was thinking how much more exhausted the Indians must be after carrying a hundred pounds each over a trail (one fellow carried a hundred and twenty-seven; and a boy not over twelve or thirteen carried sixty-five). Just then it was reported to us that a large mountain goat could be seen near the edge of a glacier on the western mountain side, some 2,500 to 3,000

feet above us. If that goat had been on the top of Mount St. Elias, I imagined he need not feel safer if our allies felt any way near as completely fagged out as we did, but such was not the case. The identity of the game had not been eluded as certain more than five minutes before one of the "Stick" Indians that had carried about a hundred and fifteen pounds over the trail, and the only one having his gun with him (a flint-lock, smooth-bore Hudson Bay musket), started in pursuit and soon was seen across the valley, making his way up the steep snowbanks until he looked like an ant crawling over a white wall. The goat in the meantime, having walked around once or twice to show that he really was a goat, remained as immovable as if he had been placed there solely for statuary purposes. The "Stiek," in his maneuvers, had gotten three or four hundred feet above the goat, and I believe would have bagged him, if it had not been for a little black mongrel cur that had followed him up and evidently frightened the game, which came trotting down the mountain flank. The Indian followed him like a chamois, stopping only when the goat would stop. The animal, after running on a level for some time, changed his course and came bolting straight for camp, within four or five hundred yards of which he ran, getting every one excited, one Indian borrowing the Doctor's carbine cartridges and grabbing up my Winchester, another with a Springfield rifle and a box of revolver cartridges, put out after him, but none of them ahead of the indefatigable "Stick" (except the goat). Two or three wild shots from camp and the game started up the eastern mountain side, as if he wanted promotion, the "Stiek" sticking to him about three hundred yards behind, like a hero. On they went, until the goat was fully as high as he had been on the opposite side, when the "Stiek" and the other Indians gave up the chase. A big Chilkoot brought back my rifle, with the wrong cartridges jammed into the feed magazine, chamber and muzzle. If I had been starving I do not believe I would have wanted that chase for all the goat meat in Brooklyn.

Early on the morning of the 11th my packers commenced stringing out to ascend the snowy pass that frowned down on us at an angle of not less than sixty degrees. How these small Indians, not averaging over 140 pounds, could carry 100 pounds up such a precipitous mountain side was marvelous beyond measure. In many places the ascent seemed almost perpendicular, the Indians crawling up on their hands and knees and using the stunted spruce and juniper roots to assist them along. In other places along the snow banks probably covering glacial ice, the unloaded packers had to go forward and prepare the trail so that footholds could be had in places where a misstep would have sent them many hundred feet down, and where those packers having boxes often scraped them on the ice, so steep was the incline. One or two hundred feet was climbed at a time, and then a rest for a few moments alternated until by 10 o'clock we stood in the little gully of snow that the Indians said was the top, for by this time we were in a dense fog which drifted along and hid everything from view, although it had been as clear as crystal when we started. From the summit we descended quite rapidly for a few hundred yards, which brought us on a small lake two or three hundred yards across, with not only ice upon it but the ice deeply covered with snow. This little lake was discharging its waters to the northward and was therefore one of the sources of the Yukon. From here the walk was still on the snow for four or five miles, and some of the packers put on their snowshoes to keep from sinking in the softer places. Where the basin contracted to a narrow gorge we could hear the water under us as we traveled on the snow, and a little further on these snow-bridges had caved in, showing their abutments to be twenty-five and thirty feet thick.

At about five in the afternoon we caught a glimpse of the lake at the Yukon's head, where the Indians, acting as packers, would deposit our effects and return, and at seven we landed our weary selves on its picturesque banks, thankful that the worst was over. What was my surprise when the packers came straggling in to have them sling their packs before me to show that all was right, demand their money, coolly remarking that they would return that night, some of them even to the head of canoe navigation on the Dayay. I was glad enough to get rid of them and to be left alone with my own party and the Indians that were to go through with me, so that we could construct our raft and commence that journey which is more in keeping with my title than this hasty preamble has been.

*See Mr. Schultz's description of gambling among the Blackfoot Indians, page 362 of this volume.

LOOKING out upon Lake Lindeman a most beautiful Alpine-like sheet of water was presented to our view while at our feet came in a mountain creek entirely too swift and powerful to wade with safety, and over which a green willow tree was supposed to do duty as a foot-log. My first attempt to pass over it sunk it down into the rushing waters until I wished I had gotten off and swam. A ramble among the woods next day to inspect for raft timber showed a number of bear, caribou and other game tracks, but nothing could be seen of the representatives themselves. A few gulls and terns were seen on the lake, and a small flock of pretty harlequin ducks gave us a long but unsuccessful shot. The interior lakes gave Roth, the cook, a couple of green-winged teal, duck and drake, as a reward for a late evening stroll—for it must be remembered we were close enough bordering into the Arctic regions to prevent perfect darkness even at midnight, when coarse print could be read.

Two of the Tahk-heesh or "Stick" Indians who had come with us had stored away in this vicinity a couple of the most dilapidated looking craft that ever were seen and a traveler called upon to stretch his conscience and call "canoes." The only thing that ever kept them afloat was the possible reason, as the Irishman said, "That for every hole where the water could come in there was half a dozen where it could run out." The canoes, called by most of the white people "cottonwood" canoes, are really, I believe, made from a sort of poplar, and as the trees are not very large, the material "runs out," so to speak, along the waist, where a greater amount is required to reach around, and this deficiency is made up by substituting strips tacked or sewed on as gunwales and the crevices amply chinked with gum. At bow and stern some rude attempt is made to warp them into canoe lines, and this necessitates a number of cracks, all smeared with gum. The thin bottom is a perfect gridiron of slits, all kept closed with gum, and the proportion of the gum increases with the canoe's age. These were the fragile craft that were brought to me with a tender to transport my effects (nearly three tons) the length of the lake, about ten miles, and they had the assurance to offer to do it in two days. I gave them a couple of loads of material that could be lost without damage, weighing 300 to 400 pounds, and as at that time I did not know the length of the lake I thought I would await their return before further progress. A southern gale setting in shortly after their departure, with running waves on the lake a foot or two high, was too terrible a storm for the little craft, and we never saw anything of them or their owners until three days later, when the men came creeping back overland—the gale still raging—to explain matters that required no explanation. In the meantime the best logs available, rather small ones of stunted spruce and contorted pine, had been floated down the little stream and tracked up and down along the shores of the lake and a raft made from them of the rather formidable looking dimensions of fifteen by thirty feet. The lashings used on the loads of the Indian packers were put to duty in binding the logs together, but the greatest reliance was placed in wooden pins uniting them through auger holes bored in both. A deck was made on the corduroy plan of light seasoned pine poles, and high enough to prevent wetting the effects in ordinary sized waves, while a pole was rigged with a wall tent for a sail, and an oar bow and stern with which to do the steering.

The evening of the 14th of June the craft was completed, when we found that, as a number of us had surmised, it was not of sufficient buoyancy to hold all the effects and the whole party of whites and natives. The next day only three white men, picked with reference to weight as anything else, were placed in charge, about half the stores were put on the deck, the raft swung into the current of the stream to float her out into the lake, and, as the rude sail was spread, the primitive craft commenced a journey that measured over 1,300 miles before her rough ribs of knots and bark were laid to rest on the great river, nearly 500 miles of whose secrets were given up to geographical science through the medium of her staunch and trusty bones. As she slowly obeyed her motive power, the wind began blowing harder and harder, until the craft was pitching like a vessel laboring in an ocean storm; but despite this the middle of the afternoon saw her journey across the lake completed, and this without any damage to her load. The men had had a hard time of it, however, and had been compelled to take in their sail, for when this was lashed down over the stores there was enough surface presented to drive them along at a good round gait, especially when near the bold, rocky shores, where all their

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vigilance and muscle were needed to keep from being dashed to pieces in the breakers. They had started with half a dozen stout poles, but in poling through the rocks occasionally one would cramp between a couple of submerged stones and be wrested from their hands before it could be extricated as the raft swept by.

The rest of the *personnel*, white and native, scrambled over the mountain spurs on the east side of the lake, wading through bog and tangled underbrush, then up steep slippery granite rocks on to the ridge tops bristling with fallen timber, the one common suffering being from the mosquitoes. The rest of the stores not taken on the raft found their way slowly along by means of the two Valencienne canoes, previously described, in the hands of our own Indians. We

found that Lake Lindeman was drained by a small river from 50 to 60 or 75 yards wide, and but little over a mile long. It was for the whole length a perfect repetition of rapids, shoals, cascades, boulders, bars and drift timber. Right in the center of it the worst cascade was split by a huge projecting boulder, just at a sudden bend of the stream, and either channel was barely large enough to allow the raft to pass if it came end on, otherwise it would be sure to jam. Through this narrow chute the raft was "shot" June 16, and although our predictions were verified at the cascade, a few minutes' energetic work pried it off, with the loss of a side-log or two, and all were glad to see it towed alongside the gravelly beach on the new lake, with so little damage done, and where we at once commenced enlarging its dimensions on a scale commensurate with our entire load, *personnel* and *matériel*.

One of the delights of raft making is standing a greater part of the day in ice water just off the mountain tops, and in strange contrast with this annoyance was the mosquitoes' buzzing around the head while the feet were freezing. A number of larger logs were secured and built into the raft on a plan of fifteen by forty, but really sixteen by forty-two, taking into account the projections beyond the pins from which the measurements were made. These dimensions were never afterward changed. Two decks were now made separated by a central space, where two cumbersome oars being rigged it was possible to row the ponderous craft at the rate of nearly a mile an hour, and these side oars were often afterward used to reach a camping place on the beach of a lake when the wind had failed us or set in ahead. The bow and stern steering oars were still retained, and we thus had surplus oars for either service, if one should break, by borrowing from the other, for the two services were never employed at once. There was only one fault with the new construction and that was that none of the logs extended the whole length of the raft, and it seemed to be nearer two rafts slightly dovetailed in the center so as to unite them than one of solid build.

One of the Tahk-heesh Indians that visited us on this portage between the two lakes stammered like a horse-fiddle, and I note it as the only case of that great family with an impediment in their speech. The impediment in their honesty usually absorbs all others.

The new lake on which we found ourselves, and which was about thirty miles long, I called Lake Bennett, after that friend of geographical research who had done more for its extension than any living American not actually undergoing the hardships of the explorers themselves. To its right were the same old blue-ice glaciers, but in pretty relief were the red rocks sticking through them. Similarly colored rocks on the lake's beach and near by showing iron as their coloring matter, I named them the "Iron-Capped Mountains."

On the morning of the 19th of June the naval constructors reported that their work was done, and the raft was immediately put in commission, the load put on, bow and stern line cast loose and, after rowing for two or three hundred yards to get past the mud flats deposited by the stream, the old wall tent was spread from its ridge pole lashed to the top of the rude mast, and the journey resumed. The scenery along Lake Bennett is very much like the narrow inland passages of Alaska visited by tourists, except that there is considerably less timber on the hills. There was a fair wind in our favor as we started, but accompanied with a disagreeable rain which made things very unpleasant, as we had no sign of a cover on our open boat. Under this wind we made about a mile and a half an hour, and as it kept increasing we dashed along at the dizzy gait of two to two and a half miles an hour.

This increasing wind, however, also had its defects, for on long, unprotected stretches of the lake the water was swell-

34 ing into waves that gave us no little apprehension for our vessel, not that she would strike a leak or a rock, but in her ambitious explorations might spread herself over the lake and her contents over its bottom. By 3 in the afternoon the waves were dashing high over the stern, and, having no logs run clear through, she was working in the center like an accordeon, and with as much distraction to her occupants. Still it was too important to take advantage of every possible breath of wind in the right direction; and we held her nose to the north until about 5 in the afternoon, when a perfect hurricane was howling, the waves sweeping the rowing space so that no one could stand, let alone sit down here to work at the oars, and as a few of the faithful pins commenced snapping we headed her for the shore at as sharp an angle as it was possible to make, running before the wind, or about two points of the compass. This soon brought us to a rough, rocky beach strewn with boulders along the water's edge and the waves dashing over them in a boiling sheet of water that looked threatening enough; but a line was soon gotten ashore, and while two or three kept the raft off with poles, the remainder of the party tracked her back about half a mile to a shelter. 4 1 1

I called Richards's Roek, after Vice-Admiral Richards of the Royal Navy. The country was becoming a little more open as we neared the northern end of the lake, and, indeed, more picturesque in its relief from the everlasting bold nature of the mountain scenery. At 5 in the afternoon the northern end or outlet of the lake was reached, and as we entered a river 100 to 200 yards wide and started forward at a speed of three or four miles an hour—and which really seemed ten times as fast as lake traveling since we were so much nearer the shore, where we could see our relative motion much plainer—our spirits ascended and the whole brilliant prospects when we should be rid of the lakes were joyously discussed and not ended when we grounded and ran up on a mud flat that took us two hours of hard work, standing waist deep in ice water, to get off.

This short stretch of the river, nearly two miles long, is called by the natives "the place where the caribou cross," and at certain seasons of the year these animals—the woodland reindeer—pass over this part of the river in large numbers in their migrations to their different feeding grounds that the seasons open and close. Unfortunately for us it was not at this time of the year, although a dejected Tahk-heesh camp not far away of two families had an archaeological ham of reindeer hanging in front of their brush tent, which we did not care to buy. The numerous tracks confirmed the Indian stories, however, and as I looked at our skeleton ~~score~~ and chewed on the Government bacon, I wished sincerely that June was one of their months of migration, and the 21st or 22d about the time of their maximum strength. The very few Indians living in this part of the country—the Tahk-heesh—subsist mostly on these animals and mountain goats, and even an occasional moose wandering into their district, while black bear form no immaterial part of their commissary. You would expect to find such followers of the chase the very hardest of all Indians, conformable to the same rule in other countries, that places the hunter above the fisher, but this is not so along this great river, where it appears that the further down the Indian gets, and the more he subsists entirely on fish, the hardier, the more robust, the more demanding and impudent he becomes. After prying our raft off of the soft mud flat we spread our sail for the beach of the little lake and went into camp after having been on the water (or in it) for over thirteen hours.

The country was now decidedly opening, and it was evident that we were getting out of the mountains. Many flat level places were appearing, the hills were less steep and the snow was melting from their tops. Pretty wild rose blossoms were found along the banks of the beach, with many wild onions with which we stuffed the wrought-iron grouse that we killed, and altogether a general change of verdure for the better. There were even a number of rheumatic grasshoppers that feebly jumped along in the cold Alpine air, as if to tempt us to go fishing, and in fact everything that we needed for that recreation was to be had except the fish. A number of lines put out over night rewarded us with a large salmon trout, being the first fish we had caught on the trip.

The new lake now turned abruptly to the east and our old dependence, the south wind, was of but little use to us, in fact we did not get off of this short eastern stretch of ten or fifteen miles for four or five days, so baffling was the wind. Of course, these protracted delays gave us many chances for rambles around the country, some of which we improved. Everywhere we came in contact with the grouse of these regions, all of them with broods, and while the little chicks went scurrying through the tall grass to hunt a hiding place, the old ones walked along in front of the intruder often but a few feet, seemingly devoid of fear, and probably never having heard a shot fired. The temptation to kill them was great after having been so long without fresh meat, a subsistence the appetite loudly demands in the rough out-of-door life of an explorer. A mess of them ruthlessly destroyed by our Indians who had no fears of the game law, no sportsman's qualms of conscience or compassion of any sort, lowered our desire to the zero of the scale, for they were tougher than leather and as tasteless as shavings; and after that first mess we were willing to allow them all the rights guaranteed by the Constitution to a higher grade of animals. Quite a number of marmots were seen by our Indians, and their holes dotted the hillsides. The Indians catch them for fur and food (in fact, everything living is used for the latter purpose) by means of running nooses put over their holes, choking the little animal as he tries to make his exit from home. A finely-split crow quill, running the whole length of the rib of the feather, is used for the noose proper, and the instant this is sprung it closes by its own flexibility. The rest is a sinew string tied to a bush near the hole. Nearly all the blankets of this tribe of Indians are made from these marmot skins, and they are exceedingly light for their warmth. Much of the warmth, however, is lost by the ventilated condition in which they maintain them, as it costs labor to mend them, but nothing to sit around and shiver. The few Tahk-heesh that had been near us at Caribou Crossing suddenly disappeared the night after we camped on the little lake, and as our gum canoe, that we towed along the raft and used for emergencies, faded from view at the same eclipse, we were forced to associate the two events together and chronicle these fellows as inclined to appropriations. It was a very fortunate circumstance that we were not worried for the use of one afterward until we could purchase a substitute, although we hardly thought such a thing possible at the time, so much had we used the one that ran away with our friends.

The 23d of June we got across the little lake, the wind dying down as we went through its short draining river, having made only three miles. The next day, the 24th, the wind seemed to keep swinging around in a circle, and although we made five miles, I think we made as many landings, so often did the wind die out or set in ahead. On both sides of these lakes could be seen a series of terraces rising one above the other, and evidently the ancient beaches of the lakes when their outlets were closed much higher than at present, and when, probably, great bodies of ice on their surface plowed up the beach into these terraces. The next day, the 25th, it was the same fight with a baffling wind from 6:30 in the morning until 9 at night, but we managed to make twelve miles, and better than all, got on our old course pointing northward.

At one of our stoppages our Indians amused themselves wasting government matches that they had never seen in such profusion before, and in a little while succeeded in getting some dried dead spruce tree on fire, and these communicating to the living ones above them, soon sent up great billows of dense resinous smoke that must have been visible for miles, and which lasted for a number of minutes after we had gotten away. Before camping that evening we could see a very distinct smoke, apparently six or seven miles ahead, but really

Fourth Paper.

We left our raft alongside the beach of Lake Tahk'o in the last article, and leaving it there for a short while a stroll along its shores showed a great number of well-trimmed logs that strongly resembled telegraph poles, and would have been sold for those necessary nuisances in a civilized country had they been there. They were finally made out to be the logs used by Indians in rafting down the stream, and well-trimmed by constant attrition on the rocky beaches while held there by storms. Most of these were observed on the northern shores of the lakes where the current, slight as it is, coupled with the prevailing south wind, naturally drifts

them. I afterward ascertained that rafting was quite a usual thing along the headwaters of the Yukon, and that we were not pioneers in this rude art by any manner of means, although we had thought so from the direful prognostications they were continually making as to our probable success with our own. The "cottonwood" canoes already referred to are very scarce craft, there probably not existing over ten or twelve the whole length of the river to old Fort Selkirk, and many of their journeys up the stream are performed by the natives on foot, carrying their limited necessities on their backs, and when they return a small raft of two to six or eight logs is made and they float down with the current in the streams and pole and sail across the lakes. Comparing their logs with telegraph poles gives one a good idea of the usual size of the timber of these districts. The scarcity of good wooden canoes also is explained by this smallness of their size; while birch bark canoes are unknown in this part of the river until old Fort Selkirk is reached.

This same Lake Tahk-o, or certainly one very near to it, had been reached by a Mr. Byrnes in the employ of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Many of the readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* are probably not acquainted with the fact that this great corporation, about the end of our civil war, conceived the grand idea of uniting civilization in the eastern and western continents by a telegraph line running by way of Behring Straits, and that a great deal of the preliminary surveys, and even a vast amount of the work had been completed when the success of the Atlantic cable put a stop to the project. The Yukon River had been examined from its mouth as far as old Fort Yukon (then a flourishing Hudson Bay post) some one thousand miles from the mouth in their interest, although it had previously been explored by the Russian and Hudson Bay trading companies. Mr. Byrnes, a practical miner from the Caribou mines of British Columbia, crossed the Tah-co Pass, already cited, got on to one of the sources of the Yukon and descended it to the vicinity of the lake of which I am writing. Here it appears he was recalled by a courier sent on his trail and despatched by the telegraph company, who were now mournfully assisting in the jubilee of the cable's success, and he retraced his steps over the river and lakes and returned to his former occupation.

Whether he ever furnished a map of this journey, so that it could be called an exploration, I do not know, but from the books founded in part on that trip I should say not, considering their great error. One of these already noticed by its title said in a mournful way that, had Mr. Byrnes continued his trip only a day and a half further in the light birch bark canoes of the country, he would have reached old Fort Selkirk, and thus completed the exploration of the Yukon. Had he reached Selkirk, he would have had that credit had he recorded it, however rough his notes may have been, but he would never have done so in the light birch bark canoes of the country, for they do not exist, as already stated, and as to doing it in a day and a half, our measurements from this point to Selkirk show nearly 450 miles, and observations show that the Indians seldom exceed about six hours in their cramped canoes, and would have to go at the rate of a little over a minute and a half for each mile. At this canoe gait along the whole river, across Behring Sea and up the Amoor, the telegraph company need not have completed their line along this part, but just turned their dispatches over to these couriers and they would have only been a few hours behind the lightning, if it would have been worked as slow as it is now in the interest of the public.

We passed out of Tahk-o Lake, some eighteen miles long, (forty-five by one authority, who never saw it) a little after 2 in the afternoon, and entered the first considerable length of river that we had yet met on the trip, about nine miles long, and quit it at 5, which was quite an improvement in our lake gait even at the fastest. When on the lakes a high tree near the beach projected against the distant hill would go creeping along its outline like an application for a "six months" leave, and then suddenly entering a swift outlet they would go buzzing along like an officer taking advantage of the leave. On the right hand bank we saw a tolerable well built "Stick" Indian house about four miles from the entrance. Near it in the water was a swamped Indian canoe, and one of our natives bailed it out, and in a manner as novel as it was effectual. Grasping it one side and near the center, a rocking motion, fore and aft, was kept up, the bailer waiting until the recurrent wave was just striking the particular end that he tipped down, and as this was repeated the canoe was slowly lifted until it stood at his waist, with not enough water in it to sink an oyster can, and in a space

on which a person can base a calculation for distance, even a cloud has a form which can be grasped by an average mind, but when one comes down to smoke I think the maximum of indefiniteness has been reached, especially when one wants to estimate how far away it may be. I had noticed this often before when on the plains where it is still worse than in a hilly country, where one can at least say that it is beyond the hill back of which it rises, but when looking down a river valley often no such guides are to be had. I remember when traveling through the sand hills of Western Nebraska that a smoke that was estimated to be ten or fifteen and possibly twenty miles away took two days' long traveling in an army ambulance to reach the blackened district where it had been.

The shores of the new lake—which I named Lake Marsh after a well-known scientist of our country—was composed of clay stones, jumbled together in a rocky confusion, and where the water reached them and beat upon them it had reduced them to a sticky clay, not easy to walk through. This, accompanied with the vast amount of mud that the glacier streams had brought down, and which was distinguishable by its whiter color and impalpable character of its ingredients, nearly filled the new lake, at least for wide strips along the shores where it had been beaten up by the storms. The raft stuck several times, although drawing a little less than two feet of water, at distances from the shore of from fifty to a hundred yards, and the only alternative was to wade ashore in our rubber boots and tie the raft by a long line whenever we wanted to camp. One night, an inshore wind of no light character coming up, our raft, while unloaded, was gradually lifted by the high waves coming in, and brought a few inches further each time, until a number of yards had been made.

The next morning when loaded, the work to pry it off is easier to conceive than to describe, but it taught us a lesson that we took to heart, and thereafter a friendly prod or two was generally given at the ends of the cumbersome craft to keep it afloat as the load weighted it down. When the wind was blowing vigorously from some quarter—and it was only when it was blowing that we could set sail and make any progress—these shallow mud banks would tinge the water over them with a dirty color that was in strong contrast with the blue water over the deeper portion, and by watching this demarcation line closely when under sail, the most favorable points could be made out to reach the bank for camping purposes.

Going into camp on the lakes was generally quite an easy affair. Sailing until 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning, if the wind was fair, it was still light enough to see from the raft where a probable camping place would be, and when we got close into the shore, if it did not suit us we would keep along near by until we found one that did. There was always plenty of wood, and, of course, water, almost everywhere, so about all that was needed was a dry place large enough to pitch a couple of tents for the white people and a tent fly for the Indians, but simple as the latter seemed, it was very often quite difficult to obtain. It was really seldom that we found places where tent-pins could be driven in the ground, and when rocks large enough to do duty as pins, or fallen timber or brush for the same could not be had, we generally put the tent under us, spread our blankets thereon, crawled in, and sticking our nose in the air (not from pride, but because we had to), we went to sleep—when the mosquitoes would let us. The greatest comfort in pitching the tent was in keeping out the mosquitoes, for then we could spread our bars with some show of success, although the constantly recurring light rains made us often regret that we had made a bivouac, not particularly on account of the slight wettings we got, but for the constant fear that it was going to be really much worse than it ever occurred. I defy any person to sleep out with only a blanket or two over them, and have a great cloud sprinkle a drop or two of rain in their face and not imagine that the deluge was coming next. I have tried it for ten or twelve years, and have not got over the feeling yet. If, after camping, a storm threatened, a couple of skids fore and aft were placed under the beached logs to prevent breaking it off. Both ends of the raft were, of course, secured by ropes. When the wind set in from ahead we, of course, rowed ashore to the nearest point so as to lose as little as possible of our gaining. The baggage on the raft, like that in an army wagon or of a pack-train, in a few days so assorted itself that the part necessary for the night's camping was always the most handy, and but a few minutes was required after landing until the evening meal was ready.

So important was it to make the entire length of the river (over 2,000 miles) within the short time encompassed between the date we had started and the probable date of departure of the last vessel from St. Michaels, near the mouth of the river, for civilization, that but little time was left for rambles through the country, and much as I desired to take a hunt inland, and most of all make an inspection of the nature of the country, I felt over my shoulders the constant fear that by so doing I might be compromising our chances of getting out of the country before winter would effectually veto it. Therefore, from the very start it was one constant fight against time to avoid such an unwished for contingency, and the readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* must expect only such incidents as would arise from starting early, going all day, camping late at night, and renewing this programme from day to day. On the 28th of June a good fair breeze on Lake Marsh, continuing past sunset (which it seldom did), we kept on our way until well past midnight before it died out with us. So bright was it at midnight that type the size of *FOREST AND STREAM* could easily be read, and but one star in the blue unclouded sky made its appearance, and that was the brilliant Venus.

Lake Marsh was the first water that we could trust in which to take a bath, and even then—and for that fact the whole length of the river—it was only on still, warm, sunny days that one could do so. Below old Fort Selkirk on the

Yukon, where the White (so called on account of its muddy waters) River comes in, bathing is almost undesirable on account of the large amount of sediment the water holds, its swift current and muddy banks allowing it to hold much more, and furnishing a ready base of supplies, therefore, than any river of the western slope that I know. Its temperature also seldom reaches that point that will allow one to plunge in all over with any comfort. One annoyance in bathing in Lake Marsh in the warm, middle portion of the day was the large number of "horse" flies—if they could be called such—that made it unsafe for a person to stop swinging a towel in the air, for if they did it was uncertain when a descent would be made by them and a piece bitten out that a few days later would look like a United States brand on a Government mule. One person's hand bitten by one of them was completely disabled for a week, and at the moment of infliction it was hard to comprehend that you were not

DOWN THE YUKON ON A RAFT.

BY LIEUT. FRED'K SCHWATKA, U. S. ARMY.

Fifth Paper.

AT Marsh a few miserable "Stick" Indians put in an appearance, and not a single solitary curiosity could be obtained of them. A rough-looking pair of shell earrings that a small boy had he instantly refused for the great financial consideration of a jack-knife from one of the party, who supposed them to be purely local in character. Another trinket was added to the jack-knife, and still refused, and additions kept on to the original offer, until just to see if there was any limit to their acquisitiveness, the last offer stood at a double-barreled shotgun with a thousand rounds of ammunition, a gold watch, two sacks of flour and a camp stove, and in refusing this the boy generously added the information that its value was based on the fact that it had been received from the Chilkats, who had gotten it from the white traders. It had probably been made in Connecticut. A few scraggy, half-starved dogs nearly completed the outfit, the greater part of their composition being unmitigated belligerency, two of them fighting until they were so exhausted that they had to lean up against each other to rest. A dirty group of assorted sizes of children finished out the picture of one of the most dejected races of people on the face of the earth. They visited their fishlines at the mouth of the incoming river at the head of Lake Marsh, and caught enough to keep body and soul together after a fashion.

This manner of fishing of theirs is quite common in this part of the country, and at the mouth of a number of streams, or where the main stream debouches into a lake, their long willow poles driven into the mud far enough to prevent washing away, are often seen sticking up, swinging backward and forward by the force of the current, and on closer examination they reveal a sinew line tied to them about or a little above the water line. They occasionally did us good service as buoys, indicating the mud flats which we could thereby avoid, but the number of fish that we ever saw taken off of them was not alarming. The greatest number are usually secured by means of their double-pronged fish-spear, which is such a common fishing instrument among nearly all the nations of sub-arctic America, and even further south and north, and which I represent in the engraving.

The bent arms are made of very elastic wood or of the horn of mountain goat, musk-ox, or some such material, and armed at their free ends with re-entering sharpened spikes of metal, the long pole to which the bent arms are attached having a third spike, complete the triangle of barbs which receive the fish when speared from overhead, the figure being a salmon's back as the harpoon is applied. I never noticed the Tabk-heesh or "Sticks," with any nets, although they could easily have had them, so slight were my investigations in this respect. Among my trading material to pay for services, fish hooks were eagerly sought for by all of the Indians, until after White River was passed, and then the Yukon becomes too muddy for any kind of fishing depending on the fish's eyesight. Lines they are not so eager to obtain, their common ones of sinew evidently subserving all their purposes.

No good bows or arrows were seen among them, their only weapons being the stereotype Hudson Bay flintlock smooth-bore musket, the only kind of gun throwing a ball that this great trading company has ever issued since they have come

into existence. They also sell a cheap variety of double-barreled percussion-cap shotgun which the natives buy, and loading them with ball find them superior to the first named instrument of destruction (to powder). Singular as it may appear, these natives, like the Esquimaux I found around the northern part of Hudson's Bay, prefer the flintlock to the percussion-cap, probably for the reason that the latter depends on three articles of trade—caps, powder and lead—while the former depends on but two of these, and the chances of being short of ammunition, often many weeks' journey away from these supplies, are thereby lessened. These old muskets are tolerably good at forty to fifty yards, and are even reasonably dangerous at two and three times that distance, and in all their huntings they manage by that tact peculiar to savages to get within this distance of moose, black bear and caribou, and thereby to have a pretty fair subsistence the year round, with a summer diet of salmon and a few berries and roots. Some few of them had old horse (mustang) pistols, flintlock and smoothbore, that I could hardly imagine the use to which they could possibly put them unless it would be to present to their enemies on the verge of a war, or to give to the mother of their intended bride as one of the gifts usual to savages under such circumstances.

This Camp 15 was on a soft boggy shore covered with reeds, where a tent could not be pitched and blankets could not be spread and with the raft way out in the lake through soft white mud. I think that the whole combination, taken together and mixed with the inevitable mosquitoes and a few rain showers, made about as disagreeable a predicament as could be well imagined, and shows in a small way some of the usually unmentioned concomitants of exploration.

On the 29th of June we passed out of Lake Marsh and once more entered the river. On the lakes one man at the stern oar of the raft had been sufficient, but on the river an additional oarsman at the bow was needed, for at short turns and nearing sunken boulders or sand and gravel bars or steering clear of eddies it was often necessary to do some lively work in swinging the ponderous craft around to avoid these obstacles. I believe I made the remark in a previous article that managing a raft on a lake, especially with a favorable wind (and you cannot manage it at all if you have not a favorable wind) was a tolerable simply affair. It was certainly simplicity emphasized compared with managing it on a river, although one would think the reverse. Especially was this so on a swift river like the Yukon or any of its branches. Naturally a raft or any floating object will keep the center of the current of a stream if only left alone, after it is once put on that part, but the number of things that present themselves from time to time to drag it out of this channel seem marvelous. Old watermen and lumbermen know that when a river is rising it is very hard to keep the channel, and even the drift wood lines the shores of the stream, and they eagerly await the time when this commences flowing along the main current or at least is equally distributed over the water, for then they know that the water has started to subside, or is at a "stand still," as they say.

Again, a river with soft banks (and in going the whole length of the Yukon, over 2,000 miles, we saw all varieties of shore), the swift current, which one desires to keep in, using it for his motive power, only nears the shores at points or curves, where it digs out the ground into steep perpendicular banks, and here it is almost impossible to find a camping place, and this swift current has to be rowed out of to secure a camp at night, and has to be worked back into after breaking camp next morning. If the banks are wooded the trees that are constantly tumbling in off of these places that are being cut out, and yet hanging on by their roots, form a sort of *chevaux de frise*, that have received the backwoods cognomen of "sweepers," and a man on the atmospheric side of a raft plunging through them wishes he was dead, or at least that he was a muskrat so that he could dive out. To the inexperienced man who has never had his hair combed by a whole timber district in a brief minute these remarks may seem absurd, but to the old veteran raftsman it will awaken many a sigh of sympathy from his breast as he picks splinters three inches long out of it and digs the moss driftwood and leaves out of his eyes to look at his hat dancing on a limb a mile back, and takes an inventory of stock to see if that is all that is lost.

Again, when an island is made out ahead, the varieties of guesses as to which side the raft will pass shows how hard it is to tell, and it would be a splendid question for a civil service reform examination. It takes a peculiarly practiced

eye to follow the line of the current of the stream from the raft's position beyond any obstruction in sight a good distance ahead, and more times than one our hardest work was rewarded by stranding us on the very bar or flat we were striving to avoid. The position of the sun, the clearness and swiftness of the water, the nature and strength of the wind blowing, however light it might be, and a dozen other abstruse functions determined whether a person could solve this apparently simple problem. If the upper point of the island that split the current around its two sides could be determined (and this was often as hard a problem as the other at any great distance) one could tell by projecting a tree directly beyond this point against the distant hills or mountains, and if it crept along them to the right, the raft might pass to the left of the island, and surely would do so if the current was not deflected by some bar or shoal between the raft and the island. And such shoals and bars of gravel, sand and mud are very common obstructions

in front of islands, much more common than one would suppose, and too common not to be some dependency between them. These bars were not prolongations from the point of the island, but submerged islands, just in front of them, and between the two probably a steamboat could have passed. Using trees as guides to tell on which side of the island the raft might pass was, as I have said, not so easy as appears at first sight, for unless the tree directly over the splitting point of the current could be made out, all guesses were of but little value. The trees on the right and left flanks were always the most conspicuous by being fewer in number than the dense growth of the center of the island, and persons were prone to use these in making their calculations, and one can readily reason that when they were near and the island wide, both outside trees would appear to diverge, and according as you took right or left you would surmise you were going to left or right of the island. As a person stood on the bow, or down-stream end of a raft, and looked out on still water flowing along, the imagination easily conceives that they can follow up from that position to anything ahead and see the direction of the current leading straight for it. Again, eddies and slack currents are great nuisances, for though you may not get into the very heart of them, every time the sum total in a day's drift that they can injure you is considerable, and by a little careful management in steering the raft they can nearly always be avoided. Of course, you are often called upon to choose between them and other impediments, so that the mind is constantly alert as you drift on.

In a stream with no eddies or slack currents, everything goes happy until along toward evening, when you want to go into camp and the river tearing along at four and five miles an hour. I defy any person, who has never been similarly situated, to have any adequate conception of how a ponderous vessel like our raft, made of large logs and loaded with four or five tons, will bring up on any obstacle going at the rate already mentioned. If there are no eddies or slack currents into which it can be rowed or steered and its progress stopped or slackened, it is almost impossible to go into camp, for should the raft strike end on, a side log may be torn out and the raft converted into a lozenge by the shock. Under these circumstances we would bring the raft close into the shore, and with the bow oar hold the head out, while with the steering oar the stern end would be thrown against the bank, and this frictional brake would be kept up until the raft slowed down a little, when one or two, or even a half a dozen would jump ashore at a favorable spot, and with a rope complete the slackening until it was a gait that would warrant twisting the rope around a tree on the bank and a cross log on the raft, when from both places the rope would be slowly allowed to play out under strong and increasing friction, or "snubbing," as logmen call it, and this would bring the craft to a stand where she would receive a series of snug lashings if the current was swift.

Good camping places were not to be had in every stretch of the river, and worse than all, they had to be picked out a long ways ahead in order to swing the raft into them from the middle of the broad river. Oftentimes a fine place would be seen just as we were abreast of it, that had been concealed until then by some heavily wooded spur or point, and then of course it would be too late to reach it with our slow craft, and to go skimming along near shore was to compromise a good deal of our rapid gait. Running from swift into slacker the direction one wanted to go, but the reverse was not so easy, at least by the same easy means. I suppose the proper

way to manage such an amphibious animal as a raft would be by side oars and rowing it end on, but as our two end oars—bow and stern—were the most convenient for work, and in going into camp at night or seeking the middle of the current in the morning we used them entirely, and rowed our bundle of logs broadside on to the position we desired, that is, if nothing prevented. We generally kept the bow end inclined to the shore we were trying the reach, and this, in passing from swift to slack, water helped us as already stated, and in a three-mile current we could keep at about an angle of thirty degrees from the axis of the stream as we made shorewards, and thus roughly calculate the spot on the beach where we would bring up. The greater or less swiftness of the current would vary this angle of course, and our calculations accordingly.

Our bundle of effects on the two decks made quite high piles fore and aft, and when a high wind was blowing—and Alaska in the summer is the land of wind—we had a sailing power with us that we could not lower, and that often swept us under "sweepers" or dragged us over bars or sent us down unwelcomed channels of slack water and in violent gales actually held us against the bank and successfully vetoed all possible movements forward. During hot days on the wide, open river the sun would come down with a blistering effect that would make one feel as if he was floating on the Nile or Niger, anywhere in fact except under the shadows of the Arctic Circle. Roughly improvised tent flies helped us screen ourselves to a limited extent from this equatorial torment, but if built too high, the stern oarsman, who had charge of the "ship," could see nothing ahead and it would have to be pulled down.

"Cut-offs" through channels that led straight across were often most deceptive affairs, the swifter currents always swinging around the great bends, and time was always made by keeping in them. Especially bad was a peculiarly seductive "cut-off" with a swift current as you entered it, on account of flowing over a bar, and then immediately deepening the current would slow down to a rate that was provoking beyond measure as you saw piece after piece of drift wood go rushing by in the main channel behind you, and in a little while could be recognized passing in front, having "taken the longest way around and the shortest way home," especially if both ends of the "cut-off" were visible from its interior.

Of submerged obstructions, snags were of little account, for the great ponderous craft would go wading through them. Sand, mud and gravel bars were by far the worst that we had to contend with, and I think I have given them in the order of their general meanness in raft navigation. Sand was particularly obstreperous, and when the gridiron of logs ran up on one in a swift current there was "fun ahead," to use a Western expression of negation. Sometimes the mere jumping overboard of all the crew would send the craft ahead a few yards, and in lucky instances clear the obstruction; but this was seldom, and those who made preparations for hard work were seldom disappointed. In a swift current the water would sweep out the sand around the logs until its buoyancy would prevent its sinking any lower, and out of this rut the great bulky thing would have to be lifted before it would budge an inch in horizontal direction, and when this was done we would often be cheered by

seeing the noble craft sink down again to repeat the same process. The simplest way off of a sand bar was to find the nearest point to a deep channel and swing the raft end for end up stream, even against the most rapid current, until the channel was reached, or in the most aggravated cases the load would have to be taken off and placed on shore, and when the "boat" was free she was "snubbed" into the first favorable place on the bank with respect to loading.

Looking back, it seems almost miraculous that a raft could make a voyage of over 1,300 miles along a river, starting at the very head, where it was really narrow enough to stop the raft if it should swing out of a straight course end on (as it did in the Payer Rapids), and covering nearly two months of daily sticking on bars and shooting through rapids, and yet get through almost unscathed. When I started I had anticipated building two or three of those primitive craft before I could exchange to good and sufficient native or civilized transportation. Mud bars were not near so bad, unless the material was of a clayey consistency, when there would be added a little bit of adhesiveness to the other impediments. In general, it was possible to pry right through them with muscle and patience. The best of all were the gravel

bars, and the larger and coarser the gravel the better, and when they were cemented into a firm bed by a binding of clay almost as solid as rock, and as little yielding tendency, we could ask for nothing better, and always went to work with cheerful prospects of a speedy release. The prominent benefit from a gravel bar in assisting one over is not wholly due to the material, but in the fact of the swift current, which is a great assistance. By simply lifting the raft this great power throws it forward, and by turning it broadside to the current and "biting" alternately at each end of the long "boat," we passed over gravel bars on which I do not think the water was over eleven or twelve inches deep, although the raft drew nearly double that.

As we floated out of Lake Marsh it was known that somewhere ahead there would be found the largest rapids on upper river, and by some form of improper interpretation the from our Indians, or in some way we had the idea that they would occur very soon, within three or four miles, so to speak, and I undertook the herculean task of walking on ahead on the beach and finding them to signal the raft so that it would have ample time to reach the bank, for the river was now 500 to 600 yards wide in places. It turned out afterward that the rapids were more than fifty miles further on. I had walked more than three miles when I came to a peculiar kind of creek distinctive of this district of the river, that is, not very wide, but altogether too wide to jump, with slippery slopes of clay, and so deep that the bottom could not be seen or reached with a pole. These streams have a current like a glacier, and the one that stopped me—and I suppose all the rest—had the same unvarying width for over a half a mile from its mouth, beyond which I dare not go for fear the raft passing me, when I returned and fought mosquitoes, and waited for it to come along, when I would have the canoe pick me up.

The first traveler along the river was one of our old Tahk-heesh friends, who came down paddling his cotton-wood canoe with his family, a squaw and three children, wedged in the bottom. He comprehended my situation and I tried to make him understand that I wanted simply to cross the canal-like creek, while he, remembering a few trifles he had received at a few camps back, thought he would extend his services and take me a short way down the river, to which I did not object, still believing that the rapids were but a short distance ahead. The rain was falling in a persistent drizzle, which, coupled with my cramped position in the rickety canoe made me feel anything but comfortable. My Indian patron was evidently feeling worried about not meeting other Indians (for he had previously promised me that he would have a number at the rapids to portage my effects around if my raft went to pieces in shooting them, as they were all confident it would) and he was stopping his not unmusical gurgling strokes of his paddle every minute or two to scan the river banks or to listen if he could hear anything of them. Finally he became discouraged at the prospect, after he had descended about three or four miles, and diving down into a mass of dirty rags and Indian bric-a-brac of all sort he fished out one of the brass mounted Hudson Bay flint lock horse pistols I have already described in a former article as one of their possible possessions, and I was horrified at the sight for I felt sure he was going to use it as a signal. He took out the bullet and held it in his teeth, and I felt the least little bit better but still terrified beyond measure, and it was not until he pointed it directly at me in the other end of the canoe that I felt at all safe, and as I heaved a deep sigh of relief, he fired, and I could not help but thrill with the liveliest gratitude for his consideration for me, and the warmest admiration for his indomitable courage as he stood unflinchingly at the butt of it and pulled the trigger. For fear that he might ask me to fire the next one, however, I told him in the sign language that I would swim ashore and run around in the woods and back country and look them up, if that didn't bring them to a response. It awakened no reply, from which I inferred that none of the others had mule pistols, at least within a radius of 500 miles of here, or probably did not fire them off, and as it was getting well along in the evening my "Stick" friend pointed his canoe for an old camping place on the east bank of the river (although the canoe was so warped and its nose so broken that you could have conscientiously said it pointed in any direction), and with a few strokes of his paddle he was soon at the shore and I went into the simplest camp I ever did in all my life, for all that was done was to pull an old piece of canvas over a pole and

crawl under it and imagine it kept out the rain, which it did about as effectually as if it had been a crochet tidy. I certainly think that if he had covered me with his horse-pistol again it would at least have been warmer.

There was one good thing about a rain storm in Alaska, however, and that is the philosophical repulsion that exists between a moving two-grain rain-drop and a stationary grain of mosquito when they come in contact. All along this bank the dense willow growth crawled up and leaned over the water, and I was afraid there was no camping place to be found, until I saw a place where a little spur of spruce-clad hillocks infringed on the shore, and here I halted the raft and we made an uncomfortable camp. Everywhere we could see muskrat wakes as they went swimming backward and forward across the river, but we secured none. Fish of some sort kept jumping in the river, but the most seductive "flies" were unrewarded with a bite, although the weather was not of the kind to tempt one to hunt or fish simply for sport.

The next day, the 30th of June, was but little better, and we got away late from our camp, our Tahk-heesh friend accompanying us in his canoe for the purpose of telling us just where we should find the rapids, and of course, disappearing ahead so as to keep us feeling more anxious about

it. At one time, about eight o'clock in the evening, we heard roaring ahead as we swung round a high clay bluff, and were conscious of the fact that we were shooting forward at a more rapid gait, and the raft was swung on shore and a prospecting party sent out, which revealed that there were rapids extending a distance out into the river, but of no consequence to us. In fact, they were directly in front of our position on the shore, and so swiftly was the current, that we could not get out into the stream fast enough to avoid sticking on the rough bar of gravel and boulders, and shortly after the crew had jumped in and were preparing to pry the raft round into the stream, the most violent splashing was heard on the outer side of the craft, and it was soon found that a goodly-sized grayling had hooked himself into a line that some one had allowed to trail over the logs in their hurry and excitement of attending to more important duties connected with the supposed rapids. He was divorced from the hook and when thrown over another one repeated the operation, and it soon became evident that we were getting into the very best of fishing waters. After the raft swung clear of the outer boulders of the reef, several lines and flies were gotten out and it was quite amusing and entertaining to see the long "casts" or rather attempts at them as we rushed by distant ripples near the bends of the banks, more than one of which were successful in landing a fine grayling.

That evening we camped late (about 10 P. M.), near where a couple of ripples were formed by gravel bars running out into the stream, and some fifty or sixty grayling rewarded the three lines that were kept going until about 11, or till it was too dark to fish with any comfort. The grayling caught that evening seemed to be of two distinct sizes, the larger averaging about a pound in weight, the smaller about one-fourth as much.

On the morning of July 1, we approached the great rapids of the Ynkon River, our adventures around which shall form the main part of the next article.

THE Tahkheesh Indian, who was ahead in a canoe, to show us when we were near the only canyon in the Yukon, would have let the raft go right on through as far as any valuable information was concerned. Long before we reached the canyon and its appended rapids, the passage of which every Indian in the country had predicted impossible for such a vessel as a raft, it was becoming painfully evident that our Tahkheesh guide in the canoe would inform us of the canyon just in time to be too late. Anticipating just such an emergency, and having ascertained that the proper camp was on the right hand or eastern bank, we kept the Resolute into the bank as well as the current would allow, for it was now so swift that it kept shooting us from one side to the other, and we were glad to keep from "jamming" the raft end on the gravel banks and having ourselves torn to pieces.

Already the perpendicular walls of the canyon were in sight, and the first break of the white water entering them showed like the white teeth of a tiger as we started to make the bank in the swift current. This current helped us for a few seconds until we had nearly reached the shore, when it started us out, and from there an almost straight

line of water led to the narrow canyon but a couple of hundred yards away. The first line that hands could be laid upon was thrown ashore, and our half-breed interpreter, Billy, jumped into the canoe and paddled ashore, and quicker than it takes to pen these lines one end was made fast to the strongest tree convenient and the other to a cross-log of the raft. There was no time for "snubbing" with so few to manage the line, and the raft was allowed a running gait of some twenty or thirty yards out into the swift water before it brought up with a twang that ought to have snapped an inch and a half rope, let alone the little quarter-inch flag halliard that was thrown out to do this duty of a giant. As the raft was brought up by the thread the current came rushing over the end of the logs and even over the cross-pieces, and every one expected to see the halliards part, but they stood the strain, singing like a taut telegraph wire in a high wind until we struck the shore, and the raft was let down a few yards into a whirling eddy and tied up until an inspection could be made of the obstacles ahead.

This revealed a canyon about three-quarters of a mile long, to which was appended a series of rapids and cascades extending for another four miles. This canyon was not over thirty or forty yards wide and as many feet deep. Its banks were perpendicular columns of basalt, as regular as those of Fingal's Cave, and looking more like the workmanship of man than of nature. In this channel the water contracted to nearly one-tenth its average width, fairly boiled as it rushed through, and it must have been very deep to have allowed the entire volume to pass through even at its rapid gait. Dangerous as it looked, with its frothy waves running three and four feet high, I doubt if it was at all as perilous for a raft as the four miles of rapids that succeeded it, running, in the former width of the river, over shoals and bars of boulders, and tangled and intricate masses of captured driftwood, where it seemed impossible that a bulky craft like ours could escape them all as they appeared in echelon. Just at the tail end of these rapids came a cascade, where the river again narrowed into such small proportions that all the water could not get through, and it ran up over the ascending sides and poured down over these, making a perfect crescent of water. Here, too, near and just before this cascade, were pretty and regular columns of basalt, but in no way so high as those in the canyon four miles above. The portage around the canyon, made by the Indians, was over quite a high ridge, and then descended abruptly with a dizzy incline into a valley, which, after continuing nearly down to the cascades again, ascended a sandy hill very hard to climb. The hilly part around the canyon was pretty thoroughly covered with small pines and spruce, and all along the portage trail some miners that had preceded us had cut these down near the path and felled them across it, and then barked them on their upper sides, forming stationary skids along which they could drag their whip-sawed boats. Two large logs, on the dizzy declivity, well trimmed of their limbs and bark, made inclines on which the boats could be lowered into the valley below. Here they had floated their boats by tow-lines down to the cascades and had dragged them around this. It is not very hard to imagine that such a chapparal of felled brush and poles across the path did not improve the walking in the least. The day we walked over the trail on the eastern side of the canyon and rapids was one of the most insufferably hot ones I ever experienced, and every time one sat down it was only to have a regular "Down-East fog" of mosquitoes come buzzing around, and the elawing in the air and the slapping of the face was an exercise equally as lusty as that of traveling. The only way was to walk along brandishing a handful of evergreens from shoulder to shoulder. As one advanced they kept the same invariable distance ahead, as if they had not the remotest idea you were coming toward them. An occasional vicious reach forward through the mass with the evergreens would have about as much deadly effect as going through the same amount of fog, for I believe they could dodge a streak of lightning. Nothing was better than a good strong wind in one's face, and as you emerged from the brush or timber, it was simply delicious to see them disappear. If you would look on your back, however, you would see it spotted with them, even then crawling along and testing every thread in one's coat to see if they cannot find a thin hole where they can bore through. Once in the wind it is comical to turn around slowly and see their efforts to keep under the lee of a red shirt, as one by one they lose their hold and are wafted away in the wind.

Returning to the raft, nearly all of the remainder of the day was occupied in the splendid grayling fishing that was so abundant in this part of the Yukon, and if ancient writers were right in recommending these fish as proper food for sick persons, then Miles's Canyon (for so it was named in honor of the Department Commander who had ordered the expedition) would probably be one of the great health resorts of the world. They were delicious and fat, and as this fat the ancients also believed had the "property of obliterating the marks of small-pox, freckles, and other spots on the skin," if certain natural histories can be believed, there might also be some curative power for the infinite variety of mosquito bites that were making the tops of our heads, as we sat in rows at meal times, look like half-bushel displays of assorted red apples. These grayling were the most persistent biters I ever saw rise to a fly, and more uncertain than those uncertain fish usually are in grasping for a bait, for there were times that I really believed we got fifty or sixty rises from one fish before he was hooked or the contest would be given up. The same invariable two sizes, already alluded to in the previous article, were yet met, with here and there a slight deviation in grade. This grayling fishing was much diminished after we left the Miles's Canyon and rapids, but never wholly ceased until the White River, nearly a hundred miles below Selkirk, pours in its swift, murky waters, of supersaturated glacier mud, when all bait and fly-fishing ceases, and with only fish hooks as articles of barter with the natives, one must go into bankruptcy.

We did not leave this vicinity for two or three days after, and during our stay I believe that fully 400 or 500 were caught, and our Tahkheesh Indian allies, some ten in number, men, women and CHILDREN (graded according to type), lived almost solely off of our catchings. Whenever a little gravel bar ran out into the swift water and sent a long string of diminishing whirlpools from its point, there any one could satiate his fishing appetite. The Doctor was the only one with a reel in the party, and it kept a constant opposition in buzzing with the swarms of mosquitoes. The Doctor thought that the fish might be caught in seines, but as he tumbled off of the slippery rock where he was standing out in the water drawing them in, as he turned around to see the effect, no court martial was deemed necessary in the case. During warm sunny days not a "rise" could be had even in the shady places, but in the cool evenings with a few clouds over the sun, two or three flies on a line might each be rewarded with a fish at a single cast. The picture of a Michigan grayling in "Sport with Gun and Rod" is a most accurate portrait of the gamy fellows we captured near this part of the Yukon River, and I doubt not they are identical varieties, or very closely allied. Whenever the strong southern winds that had done us so much good in sailing over the lakes would cease, a light breeze from the north would follow with clearing weather and warm sunny days, and for a few days during this particular part of the year these zephyrs from the north would bring with them a perfect snowstorm of small brown moths or millers, not unlike the grasshopper plague of years ago on the Western plains. A puff of wind or an eddying gust would tumble many of them in the water where the current would pack them down in strings of brown color faster than the fish could think of eating them, and most curious of all it was during this very time that we caught our gamy grayling, and that, too, with brown flies. The millers caught by the water and drifted

into eddies would not be touched, and it was only when an isolated one came beating its wings and fluttering on the waters' top around the swiftest corners that a spring for it was at all certain, and a brown hackle dancing around in the same place would monopolize every rise within the radius of a game fish's eyesight. They were not much inclined to jump at any time in the vicinity of the canyon or its rapids, probably fearing that the mosquitoes would eat them up, as some one remarked, but on several other occasions and places, especially during quiet but lowering and rainy evenings, they could be heard seeking their suppers, being probably the gnats and mosquitoes the rain was beating down; at least, let us all hope so and pray for rain and graylings or grayling.* Our Tahkheesh friends were as much surprised at this peculiar kind of fishing as the grayling themselves, and expressed their astonishment in guttural grunts.

They ate all the spare ones we would give them, which was often nearly a dozen apiece. The largest grayling we weighed was two pounds and a quarter.

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Early on the morning of the 2d of July a small rafting party of two or three persons was sent over the portage trail to get below the cascades and help the raft's being brought ashore at that point, and were supplied with rope for that purpose. A little after 10 o'clock in the morning, Billy, our half-breed, entered the canyon with our canoe and disappeared around the corner of the basaltic columns. At 11:25 A. M. we loosened the raft from her moorings and, although it took fully five minutes to pole her out from the eddy where she had been moored, she at last got under headway and started out. The first accident was a smashing collision with the basaltic columns of the canyon's west side, that tore off the inner log in a twinkling and snapped off the outer one and shot it into the middle of the stream. It swung around the landing place with tremendous velocity and soon took up its original swiftness. Right about the center the canyon widens out into a circular basin of basalt where the water's edge might possibly be reached on the western shore, and in this whirlpool and boiling cauldron it was thought that the raft might get left spinning around in the big eddies, but no such misfortune befel it, and it shot through the basin so that a person on the banks couldn't have told it from a stern wheel steamer. It went grating over the rapids below, laboring like a ship in a heavy sea until nearly down to the sandhills by the cascades, when Billy and Indianne, a large burly Chilkat-Tahkheesh Indian, rowed out to meet it at the bend and, then gathering itself like a horse for a hurdle, it rushed at the cascades, first buried its nose in the flying froth, and then rising in the air shot through at an angle of twenty-five or thirty degrees in the air, sinking to a level in the simmering suds beyond. The same old halliards was gotten ashore that had stood us so well before, but it snapped like a thread as the raft reached its end.

A second attempt, about 400 to 450 yards below the cascades, was more successful, with a good, generous shaking up of the whole. Not far from here was a little grove of small pines, that had been well seasoned by some disastrous fire raging through them within the last two or three years, and as our present deck looked like the horizontal plan of a pound of fish hooks, we determined to take advantage of this little grove to redeck our boat, which was accordingly done. All of these groves and timber districts must be subject to periodical devastation of fire, especially the conifers, the spruce, the pine and other resin-bearing trees, according to the appearances that were presented to us from time to time along our route, and are no doubt set fire to by careless campers of nomadic Indians, or more probably by their setting fire to dense masses so as to throw up a thick smoke that can be seen for miles as signals. In most of the fired ranges the trees are quite large, and falling into decay after having been killed by the fire, they soon form an entanglement of blackened limbs and trunks. This is anything but easy for a pedestrian to make any headway through, especially when it is coupled, as usual, with a dense growth of young trees, whose limbs extend to the ground. As I have worked my way through them at a rate of a mile in twenty-four hours, I could not help thinking of the chances of escape if a grizzly bear should be out taking the fresh air at the same time, and the two paths should intersect at an angle of 180°, and the bear was of that unreasonable nature that insisted on the whole path and that "mighty quick." But as no bear in his right mind would have lived twenty-four hours among so many mosquitoes for all the unwashed explorers from "the land of the midnight sun" to "the dark continent," no such a collision occurred, and I was left alone to fight my mosquitoes in peace. And, by the way, there is some reason why the grizzly should dread the mosquito of Alaska, and that reason is, that they have been known to kill them during the short summer months. Absurd as this appears, and as first it appeared to me, I was at last a convert to the theory advanced by the Indians, that the large brown bear of Alaska, here inappropriately, I think, called the grizzly, has been known to succumb to mosquitoes in these parts. I first heard of this on the lower river, and although I was in a better frame of mind than the average reader of the *FOREST AND STREAM* for believing the story, I did not, until an old trader in these parts who had no object in stuffing me, and whose every manner and conversation on every other subject was perfectly reliable, confirmed it. Should one of these big brown fellows, tempted by something unusual, as a savory mess of defunct salmon, wander down into or across a swamp unusually full of these prickly pirates, and they make their attack upon him, the bear is likely to

rear up on his hindquarters, bruin fashion, and fight them with his paws until he is nearly exhausted and his eyes become vulnerable to the incessant attacks of the insects, and in course of time they are swollen shut, and if in this condition the bear is not able to get away from the district, or should get deeper into the marsh, starvation finally ends his sufferings. Hard as this is to believe I felt that the reasoning was not unreasonable and the outside facts in the case strongly corroborating it in all that was needed to make it appear possible and even probable. I think I have spoken in a former article of the widespread terror the brown bear produces among all the Alaska natives within the limits of my travels. I found the animals or heard of them, by this means principally, along the whole length of the Yukon, and extending back along all its estuaries whose Indian tribes, *via* the great river.

OUR last article left us drifting down stream as fast as the current would pack us, and the gravel and sand bars would permit, while a big buck moose was drifting up the valley of a tributary as fast as his legs would pack him, and the underbrush and fallen timber would permit.

This was not far from a bold, high bluff of yellow sand and clay that the Indians use as a conspicuous landmark in their wanderings up and down the river, and to which they give the name of Hoot'-che-koo. The river from here on for quite a ways is very picturesque, and looks like the views on the Lower Juniata, Pennsylvania's pretty stream, until one steps ashore in the soft, marshy moss of the tundra land that exudes an ooze and mosquitoes, that makes him think that he has one foot in New Jersey and the other in the Dismal Swamp of Virginia. I believe one miner traveling through here had expressed an opinion that settlers might raise wheat in the bottom lands. I think I would agree with the comments of another on the opinion of the first that wheat could possibly be raised—to five dollars a bushel if there were enough miners to want it. Traveling on during the disagreeable, rainy afternoon, we sighted an Indian house of logs, about 8 in the evening, and with the usual hard pulling we soon found ourselves alongside the place. A rapid inspection showed it to be deserted, and from my Indian guides and workmen I ascertained that it was chiefly used in the winter by a sort of mixed population of Ayan and Tahkheesh Indians, both of which tribes are called the "Sticks," I believe.

We had passed through the land of the Tahkheesh from the time we left the Chilkoot country to about this point, for savage tribes seldom have any very definite boundary unless determined by high mountain chains or prominent waterways. From here down the river for two hundred miles the Ayans, or Iyans, held the river and its valley, and extended quite a way up the Pelly, the local Indian of which is, I believe, the Ayan River. The particular local name of this village (if one house can be called a village) is Kit'l-ah'-gon, which I believe means a house or village in a cañon, or between two cañons, or some way relating to its picturesque situation, and in this respect Kit'l-ah'-gon is not inappropriately named. The main basis of its title as a village is the large number of small brush houses that are scattered around near the tolerably well constructed log house, and which from their dried up and dilapidated looking character, we took at first for smoke houses in which they would probably dry their salmon and other fish when caught, until our Indians enlightened us. The log house was quite airy and ventilated for a winter residence in sub-Arctic America, and it seemed to be better adapted for a summer abode in Arizona or Florida, but it was a palace compared with the brush houses that clustered around it, and shows how degraded and lazy these Indians are, with plenty of timber for log houses, and a peat-like moss for chinking, that with a very little labor would have rendered them perfectly comfortable, they neglect to build them. Over these brush piles of strong poles are thrown a number of thick caribou or moose skins, and when the snow falls in the autumn it gives them an additional covering of four or five inches, and they live a sort of a life that is a cross between that of an Esquimaux and a gypsy. The house itself was about fifteen by thirty feet in plan, and with the one on the bank of the short river connecting lakes Taliko with Marsh, makes up the sum total of all the permanent houses in the Tahkheesh country, along the Yukon River, for a distance of about five hundred miles. Inside the house, through a low door—although some persons of less pretentious proportions than the writer might have crept in between some of the logs—the only floor was that

made by nature and beaten down by the constant tramping of feet, while around a portion of the sides was a shelf-like structure, which may have done duty at one time as a bunk place, but in its present broken up nature would have puzzled a civilized chicken to have found a sleeping place on it. It may have once extended clear around, but the last persons that slept there found it warmer as fuel than as a bedstead. Overhead the house was covered in with three or four clapboards and a couple of clouds—except in fine weather.

We did not try the experiment of sleeping in the house, but put up our tents at a good respectable distance therefrom and snoozed comfortably through the night, for the rain kept the mosquitoes down. There was an insignificant looking stream coming in alongside of the village, and curiously enough the valley it drained was a very conspicuous one, much more prominent than the Pelly valley some twenty miles further on, although the two streams themselves would be like comparing Niagara with a mountain brook. This was one of those canal-like streams, that I described in a previous article, as common in this country, just too wide to jump and deep enough to drown a flagstaff, and slower than mid-winter molasses. There may have been a larger stream coming in through the valley, and this have been only one of its delta mouths, for the grass was too high and thick, and the rain too recent to make further hydrographic explorations interesting. Photographs were gotten looking up and down the river, and also of the Indian house. From our Indians we learned that next day we should reach the site of old Fort Selkirk, and that the chimneys were still standing, and further, that its proper place was on the western bank of the Yukon proper, opposite the mouth of the Pelly, although several maps in our possession had ferried it across, and put it between them at the junction of the two streams. It looked so "kinder" natural to put it there, that we were a little bit inclined to think that the Indians, who had been there did not know, and that the map-makers who had not, really did; and with such thoughts in our mind, we were forced to acknowledge that if we had not traveled over the country itself, we probably would have made no better maps than those in our possession, and probably not as good, if we had interviewed the wrong Indians in another part of the country. But Selkirk was not where it ought to have been, but where the unlearned savages said it was, and next day as we drifted down through a great network of islands, that in a perplexing way kept us edging off to the right, we suddenly saw the bare chimneys loom up out of a thick poplar grove, clear across the river, and be-

fore we could navigate across we were nearly half a mile below them, but in a much better place for a camp after all. It almost seemed as if we had landed in New York city, so welcome did it appear to be on land where explorers had preceded us, for now we knew the "coast was clear," clear to the coast, and it was a mere matter of drifting with the current to our destination and completing our work while en route.

The history of old Fort Selkirk has been slightly outlined in previous articles, so important a spot was it with regard to our expedition as a point of reference. Here we ceased to be explorers, and became only surveyors to old Fort Yukon, some 500 miles beyond, and from there the river had been very well surveyed to its mouth, another 1,000 miles in distance. In 1851 a party of Chilkats and Chilkoots that had crossed the Kotusk Mountains to trade with the Tahkheesh, exasperated by finding so few of the latter on the old trading grounds, and rightly conjecturing from the reports of these few that this falling off of their commerce was due to an opposition that had been started at the junction of the Pelly and Yukon some few years before, and was slowly making inroads upon their business, trading had at last reached the point where it was no longer remunerative to bring a hundred pounds of trading material on their backs over the snow and ice of the mountain passes for nearly as many miles. So these Indians made a sudden resolution characteristic of Indian action, and exchanging their goods for canoes instead of furs, and well armed, they made a descent on the unprotected fort, if it could be called such, surprised it early one morning in the summer just after the annual supply of goods had been brought in. Finding but three or four white men in attendance they were securely bound, the store was pillaged of all its contents and then burned to the ground. The white men were then released and allowed to return to Fort Pelly Banks, an older trading station on the head of the Pelly, and from which Fort Selkirk had been thrown out as an advance post. Much of the plunder was given to the local tribes or

traded to them at a profit they had never dreamed of, and thirst was planted in them for such easy methods of collecting necessities from civilized traders, which finally culminated in the destruction of the fort at Pelly Banks, and thus the "coast" was completely cleared.

The adventures of these old Hudson Bay posts and their daring traders would be an intensely interesting volume could it ever be collected and written. Many a hunting and fishing adventure could be told that would absorb the attention of the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* as they read of these adventurers shoving their merchandise through the great unknown Northwest territory to the Arctic Ocean itself. Every one is familiar with the Canadian voyageurs, or French half breeds that formed the great bulk of the Hudson Bay Company, under the direction of hardy Highlanders, who, in their turn, lorded it over the Indian workmen under them. Along the great broad streams like the Athabasca, the Peace River, the Mackenzie and many others their work was simple enough, and strongly resembled the good old boatmen's days on the Missouri and Mississippi, yet preserved in many a tale and story, but as the heads of these sub-Arctic rivers were reached in the hills and mountains and rapids and cascades commenced, they found obstacles to surmount that were not easy. Such was the road that led from Pelly Banks to Selkirk. Everything was carried in bundles of a hundred pounds, called a "pack."

I met an old Hudson Bay trader on the Lower Yukon, who told me a laughable incident connected with his first initiation into the duties of the company, some thirty or forty years before. Having determined to join it and, in the exuberance of youth, to work his way to the most northern posts where the adventure which he sought was most likely to be found, he presented himself at a station on the Red River, and being a strapping young fellow, he was at once enrolled. He knew a little about the company, having "knocked around" in its neighborhood from a boy, and had seen many a "pack" handled, and thought himself perfectly presentable for a situation when he could do the same, and not until that time did he solicit employment. Everything was arranged, and he had been booked as a "voyageur" at \$35 a month, I think, and everything went on swimmingly for a week or two when the first portage was reached. This extended around a series of boiling rapids some five or six miles long, and his heart sank within him at the thought of carrying a number of the huge "packs" this long distance. A number of boats had gotten in ahead of the one to which he belonged, and as their loads were taken out he saw their crews of voyageurs without any delay prepare to carry across, for the army-like discipline of the company allowed no loitering. His surprise may be imagined when he saw one, two, three, and even a half a dozen of the men put two of the 100 pound packs on their backs; but no pen can portray his consternation as he saw them one after the other take up a good steady run over the hills and far away, and before he was really ready with his first "pack" be back for another load. He struggled with the new developments manfully, however, but before he had gotten half way across, amid the jeers and taunts of his fellow packers, he had to give it up, and depositing his 200 pounds against a stone, he walked back to the trader in charge and after a short preliminary conversation stating the case, said he was willing to pay \$35 instead of receiving it, if he could only be counted as a passenger thereby. A proposal which was accepted, and the chief trader pocketed the money.

In the burning of old Selkirk in 1851, the Chilkats knew that they had the sympathy of the Russian traders at Sitka and other posts on the Pacific, who were rivals to the Hudson Bay Company, but to say, as has been done, that these traders instigated and concocted the plan is carrying statements further than the evidence will warrant. Much has been said regarding the efficient and admirable manner in which the Hudson Bay Company has, in the past, conducted its relations with the Indian tribes, with which it has from time to time found itself in contact, these criticisms, ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, arising from a discussion of our own Indian question, and with deductions, as a general result, badly against us as a nation. The pioneer fur traders of a wild country have but one object as regards the Indians in their front and civilization at their back, and that is the closest and most friendly and intimate terms with the former and the most deadly hatred to the latter. As civilization crowds forward on his ground, the trapper takes his place as well as that of the Indian, and the two—the trapper and trader—are often spoken of as synonymous, although as far

apart in their feeling toward the Indians as the two poles. The true trader is never a trapper, the Indian doing that business for him. With the latter he therefore has no object but that of friendship, or to be more accurate, apparent or superficial friendship, for no man on the frontier has more contempt for the very Indians that have made him rich than

the fur trader, as evinced by their conduct and conversation after abandoning or retiring from the business. In case of possible hostilities with a tribe, or even an individual member of it that stands well among his savage brethren, he is the most cringing creature on face of earth, and when actual hostilities are inevitable, however brave he may be personally—and all the elements of bravery are needed in their peculiar craft—their actions must be governed by the monetary object in view, and the most cowardly surrender of the field often takes place. The trader knows that, if no blood is shed, sudden and transitory outbursts of Indian wrath soon pass away, and he can then return to his money getting. Should an Indian be killed, however, it may take decades to settle the matter with the tribe, while as a family feud it never would be settled by less than an equivalent life, and this is too much to spare, when but two or three often make up the sum total of post or station. Much as the trader hates the Indians, he hates civilization much more. One simply interferes with them now and then, while the other completely obliterates his employment, and it is with zealous eye he keeps all his disagreements with the former from the ears of the latter. It is no wonder then that the relations between the trader and his Indians are so little known that they are held up as a model to those who know still less, when, if the truth were known, these relations are in many respects abominable. Such has been the history of the Hudson Bay Company to a greater or less extent, and such has been the history of all fur-trading companies, and such were the musings brought forth by a reverie in the shadows of the blackened chimneys of old Fort Selkirk, and over which the poplars waved their tops, so long had they battled with the elements.

Not far from here was another sign of death, in the shape of an Indian grave peculiar to this part of the country. Knowing a little something of the mode of burial of white men from ancient intercourse with them, they had made some very rude and rough attempts at imitating it in the shape of an inclosure not unlike our own, but made of rough-hewn boards. It was impossible to completely rid themselves of savage ideas, and from poles near by, so close that any one would know they were a superstitious part of the grave, flaunted red and white rags, while on the top of one was an image of a bear or a fish or a goose, I have forgotten which. Approaching to see if there was anything else on the rough board fence or elsewhere expressive of savage rites and ritual, a combination of hieroglyphics met my eye on one of the upright planks that looked as if it might have been done by a lead pencil, or in the absence of such articles of civilization in this vast wilderness, the untutored savage might have used a piece of graphite from some mineral source near by. A sketch of the inscription is given as near as I could draw it. Running from left to right like English writing it ran:

.....
 "NOT DED YET BY A DAM SITE OLE ARESONY. JuLY 83."

And in fact had some resemblance to ancient English in a few words. Looking across the river at the islands there could be seen more than enough driftwood on their upper ends to make a good dam, but it was a very poor place for a dam site, as far as I had been taught in hydraulic engineering, if this was what the inscription referred to; and in general the whole effect was so intangible that one could not pin it down to that exactness of meaning that is demanded by modern science, and it was passed by. Formerly, so my Indians informed me, these same natives buried in scaffolds in the trees, not unlike the Indians on the great Western plains, and inscriptions were rare.

It is at about this point on the river that birch-bark canoes commence, and were first seen among the Ayans, a band already alluded to, and whose principal village was some twelve miles below, and it might also be said that where they are first encountered. They are decidedly the neatest, the trimmest, the smallest, and the best in workmanship and construction, and from here down the stream all of these qualities slowly become less noticeable, although it would hardly be proper to say at any time that the majority of

canoes among any tribe on the river are not of a substantial build. The sewing is done with long withes so fine and pliable that the work looks as if it had been done with sinew, and even this characteristic degenerates as we descend the river. These withes are made from the roots, I think, of some trailing plant, and are minutely sub-divided before being used. These pretty canoes, as light and graceful as a bird on the water, were a wondrous change from the heavy, cumbersome, water-logged canoes of wood that we had been used to up to this point. As with his cottonwood brother, so is the birch-bark canoe patched with spruce gum, but it does not seem to be done on such a wholesale scale, and it is worked down and polished off until it looks like a patching of glass when completed.

The river down which we had drifted so far on the raft, and which I have constantly mentioned as the Yukon, was called by the old Hudson Bay traders the Lewis River, they knowing it in and around old Fort Selkirk, and it was supposed to join the Pelly and form the Yukon. In fact, in the very oldest accounts the Lewis River ran into the Pelly, a smaller stream, and it was called Pelly to its junction with the Porcupine, at old Fort Yukon, and from there was called the Yukon. The comparative sizes and volumes of water of the Lewis being unknown, I had decided to make the most thorough investigations, should they be necessary, to determine which was really the Yukon proper. In sight of the two rivers, at their junction, it was quite evident that the Lewis was the larger; but Mr. Homan, being sent across to make measurements of the other, and ascending the Pelly a short distance, even gave up that part, so evident was it that this Pelly was the smaller of the two. Of course I was glad enough to get such news, for the Pelly was an unsurveyed stream, and had it been the greater I would have had to content myself with exploring one of its tributaries and only a part of its course, whereas I now had, and would have, all the data for a survey of the whole Yukon from source to mouth.

Trout lines put out over night caught a sort of nasty looking eel pout, each hook baited with meat having one, that were so uninviting in appearance that one would have to border on starvation before taking them by any of the usual methods of cooking. Grayling were still to be had in limited numbers, and one big salmon trout gave the Doctor a scientific struggle lasting nearly half an hour before he could be induced to "come in out of the wet." Fresh moose tracks were to be seen but no one seemed inclined toward moose meat with mosquito accompaniment. Astronomical observations were taken to determine the point and everything was prepared for another movement forward on the morrow.

AFTER redecking the raft, which was completed one afternoon, I thought I would take a stroll far into the backwoods, for it had been reported that a number of fresh moose tracks had been seen the night before near a fresh lake where an over-zealous nimrod of the party, having no apparent fear of the many mosquitoes, had tramped around trying to get a shot at a band of mallards. My trip was a complete failure, owing to the mosquitoes, that were so thick that had any game been seen I doubt very much if a person could have gotten a fair clear sight through the dense cloud that continually hovered in front of the face, let alone the other reasons which made it impossible owing to their presence.

Early on the morning of the 5th of July we again got under way, our hearts much lighter for the fact that we believed, according to our Indians with us, that the worst of all the rapids and all other obstructions on the river were behind us, and nothing ahead but "plain sailing" (and only one lake of that some thirty or forty miles long) and plain floating, subject to the annoyances that I have already depicted. For the first few miles, after leaving the cascades, the waters of the river are still very swift in a number of places, probably six or seven miles an hour, and occasionally where huge boulders in the river bed protruded could still be called rapids.

The Tahk-heen-a was flowing very muddy water, and this in a way confirmed the Indian reports that there were no lakes along its course, for it had been noticed that however muddy the inflowing stream of the head of the lake might be, its emerging or draining river was always clear, and remained so until it received the muddy waters of some stream sufficiently large to tinge it, which was flowing directly from the mountains, where the glaciers seemed to be the great originators of this murkiness. Thus the lakes were the great receptacles of this transported material, and of course

45 it was a mere matter of time, in a geological sense, when they would be filled up by it, and become mere "bottom lands," covered with willow, birch, poplar and other riparian trees; and this very filling up in fact seemed to have been done in several places where ancient lakes, I believe, could be traced. From the White River (the Sand River of the Chilkats), a large tributary of the Yukon ninety miles below the site of Selkirk, no lake interposes its currentless waters to allow the sediment to be deposited, and as this swift stream literally flows liquid mud, the Yukon from its mouth to the sea is "muddy," very muddy. As we had expected, this muddy water from the Tahk River spoiled our splendid grayling fishing that we had other reasons to suppose—as gravelly bottoms and swift current—would continue for some time, and although they did not wholly desert us until White River was reached, we never again saw them in that abundance that made a couple of rods sure of a good meal of fish for the whole party after camping. Pretty well along in the afternoon we saw the widening valley of the last lake on the river open out before us.

That evening, flock after flock of the large black ducks with red heads, known in Puget Sound as "whistlers," went scudding overhead, most of them flying southward. Not far from our camp at the head of the new lake was a totem pole that was visited and found to be of the very roughest construction, not comparing in carving with those of the Indians of the tide-water strip of Alaska. No house was anywhere near, and it seemed to be cut from a tall stump of a tree directly on the spot. The lake on which we found ourselves was called by my Chilkat Indians Kluk-tas'-si, and although they said that this was the local Indian name, I could not help having my doubt, knowing full well the tribal tendency of this great family to consider their own names as conclusive against every other tribe, even that of the country in which they are traveling, a mild sort of egotism that I have often come in conflict with personally, and

could fill a Webster's dictionary-sized book with in enumerating the mistakes of travelers founded on it. The shores of Lake Kluk-tas'-si are of the same general nature as those of Lake Marsh, in being nearly filled to the water's level with mud. Looking at a map (to which I have already referred) the first lake above old Fort Selkirk, a Hudson Bay trading post, burnt by the Chilkats in 1851, has been named Labarge, and I should have been inclined to retain it instead of Kluk-tas'-si, had not so many other gross errors of geography made it untenable, and really impossible to identify it beyond the one fact mentioned. Along the whole length of Kluk-tas'-si not a single Tahk-heesh Indian was to be seen. When we had started it was with a good spanking breeze that, coupled with the current (which was quite evident in certain localities during "dead calms" on the water), sent us along quite merrily, considering our rough craft, and we were induced to put out a trolling spoon, but caught nothing. Trolling on a raft under sail would make a fine picture for the professional anglers at home we all thought, but it must also be remembered that we were not altogether free from "pot-hunting" proclivities to vary our stale fare of Government field rations.

The right bank of Lake Kluk-tas'-si is overtopped by high rolling hills of gray limestone, the gullies between being picturesquely wooded with dark green conifers that formed a singularly pretty network and bright contrast to the hills themselves as viewed from the lake. The hills I called the Hancock Hills, after General Hancock of the army. They sloped back from the lake at an angle of about 45°, although in some places much steeper in escarpment, and were from 2,000 to 2,500 feet high. On the western bank the hills were not so high, but the banks were more abrupt and broken, and often of a conspicuous red color, until about fifteen miles from its head this formation culminates in a very picturesque pile of red rocks that looked to us from the lake as if they were on an island, but our Indians swore by every log in the raft that it was a part of the mainland, and that a considerable sized river came in just beyond which we were unable to make out from any position we viewed it, but no doubt it exists, as our inspection could not be critical. My Indians also said that the whole length of this river in the same pretty effects of broken red rock were to be seen, in fact, the Indian name of this stream was the Red River, from the abundance of this red rock. Not desiring to add another Red River to the geography of the world, and not having seen any river at all, I simply named the rocks, which I considered of sufficient prominence, certainly so if this route should ever be traveled, after an eminent German geographer,

Von Richthofen. When we went into camp the evening of the 17th, there was not a breath of wind blowing, and the lake looked like a mirror cutting two perfectly symmetrical and picturesque landscapes into twain at the water line. The clouds hung lazily in the air, not a sign of aquatic life was on the lake or in the air, and one might have thought himself in the lonely land of the dead if it had not been for the busy hum of the omnipresent mosquito. Trout lines were gotten out and one good-sized fellow was hauled in in time for supper, and another one weighing over eight pounds, the limit of the Doctor's fish scales, was had for breakfast. Many fish were noticed feeding and jumping in the lake near by camp, but beyond the salmon trout mentioned as caught on the trout lines, nothing was captured, although the most tempting flies and baits were offered.

Not a breath of wind blowing in the morning, we were delayed until past noon, and made the time useful in determining the place astronomically. Thousands of small graylings about an inch long were seen in the clear, shallow water on the beaches of fine gravel, in schools of fifty to a hundred each, and, using a mosquito bar as a net, we captured enough to use as bait for our salmon fishing, with increasing prospects of success. At 1:30 P. M. a favorable breeze sprang up, and by 2 was raging as a gale, blowing over the tent, filling the coffee and eatables with flying gravel and sand—for it caught us at our midday meal—and we rapidly packed up. But while we were getting away the wind died down to an almost dead calm. After vainly waiting for a renewal of its vigorous midday energy, we went into camp at the base of the Hancock Hills, at a place so steep and rocky that a tent could not be pitched, and, of course, during the night it had to rain just hard enough to scare every one half out of their wits for fear it would rain harder. This constant drizzling through the night, with one's face exposed, does less harm in the way of wetting than it does in the loss of sleep.

The next morning we got a very early start, for in bivouac as soon as the rain ceased the mosquitoes made sleep more than impossible, and between the two on one side of the scale and a good fresh wind on the other, we turned out quite early. We were so near the end of the lake, about thirty-five or forty miles long, that the fates seemed to give it up, and the wind, instead of dying out, as usual, surprised us by steadily freshening until we entered the river at 10:30 A. M., and I think as the old tent went down forever from its clumsy mast, no besiegers ever saw the flag of a fortress go down with such heartfelt thanks. We had seen enough of rafting on a river to know that, as far as physical work was concerned, it was much harder than on the lakes; but the uncertainty of navigation at all on the latter, and constant worry and anxiety as we went crawling along even under favorable winds, when before us stretched some 2,000 miles that must be made by early fall or a lonesome wintering in this dreary country was the alternative, makes me safe in stating that my happiest day on the trip was the 9th of July, when we left behind us nearly one hundred and fifty miles of lake water never to be repeated in whole or in part. Our trip ahead might be hard work, but it was assured at the least. There was still one rapid to be met in three or four days, so our Indians said, but as it was in no wise to be compared with those of Miles's Cañon, we feared it very little. A raft in a rapid was an explorer's delight compared with one on a lake, the very maximum of helplessness. The old tent was carefully rolled up, and we worked with more relish at the pries when the bulky thing ground on the gravel bars.

The high clay banks that had extended along the river from Lake Marsh, and especially conspicuous below Miles's Cañon, and had terminated with its junction with the Tahk River, again commenced after we left Kluk-tas'-si, and were higher and more conspicuous than ever. Far back on the hills the forest fires had made great winrows through the timber and as this had fallen and decayed, a peculiar plant of the country had sprung up in these burnt and open districts, which, from its denseness and cappings of red flowers, gave a reddish tinge to the whole area, even though many miles distant. For a number of days we thought it to be due to a distinct color of the soil, but at last a nearer inspection revealed its true character. One butte, in fact, was so conspicuous in its red covering that I named it Red

Butte. All through these burnt districts could be seen stumps and fallen timber in all grades of dissolution, from the recently burnt trunk "as black as the ace of spades" to the almost whitened ones bleached by the beating rains of many years. Dull brown ones falling in great piles of rotten

punk were freely distributed everywhere, and had there been a black or brown bear in these "burns" all he would have had to do to save his carcass was to keep quiet and the keenest eyes would never have detected him. About half past five on the afternoon of the 9th, while drifting down through one of these burnt districts, the resemblance of one of these brown rotten stumps to a grizzly bear was remarked by one of the party, referring to an object on the crest of a series of clay bluffs, and his opinion was readily assented to by the others who took enough interest to notice it. As the raft floated down about 500 to 600 yards of the object, it came waddling down the crest of the bluff directly toward us, and we all scrambled around after our rifles in a way more amusing than effective. I do not know why it is that if a man puts his trust in fate for a quiet time, and his rifle in its case for preservation from the wet, all the grizzlies and shootable game in the country pick that time for putting in an appearance; but so it really seems, and the present was, in a brilliant manner, no exception to the rule. Mr. Grizzly stood so "end on" that he was hardly a fair shot at such a distance, and just as the rifles were out he caught one good sight of the raft, and quicker than one could think that a thousand pounds of bear meat could do so, he whirled around and tumbled into the wooded ravine between two clay bluffs, and then scampered off faster than it takes to chronicle it, only one more flashing sight being caught of his grizzly sides as he took up a gait that had a good deal of the appearance of a week's hard run in it. We sadly rolled up our gun cases and put them away, leaving our rifles so convenient that we could massacre a whole herd of grizzlies in a few seconds; and all wondered why we hadn't fired at the beast anyway, but no one told the story of the man that invested a portion of his wealth in a padlock after the departure of a favorite charger. The well-known bad quality and even offensive nature of the meat of the grizzly and the perfect worthlessness of their robes, and the general "cussedness" of the creature in general as a topic of conversation, helped us to bring our feelings down to that point that when we pried the raft off of the next bar it washed them away almost entirely.

About 6 in the evening, having been on the raft over twelve hours, and feeling satisfied with the day's work, I determined on going into camp at the first favorable spot, and we commenced surveying the shores with that idea in view, but so uniformly wide was the swift river, with no eddy to deaden our headway or spot clear from willows, that it was not until after 8 that we found a place where we managed to get ashore, and then it was not very prepossessing. What was our great surprise, shortly after camping, to see three of the most forlorn human beings on the face of the earth put in an appearance. They were miners and belonged to an equal party still beyond, and these three were returning with barely enough "grub" to pack them back to Chilkat in order to leave the remainder enough provisions to continue prospecting throughout the country. They had expected to find an abundance of game in their prospecting tour for gold, and had they done so their "grub" would have been sufficient to have lasted them all for the summer, but the mosquitoes had driven the game from the creek and river bottoms, where their labors were confined, according to their stories, and their return was the result. They had found plenty of tracks everywhere, and as this was the only part of the animal that could hold its own with the mosquitoes, however innumerable, they had to content themselves with it. They had been living on nothing but flour for some time, with such meat and fish as they could procure from the country, and of course were about half starved. I stuffed them full of the bulky bean of Boston and the crisp corn beef of Chicago, until they must have been grateful beyond measure, for when I returned to civilization I found they had made quite a hero of me by proclaiming that I alone had shot all the rapids on the raft, and even my Indian allies had walked around. Had I filled them with ice cream and mince pie I suppose they would have found me sleeping under a robe of Indian sealps that I had personally collected, while for another plug of tobacco I could have slain a grizzly with a bowie knife—in the newspapers.

From 1496 to 1857 there were 134 voyages and land journeys undertaken by governments and explorers of Europe and America to investigate the unknown region around the North Pole. Of these, sixty-three went to the northwest, twenty-nine via Behring Strait, and the rest to the northeast or due north. Since 1857 there have been the notable expeditions of Dr. Hayes, of Captain Hall, those of Nordenskjöld, sent by the Swedish Government, and others sent by Germany, Russia, and Denmark; three voyages made by James Lamont of the Royal Geographical Society, England, at his own expense; the expeditions of Sir George Nares, of Leigh Smith, and that of the ill-fated Jeannette; the search expeditions of the Tigress, the Juniata, and those sent to rescue Lieutenant Greely; further, all the expeditions fitted out under the auspices of the Polar expedition—in which the Greely expedition was included—and a number of minor voyages, making a sum total of some sixty exploring journeys in these twenty-seven years.

Lieut. Schwatka on Alaska.

Lieutenant Schwatka has contributed to *Bradstreet's* some valuable information on Alaska, much of which will be new to the public. The salmon resources of Alaska have long been familiar to every one, but it has not been generally known that the fish supply of the Yukon and the other large rivers of the Territory is the most important in the world. It is estimated that even with the present sparse population of the Territory 10,000,000 salmon are taken every year in the rivers of Alaska. They are graded below the Columbia river salmon, but the best quality of the Yukon river fish is said to excel the Chinook of the Columbia. The traders in the employ of the Alaska Commercial Company buy dried salmon for their dogs in winter; for a large fish the price is nominally a cent in trade—that is, about 2 or 3 mills. Canneries on the Yukon ought to prove profitable enterprises.

Perhaps not less important than the salmon are the cod fisheries. In eastern Behring's sea, off the coast of Alaska, spread immense submarine plateaux, which are absolutely swarming with cod. On the Shumagin island half a dozen men take about a million cod per year, the average catch, when they go a-fishing, being 200 or 300 cod per man per day. Some idea of the number of the fish may be formed from the statement of Schwatka, that to compare the Alaska cod banks with the banks of Newfoundland would be like comparing the population of China with the population of the late Hudson's Bay Territory.

Alaska is now mainly in the hands of the Alaska Commercial Company, a corporation which is said to be reaping an income like that of the East India Company in the old days.

It is not exactly known how far their rights extend on the continental portion of the Territory; on the seal islands the company is supreme and no white man is allowed to land. It is surmised that settlers on the main shore would not find it agreeable to be on bad terms with the company. But a Territory with such resources as we have described cannot always remain in the hands of a monopoly.

THE GREAT YUKON RIVER.

Along Alaska's Great River.

By Frederick Schwatka, Commander of the Alaska Exploring Expedition.

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Cassell & Co., of New York, Lieut. Schwatka's popular account of the travels of the exploring expedition under his command which during the summer of 1883 traversed the great Yukon river from its source in Crater lake, in the British northwest territory to its mouth in the territory of Alaska. The expedition, of whose travels this is the first narration, in a popular sense, was organized under the auspices of the war department of the United States at Vancouver barracks, Washington territory, in April, 1883, and consisted of seven members, all of whom, with one exception, were attached to the United States army at that station. Owing to certain jealousies between different departments of the Washington government and a combination of other circumstances, the expedition was kept as secret as possible to avoid being recalled, and when it departed from Portland, Ore., only the briefest mention had been made of it in the local press, and it had scarcely as much money at its disposal for the purposes of its great work as was afterwards appropriated by congress for the publication of its official report. Leaving Portland late in the month of May, on board the steamer Victoria, which had been specially put upon the route the party ascended the inland passage to Alaska as far as the Chilcat country. Thence with the assistance of a large number of Chilcat Indians its effects were packed across the glacier-clad pass of the Alaskan coast range of mountains to the headwaters of the Yukon. Here, in the language of the preface, a large raft was constructed, and on this primitive craft, sailing through nearly a hundred and fifty miles of lakes and shooting a number of rapids, the party floated along the stream for over thirteen hundred miles, the longest raft journey ever made in the interest of geographical science. It is scarcely surprising that Lieut. Schwatka should have felt a kind of friendliness for the rough and uncouth vessel that did him such faithful service and bore him and his little party safely through many trials where a more pretentious craft might have failed him.

Leaving their raft at Irukakayet trading station, the furthest inland trading post at present maintained by the Alaska commercial company or any other corporation, the remainder of the river was explored on board a "barka" or decked schooner of some ten or twelve tons, so that with the two crafts

the party traversed the entire length of the river, over two thousand miles, and returned home by way of Behrings Sea.

Apart from the great intrinsic merit of Lieutenant Schwatka's well told and interesting narrative it has an especial interest for Victorians and British Columbians generally, because of its local references, and its vivid descriptions of scenery within their borders, or comparatively near them. Here, for instance, is a paragraph which will not be read without a smile and some slight feeling of gratification: "Victoria, the metropolis of British Columbia, was reached the same day, and as it was the Queen's birthday, we saw the town in all its bravery of beer, bunting and banners. Our vessel tooted itself hoarse outside the harbor to get a pilot over the bar; but none was to be had till late in the day when a pilot came out to us showing plainly by his condition that he knew every bar in and about Victoria. With the bar pilot on the bridge, so as to save insurance should an accident occur, we entered the picturesque little harbor in safety, despite the discoveries of our guide that since his last visit all the buoys had been woefully misplaced, and even the granite channel had changed its course. But Victoria has many embellishments more durable than bunting and banners, and most conspicuous among them are her well arranged and well constructed roads in which she has no equal on the Pacific coast of North America, and but few rivals in any other part of the world."

Lieutenant Schwatka also describes vividly the inland passage to Alaska, from Port Townsend through the Seymour Narrows to Chilcat Inlet, which is about, he says, the northernmost point of this great inland seawater river. He tells, too, in graphic language of the experiences of his party in the Chilcat country and of its toilsome and perilous passage over the mountain pass, where the Chilcat boy packers toiled along with loads that surprised their southern employers. At one of his camps on this journey, the lieutenant saw a very singular manner of wrestling, different from anything in that branch of athletics with which he was acquainted. "The two wrestlers lie flat on their backs upon the ground or sand and against each other, but head to foot, or in opposite directions. Their inner legs, i. e., those touching their opponent's, are raised high in the air, carried past each other, and then locked together at the knee. They then rise to a sitting posture as nearly as possible, and with their nearest arms locked into a firm hold at the elbows, the contest commences." This consists in the endeavor of one to get on top of the other, and the contestants, in their endeavors, roll around in a manner more awkward than graceful, and not unlike "two angle-worms tied together."

The description of the sail down the river in the two crafts is very interesting, and many delightful passages might be quoted illustrative of the rough experiences of the intrepid little party, their encounters with brown bears, mosquitoes and black flies, and the dangers they surmounted in shooting rapids and making landings with their unwieldy craft.

But we have no intention to pick out any more of the many plums in this book, for our readers' entertainment, and thus run the risk of discounting the attractions of the book itself. Our readers should procure it for themselves, and enjoy at first hand its crisp freshness.

The Yukon is estimated by Lieutenant Schwatka as the third river of the United States, or taking only the amount in that country—1,260 miles, all of which is navigable—it is the fifth river therein, the Mississippi, Missouri, Arkansas and Ohio rivers being longer; but Petroff in his government report upon Alaska says that it discharges every hour one-third more water than the "Father of waters." It is a somewhat singular fact, too, that of its total length of 2,044 miles the larger proportion of 2,036 miles are navigable. Want of space prevents any further presentation of the contents of this interesting volume, and we can merely add that it is copiously illustrated from photographs by Mr. Charles A. Homans, of the U. S. engineers, and from sketches by Sergeant Gloster, of the U. S. army. There are sketch maps of the river and a small general map of Alaska, besides several appendices and a carefully prepared index. We trust our readers will procure the book for themselves and enjoy at first hand its literary wealth.

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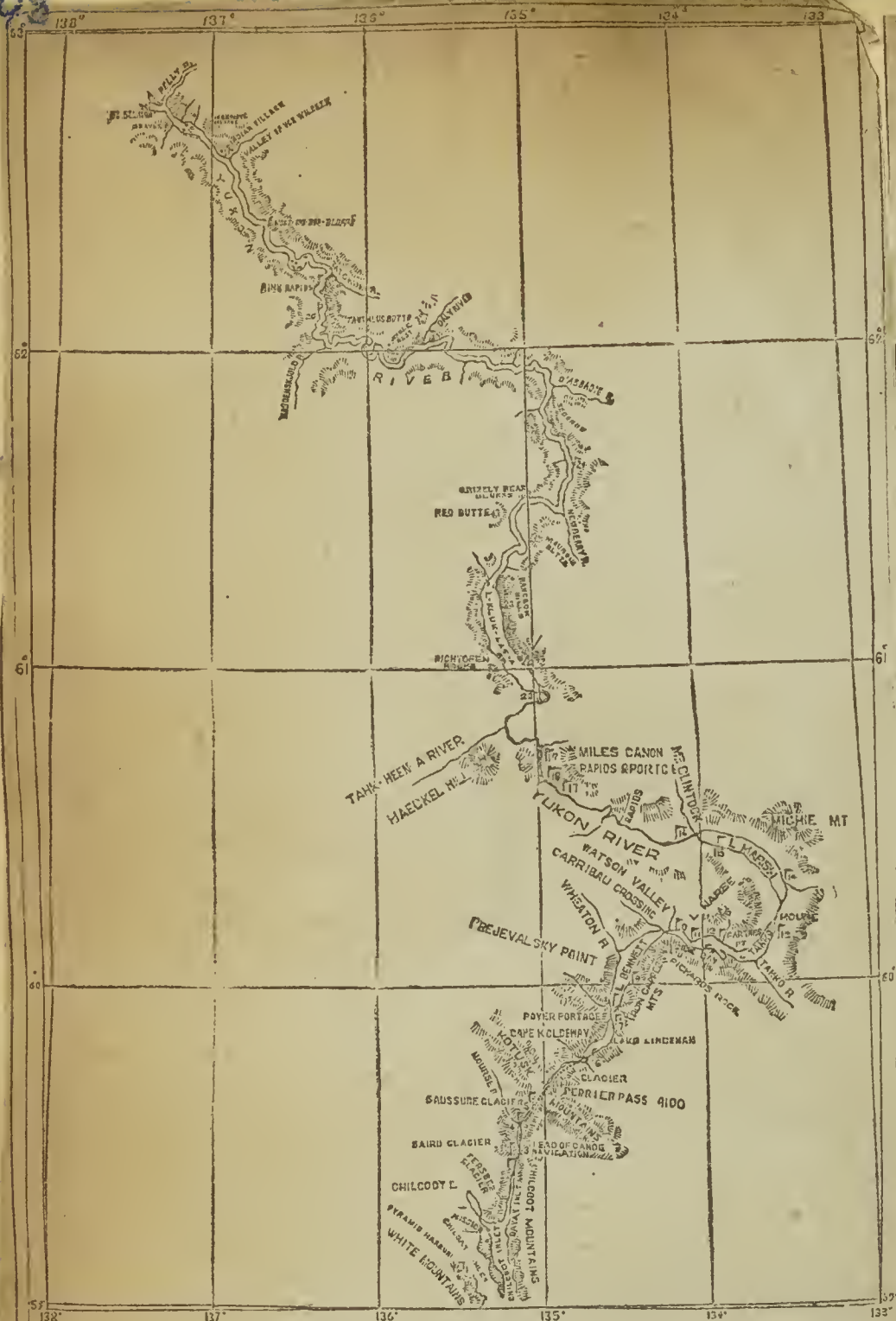
THE YUKON RIVER.

Exploration of Alaska's Great Stream.

A REGION OF MANY LAKES.

The Military Reconnaissance Commanded by Lieutenant Schwatka.

In 1881 General Nelson A. Miles assumed command of the Department of the Columbia and with an untiring zeal and energy commenced to make himself acquainted with every nook and corner over which he held jurisdiction. The Territory of Alaska being under his command, the General made a determined effort to have Congress grant him an appropriation sufficient to explore the great Yukon river from its fountain-head to its mouth and also its tributaries. For this purpose he asked the modest sum of \$62,000, \$30,000 of which was to be expended on a river steamer and the balance, or such portion thereof as was necessary, to treat with the natives, employ civilians, etc. But General Sherman (then in command of the army) did not favor a topographical survey and military reconnaissance of that country and the bill was as good as defeated. Believing an explora-



MAP OF THE ROUTE OF THE MILITARY RECONNOISSANCE OF 1883, LIEUTENANT F. SCHWATKA COMMANDING. FROM CHILCOOT INLET, ALASKA, TO FORT SELKIRK, B. C. SCALE: 16 GEOGRAPHICAL MILES TO THE INCH.

tion of this river was necessary and that a better knowledge of its topography was essential in case of an outbreak among the natives. General Miles detailed his aid-de-camp, Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, to command a small party and make a military reconnoissance of that section of the country.

STARTING OUT.

On May 21, 1883, Lieutenant Schwatka and Dr. George F. Wilson, with five selected men (Mr. Homan, topographer; Sergeant Gloster, artist; Corporal Shirelett, Private Roth and Citizen McIntosh), left Fort Vancouver to commence operations. The party arrived at Chilcat June 2d and left that place June 7th, with over 60 Chilcat and Chilcoot Indians, proceeding up Chilcoot inlet, thence up Payay inlet to the mouth of Dayay river, where their explorations can be said to have commenced. The Dayay river is a rapid stream, from 50 to 75 yards wide, with mountainous banks capped with glaciers. One of these monstrous glaciers on the west bank of the river was between 10 and 15 miles long and was named after Professor Baird of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington. Another

large glacier is called after Saussure, a gentleman of Geneva, prominent in geographical circles. When the head of canoe navigation was reached, the effects of the party, about two tons in weight, were packed on the Indians' backs. On June 11th the party crossed the high mountains separating the waters of the Pacific ocean from the sources of the Yukon. The Indian name for these mountains is Kotusk. The pass was 4100 feet above the sea level and named Perrier pass, after Colonel J. Perrier, Vice-President of the Paris Geographical Society. In making their way through this pass a very narrow trail was the best passage-way afforded, and often this was found closed by the ice and snow sifting down from the mountain sides. Yet the adult natives carried from 100 to 120 pounds and the young bucks from 16 to 18 years of age would carry from 60 to 90 pounds.

CRATER LAKE.

The trail was so narrow that the packs on the native's back would leave deep creases in the snow and ice on its upper edge. A misstep would have sent the unfortunate one hundreds of feet into the chasms below. Crater lake, about one hundred acres in extent, was noted as the headwaters of the

Yukon and was covered with ice and snow. That day the first large lake was camped on and the Indian packers returned, except Chilcat Billy and Indienne, interpreters and guides. This lake was indeed a beautiful one, clear as a crystal, over ten miles long and named after Dr. Lindeman of the Bremen Geographical Society. A conspicuous cape on its western bend was called Cape Koldewey, after Captain Koldewey of the German navy, who is also well known as an Arctic explorer. On the shores of Lake Lindeman a raft 15x30 was built out of the largest logs that could be found. Although this raft was inadequate in size for

the whole party of whites, Indians and effects, it was used to cross Lake Lindeman, which was sailed across by using the tent for a sail. Here a draining river one mile long and from 50 to 60 yards wide was found, consisting of a series of rapids and cascades. The portage around this was called Payer portage, after Lieutenant Payer of *Tegethoff* fame. These rapids were "shot" June 16th and the party emerged into a new lake nearly thirty miles long, which was named after that well-known American patron of geographical research and noted journalist, James Gordon Bennett.

LAKE BENNETT AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

On the shores of Lake Bennett larger logs were found and the raft was enlarged to 16x42 feet, having two decks, separated by a rowing space. The high range of mountains on the right shore of Lake Bennett was called the Iron-capped mountains, owing to the dull red rocks sticking through the glaciers being impregnated with iron. A conspicuous point on the left now bears the name of Prejevalsky point, after Colonel Prejevalsky, the noted Russian explorer. On the east or right side of the lake farther down is a bold precipitous rock that can be seen nearly the whole length of Lake Bennett. This is known as Richard's rock. The draining river of Lake Bennett is nearly two miles long. A conspicuous valley here comes in from the west, named Watson valley, after Professor Watson of Cambridge, Mass. This draining river empties into a pretty little lake called Lake Nares, in honor of Captain Sir George Nares, Royal Navy. The ancient terraces of this lake are quite noticeable, and are also dimly seen on the northern shores of Lake Bennett. The next lake was called Lake Bove, for Lieutenant Bove of the Italian navy. Perthes point, named after Justus Perthes, geographical publisher at Gotha, is the eastern terminus of Lake Bove. Older formations are now giving way to those of more recent date, such as sandstones, etc., Perthes point being almost white with broken fragments of tough marble. Around Perthes point and the party reached Lake Tah-ko, 18 miles in length, with a river coming in from the south. The heavy south winds on Lakes Nares and Bove made traveling very disagreeable and slow for a clumsy craft like a raft.

LAKE MARSH.

Lake Tah-ko was entered June 23d, and the country here became more open and flatter, and the party passed into the first considerable stretch of river on June 26th, the river being nine miles long and about 300 yards wide, with a Tah-keesh (name of Indians from Kotusk mountains to near Selkirk) Indian house on the right bank, deserted, being one of two houses on the whole length of the upper river. These Indians are very scarce at the present time. The next lake entered was 29 miles long and is quite wide, although very shallow near the shore, owing to the deposits of debris ground out by the glaciers at the head of the streams which empty into it. Seventy-five to 100 yards from the beach the water was not over 20 to 22 inches deep. This was called Lake Marsh, in honor of Professor Marsh of Yale College. Trees on Lake Marsh, as on the whole river and lakes thus far, lean northward, showing the strongest winds to be from the south. June 28th the party was treated to a heavy thunder-storm, it being the first recorded on the Yukon river, they being unknown on the lower part. The same day the party sailed till past midnight, and were able to read common newspaper print at that late hour. That night but one star (Venus) was to be seen in the unclouded sky. At the outlet of Lake Marsh a large river comes in which was named after Vice-Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock of Franklin search fame. The party came to the upper end of Miles canyon July 1st. This canyon and the rapids were called after Major-General Miles, who

ordered this expedition. This canyon is the only one on the Yukon river, and probably the head of navigation on the same, making the river navigable for 1866 miles. The length of the canyon proper is two-thirds of a mile, but a series of dangerous rapids follow for four miles farther on.

LAKE LABARGE.

July 2d the party "shot" these rapids, losing the side-logs, or "buffers," of the raft in collision with the basaltic columns of the canyon and "fringing" the ends of the logs of the main raft in a manner that seemed to necessitate the building of a new one or the abandoning of the expedition. Twenty-three miles farther on the Tahk-heen-a river comes in from the west, being about one-half or two-thirds the size of the Yukon. An additional 17 miles of travel brought the party to the last lake, which the Indians call Kluk-tas-si, but possibly is Lake Labarge. On the west banks are prominent high red rocks, in latitude 160 deg. north, which were called Richthofen rocks, in honor of Frederiek F. von Richthofen, Professor in the University of Bonn. The high, gray limestone hills to the right were named after Major-General W. S. Hancock, United States army. Lake Kluk-tas-si, or Labarge, is over 36 miles long and at its outlet the Yukon is very swift and from 400 to 600 yards wide. The banks are covered to the water's edge with willows, and camping places were hard to find. Maunoir butte is 16 miles farther on. It is a very conspicuous, bold butte and one of the landmarks of the country. It was named after M. Maunoir, Secretary of the Paris Geographical Society. On the opposite bank another prominent butte is seen, which at a distance looks as if it was painted with carmine, but, on approaching it, was found to take its color from the wild red flowers, which bloomed in profusion on its sides. It was called Red butte. On the west side of the Yukon, nine miles farther down than Red butte, a series of high clay bluffs were found. On these bluffs a grizzly bear was seen, and after an exciting, but fruitless, chase after him the commander of the expedition concluded to honor his bearship by calling them the Grizzly Bear banks.

A TRIBUTARY RIVER.

Nine miles more of travel and the party reached Newberry river, which is about 120 yards wide at its mouth. This river was named after Professor Newberry of New York. The waters of this river are very dark and murky, caused, no doubt, by the drainings of the tundra land above. Thirty-eight miles farther down the Yukon, and on the east side, flows in D'Abbadie river. This is one of the most prominent tributaries of the Yukon, and at its mouth D'Abbadie river is a little over 150 yards wide and the natives say it is over 250 miles long. It was named after M. Antoine D'Abbadie, Member de l'Institut, France. From its mouth to the mouth of the Yukon fine gold can be found in placer deposits in any bank or on any bar in small quantities. Just before

reaching D'Abbadie river high hills loom up on the right bank, which were named Senenorr mountains for P. von Senenorr, President of the Imperial Geographical Society, St. Petersburg. Forty-one miles beyond D'Abbadie comes in Daly river on the east side, which is about 100 yards wide at its mouth. This river was named after the Hon. Charles P. Daly, Chief-Justice of New York and President of the American Geographical Society. Ten miles more travel and a large, prominent butte on the east side of the river is seen and explored. Here eagles are found, and several nests having been discovered on this prominence, it was called Eagle Nest butte.

NORDENSKJOLD RIVER.

Thirty-nine miles farther on and Nordenskjold river comes in on the west side of the Yukon. This river bears the name of the famous Swede who made the northeast passage two years ago and who has just returned from a successful expedition along Greenland's coast and is now fitting out an expedition to explore in the Antarctic regions next year. At the mouth of Nordenskjold river the Yukon becomes tortuous and in its meanderings for the next six or eight miles the raft pointed toward Tantalus butte an equal number of times on different stretches of the river. Twenty-five miles beyond the Yukon narrows and runs in rapids through several towers of trap and doleritic rock. This passage is dangerous for rafts as long and wide as that possessed by the explorers, and to add more danger to the frail craft, about to "shoot" these rapids, waves three to four feet high were running, and when the craft was turned into the right-

hand channel, and before it had gone from its length there was not a dry article on it. These rapids are deep, dangerous and treacherous to such awkward conveyances as a raft, although a boat with motive power might navigate them in safety. They were called the Rink rapids, after Chevalier Henry Rink, a well-known Danish authority on Greenland. At the foot of Rink rapids the Yukon is over half a mile wide and is dotted with quite a number of islands, whose upper ends are covered with driftwood from 10 to 20 feet high.

A PROMINENT LANDMARK.

Another 25 miles is traveled and Hoot-che-koo bluff is reached. This is a prominent clay bluff on the east bank of the river, and will always be one of the landmarks in the topography of the country. After passing Hoot-che-koo bluff a beautiful and picturesque valley is found on the east side of the Yukon, which is drained by a small river—small because it is near Pelly river, but the valley is much more prominent than Pelly valley. This was named Von Wilezek valley, in honor of Graf Von Wilezek, a prominent citizen of Vienna and well known to the geographical world. In Wilezek valley is found the other Indian house, spoken of previously, surrounded by a large number of brush ones. Twenty-one miles farther on and old Fort Selkirk is reached, after passing through a network of islands which bear the name of Ingersoll islands. Old Fort Selkirk is nearly opposite but a little below the mouth of the Pelly river. Fort Selkirk is the old Hudson Bay trading-post, and was burned in 1851 by the Chilcat Indians—the same tribe whose members were now acting as guides and interpreters for Lieutenant Schwatka's party. The cause of this burning of Selkirk by the Chilcats is attributable to the supposition that the Hudson Bay Company interfered with their (the Chilcats), trade with the Tah-keesh Indians. Fort Selkirk was reached July 13th; its latitude is 62 deg. 45 min. 30 sec. north, longitude 137 deg. 22 min. 45 sec. west, Greenwich. Up to this point Lieutenant Schwatka had made 34 astronomical observations—two for variation of compass—and Mr. Homan 425 bearings with prismatic compass. Pelly river was determined to be three-fifths the size of the old Lewis river of the Hudson Bay traders, showing the latter to be the Yukon proper.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Tern and gulls were found along the whole of this part of the river and the great American diver was found in all the lakes mentioned above. Ducks and geese were often seen, owing, no doubt, to its being the breeding season. Dusky and blue grouse were found from Dayay inlet to beyond the lakes. Eagles, owls, magpies and godwits were frequently seen, as also cedar birds, swallows and robins in large numbers. At different points the carlew and snipe were found. Lake and salmon trout were caught from Lake Nares to Fort Selkirk. Graylings were caught in abundance from Perthes point to Selkirk, 400 to 600 being caught in and around Miles' canyon and rapids. Grasshoppers were first seen at Lake Bove and occasionally along the river afterward. Moose were seen near Hoot-che-koo bluff and their tracks were found from Lake Marsh to Selkirk. Cariboo (woodland reindeer) tracks were seen from Payer portage to Selkirk. Black and brown bear tracks were seen over the whole route and a large brown bear was seen at Grizzly Bear banks. Mountain goats were seen in Perrier pass and their tracks were very thick at Lake Bennett. The Tah-keesh Indians were very scarce, only 12 or 14 adults being seen in the great scope of country occupied by them. These Indians use wooden canoes above Miles' canyon and rafts and canoes below.

Lieutenant Schwatka has found the Yukon river to be 2043.5 miles in length and to him belongs the honor of having made the longest raft journey in the interest of geographical science (1303.2 miles) and the longest sledge journey in the Arctic (some 3200 miles). To General Miles belongs the honor of having the Yukon explored, and under adverse circumstances.

ITINERARY OF THE EXPEDITION.

Following is the itinerary of Part first of the map of the route of the Alaska military reconnoissance of 1883, Lieutenant Schwatka, United States army, commanding, from data compiled by Topographical Assistant Charles A. Homan, United States army, topographer of the reconnoissance:

From Chilcoat Mission to mouth of Dayay river, 16.1 statute miles.

Thence to head of canoe navigation on Dayay river, 9.9 miles.

Thence to mouth of Nourse river, west, 2.3 miles.

Thence to Perrier pass in Kootenai mountains, 4190 feet, 11.0 miles.

Thence to Crater Lake (head of Yukon), 0.6 miles.

Thence to camp on Lake Lindeman, 12.1 miles; length of Lake Lindeman, 10.1 miles.

Thence to Cape Koldewey (Lake Lindeman), 3.7 miles.

Thence to north end of Lake Lindeman, 5.8 miles.

Thence to south end of Lake Bennett, or length of Payer Portage (here Roman river comes in from the west), 1.2 miles.

Thence to Prejevsky point (mouth of Wheaton river), west side, 18.1 miles.

Thence to Richard's rock, east side, 1.2 miles.

Thence to north end of Lake Bennett (Watson valley, drained by two rivers, here comes in from the west), 10.0 miles; length of Lake Bennett, 29.3 miles.

Thence to west end of Lake Nares, through river called Caribou crossing, 1.7 miles.

Thence to east end of Lake Nares, or length of lake, 3.2 miles.

Thence to Perthes point (or length of Lake Bove, with bay and possibly river coming in from the south), 8.8 miles.

Thence to mouth of Tah-ko river, south, 7.8 miles.

Thence to north end of Lake Tah-ko, 10.3 miles; length of Lake Tah-ko, 18.1 miles.

Thence to south end of Lake Marsh, or length of connecting river, 9.1 miles.

Thence to north end of Lake Marsh or length of Lake Marsh (McClintock river coming in from the east), 28.8 miles.

Thence to upper end of Miles canyon on Yukon river, 50.9 miles.

Thence length of Miles canyon and rapids (head of navigation on Yukon), 4.6 miles.

Thence to mouth of Tahk-heen-a river, west, 23.1 miles.

Thence to north end of Lake Kluk-tas-si (possibly Lake Labarge), 17.8 miles.

Thence to Richthofen rocks (and probably river), west side, 14.4 miles.

Thence to north end of Lake Kluk-tas-si (length of Lake Kluk-tas-si, 36.5 miles), 21.1 miles.

Thence to Maunoir butte, east, 16.2 miles.

Thence to Red butte, west, 3.2 miles.

Thence to Grizzly Bear banks, west, 9.4 miles.

Thence to mouth of Newberry river, east, 8.9 miles.

Thence to mouth of D'Abbadie river, east, 38 miles.

Thence to mouth of Daly river, east, 41.6 miles.

Thence to Eagle's Nest butte, east, 10.7 miles.

Thence to Nordenskjold river, west (Tantalus butte is in this vicinity approached six or seven times), 39.1 miles.

Thence to Rink rapids on the Yukon, 25.4 miles.

Thence to Hoot-che-koo bluff, east, 25.8 miles.

Thence to Von Wilezek valley, east, 17 miles.

Thence to Fort Selkirk through archipelago called Ingersoll islands, west, 21.3 miles.

Total length of Part first, or the part explored and surveyed by reconnoissance, 538.8 miles.

Total length of raft journey on Part first from camp on Lake Lindeman to Fort Selkirk, 486.8 miles.

Total length of raft journey on Yukon river from Lake Lindeman to Nuklakayet (being the longest raft journey in the interest of geographical science), 1303.2 miles.

Total length of Yukon river, 2043.5 miles.

* Part second extends from Fort Selkirk to Fort Yukon, being the part surveyed by reconnoissance, having been explored by Mr. Campbell of the Hudson Bay Company.

Part third extends from Fort Yukon to the Apchoon mouth, being part explored by Glasunoff, Malakoff, Zagoskin, Kennicott and Strachan Jones and surveyed by Captain Raymond of the United States army.

— Lieutenant Sotrey, of the Alaska Exploring Expedition, reports to the Navy Department the arrival of himself and party at Hinlink, Ounalaska, June 6. He says the past Winter was severe, and that Behring Sea was never before seen with such heavy ice. He will go northward as fast as the ice will permit.

The authorities at Washington have telegraphed Lieutenant Stoney that the schooner Earnest, at present in the use of the coast survey, will be brought down from up the coast and turned over to him. The Lieutenant will leave San Francisco in about a month to explore the Putnam River in Alaska, using the Earnest to transport his party and steam launch to the mouth of the river.

OCTOBER 15, 1885

FROM THE ARCTIC.

The Cruise of the Cutter Corwin.

REVENUE AND RELIEF WORK.

Saving Lives, Finding a Harbor and Exploring the Rivers of Alaska.

Coming in so quietly and quickly on a strong tide that the Merchants' Exchange watchman failed to notice her, the United States revenue cutter Thomas Corwin passed the Golden Gate on Monday morning at 2 o'clock and was lying at anchor in the stream before her presence was known. She has brought with her a heavy budget of news from the Arctic; the crews of the wrecked whalers, the Mabel and the George and Susan, which were lost on the 10th of August; the survivors of the bark Napoleon, wrecked in the Behring sea on the 5th of May; a couple of English tourists; a number of specimens for the Smithsonian Institute, and the reports of various explorations up the streams which are either parallel to or tributaries of the Yukon. In order to present these different subjects in intelligent sequence, they will be treated under various heads, the first matter to be considered being the Corwin's log.

THE STORY FROM THE LOG.

A Cutter's Work in the Frozen Seas of the North.

The Corwin left San Francisco in May last, her officers being then, as they are now, as follows: Captain M. A. Healy, Commander; First-Lieutenant David A. Hall, Executive Officer; First-Lieutenant, John W. Howison; Third-Lieutenant C. D. Kennedy, Navigator; J. C. Cantwell, Third-Lieutenant; Daniel F. Kelly, Chief Engineer; A. L. Broadbent, First Assistant Engineer; S. B. McLennan, Second Assistant Engineer; H. W. Yemans, Surgeon; J. H. Douglass, Pilot. It may perhaps be remembered that she broke her crank-pin at Ounalaska and had to sail back to this port for repairs. These completed she steamed northward again, and made such good time that she arrived at her cruising ground only ten days later than last year. Otter island, St. Michael's, Solowin bay and the Indian settlements along the Alaskan coast were visited, chiefly for the purpose of breaking up the whisky traffic, which is reported to be growing yearly less, and then on the 1st of July the Corwin broke through the ice and entered Kotzebue sound. From there two exploring expeditions were sent out, one under command of Lieutenant Cantwell, to proceed up the Kowak river and explore the region through which it flows, part of which had never been visited by a white man; the other, under command of Assistant Engineer McLennan, to proceed up the hitherto unexplored Noitak river. Proceeding still further north the disabled bark Dawn was met on July 18th and towed to Grantley harbor for repairs. From July 17th to the 27th the Corwin's time was occupied in sounding and exploring the Siberian coast to find the harbor reported there. Where the harbor was said to exist the water was found shallow and the roadstead impracticable, but on the 21st Melchigmo bay was found, with fourteen fathoms of water and an almost land-locked

entrance. Steaming next across to the Alaskan seas she fell in with the whaling fleet on August 9th, the ships being then anchored near Wainwright island, off Point Marsh.

WRECK OF WHALERS.

The next day a strong gale came up from the southwest, which soon assumed a dangerous fierceness. At the beginning of the blow a boat from the bark Abraham Baker was visiting the Corwin, and the crew at once attempted to regain their vessel; but the sea rose so rapidly and became so high and rough that the boat was capsized when very near its ship. When the boat capsized the officer of the deck on the Corwin ordered a boat out to rescue the men, and as the alarm was given, Lieutenant Kennedy, who was below, rushed up and tumbled into the boat as she swung off, taking charge of the rescue party. In spite of the sea and gale, Lieutenant Kennedy reached the spot and picked up the men long before the Abraham Baker could lower a boat and get away, a prompt action that undoubtedly saved the lives of the five or six whalers who had been thrown into the water. The gale rose higher, and the cables beginning to part right and left, some of the barks slipped their anchors put out to sea. Others held on, but the George and Susan and the Mabel were not so fortunate, and after standing the tremendous strain for a time, with every sea going over them, were blown on to the reefs of a lee shore, notwithstanding the Corwin's attempt to throw them a hawser. The George and Susan struck the rocks heavily and began going to pieces. The officers had two boats lowered immediately, but the sea was rising so high that the boats were dashed against the rocks and swamped, throwing the occupants into the water, where all were rescued by the Corwin but William Lee, a cooper, and James Evans and Gus Wilhelm, seamen. The Mabel's crew succeeded in getting ashore without loss of life, and were taken off next day by the Corwin. The gale abated as the night drew on and the cutter at once steamed north to see what had become of the rest of the fleet. Next morning she towed down the Ohio alongside the wrecked barks for a transfer of the oil and whalebone, and continuing her good work, next brought back the Frances Palmer to where she had lost her anchors. Report having reached Captain Healey that the sailor Joseph Radna, who belonged to the wrecked bark Reindeer, was suffering from frozen feet on board the Napoleon, he had the man brought to the cutter, where the successful amputation of both feet was accomplished. The Corwin had now an addition of forty-nine men, who were cared for all the time the Government steamer was on her cruise. While coaling at Cape Sabine on August 17th word came down that the unfortunate whaling fleet had been caught in the ice. Steam was immediately gotten up and the fleet overtaken on the 26th, only to find the report unfounded.

PICKING UP EXPLORERS.

On this the steamer determined to return south, and, taking aboard the twenty-two survivors of the wrecked Napoleon, she said good-by to the fleet and headed for Hotham inlet, which she reached on August 27th, taking up the Cantwell and McLennan exploring parties, which had been left there on the 1st of July. The mining camp at Goldwin bay was reached on the 3d of September, and St. Michaels on the 4th. At the latter place were found Lieutenant H. F. Allen and Sergeant Robertson of Troop E, Second United States Cavalry, and F. W. Ficket, of the United States Signal Corps, comprising the party which was sent out last year by General Miles to explore the Copper river and the region between it and the Yukon. There also were picked up J. W. Garland and F. R. Beatty, two English tourists who had made the trip from the Great Slave lake by the Porcupine, McKenzie and Yukon rivers to the Pacific coast, unattended. Both parties were taken on board the hospitable Corwin, which by this time was as crowded as a summer hotel at a fashionable watering-place. On the 8th a hunting party was landed at Hall's island, where a Polar bear weighing 1600 pounds was shot by Mr. Townsend, Naturalist of the United States Fish Commission, for the Smithsonian Institute. St. Paul's was reached on the 10th and Ounalaska on the 15th. A trip to the seal islands to look after pirates was made on the 23d, and on October 1st the Corwin left Ounalaska for San Francisco, arriving as has been described, bringing, all told, 103 men, with no sickness on board and having made for her officers and crew a lasting record of good deeds done.

THE KOWAK RIVER.

Its Exploration by Lieutenant Cantwell.

Lieutenant Cantwell's expedition was to complete the exploration of the Kowak river, which was partially traversed last year. The party was composed of Lieutenant Cantwell, commanding; C. H. Townsend, naturalist of the Smithsonian Institute, two seamen from the Corwin, an Indian interpreter, and about ten other Indians, who acted as guides. The expedition departed with a steam launch and two native boats, entering the Kowak river from Hotham inlet on July 2d. The party proceeded up the river, travelling night and day until the first rapids were reached. At the rapids the steam launch could no longer be used and the party was divided. Townsend remained below with the launch, and Lieutenant Cantwell and the remainder of the party went further up the stream. The advance was made in skin boats, and by working in the water up to their waists the party finally reached a gorge which the Indians stated was the head of boat navigation. Lieutenant Cantwell made a long circuit on foot to get beyond the barrier. The boats were drawn through a passage in the gorge, during which the Indian interpreter was swept away by a torrent and nearly drowned. Above the gorge the water was so shoal that the boats had to be pulled, and when the current became rapid the men waded, pushing the boats before them. By working sixteen hours a day, a distance of fifteen miles was covered. After many great difficulties had been overcome and many hardships endured, the source of the river was reached, 520 miles from the mouth. It was discovered that there were four large lakes from which the water came. One of these lakes was so deep that it could not be sounded. It was thought that no white man had ever before penetrated up the river as far. In returning it was discovered that a portage between the Kowak and Koyukuk rivers exists whereby communication between Kotzebue sound and the settlement on the Yukon is made practicable by means of the Yukon river.

NAVIGATING THE NOITAK.

Engineer McLennan's Voyage Up the River.

During the exploring expeditions of the Corwin in Alaska Captain Healey detailed Assistant Engineer Samuel B. McLennan to explore the Noitak river. This stream flows into Hotham inlet, Arctic ocean, forty-five miles north of the Arctic circle and thirty-five miles north of the Kowak river. It was never visited by white men previous to last summer. At Ounalaska McLennan ob-

tained a skin canoe, twenty-seven feet in length. As the Esquimaux said that it was impossible to make the journey in a canoe, he was unable to procure a guide and determined to explore the river without native assistance. Seaman Nelson volunteered to accompany him, and the two left the Corwin on July 2d. The voyage was not without danger, as the river was very swift and in places was broad and shallow and full of dangerous rocks. As the current ran from eight to fifteen miles an hour the progress was slow, only about fifteen miles being made a day. When about 275 miles above the mouth they were obliged to throw most of their provisions away to lighten the canoe. After experiencing a great deal of hardship from exposure and dragging the canoe through rapids of icy water, on July 30th the water became too shallow to float the canoe, and it was left where it could be found on the return trip. They then pushed ahead on foot until a small lake, which feeds one branch of the river, was reached. It was 400 miles from the seacoast and surrounded by snow-banks. The return journey was extremely hazardous. After reaching the point where the canoe was found, great difficulty and danger were experienced in shooting the rapids and avoiding protruding rocks. The natives were quite friendly. The entire Indian population is about 250 from the mouth of the river to the headwaters. The explorers met Lieutenant Stoney and party at Hotham inlet, preparing to start for the interior

of the Kowak country. The two adventurers reported on board the Corwin on August 27th, and brought mail from Lieutenant Stoney. Engineer McLennan will soon send his report to the Treasury Department.

ALASKAN RIVERS.

Discoveries Made by Lieutenant Allen's Party.

Lieutenant H. T. Allen and Sergeant Cady Robertson of the United States Cavalry and F. W. Fickett of the Signal Corps, United States Army, who comprised the Copper river expedition, were seen by a CHRONICLE reporter at the Palace Hotel Monday night. During the day they had made a tour about the city while dressed in their suits of skins and furs and attracted much attention. The Lieutenant acted as spokesman for the party, and said:

"We were detailed by General Miles of the Department of the Columbia, and departed from Vancouver barracks last January. Our mission was to obtain information in respect to the great unknown country. We explored the Copper river from source to mouth, a distance of 500 miles. We employed miners and Indians for guides. There is a vast amount of copper in the Chitanaah, a tributary of the Copper river. The proper name of the Copper river should be Atnah. Our party crossed the Alaskan range of mountains and struck the Tananah river, down which we went 800 miles. This river varies in width from several hundred yards to five miles. The country is quite mountainous, and at the head of the Tananah there are many lakes. Here the Indians are very sparse. A peculiar feature among these native Indians is that each tyone, or chief, has from two to six vassals. No Indians can be employed without consulting a tyone. The natives live mostly on fish, roots and rabbits. At the time we were there the fish season was over, and there being but few rabbits, many of the Indians were in a starving condition. Careful notes were made of our geological, mineralogical and meteorological observations. There appears to be plenty of copper and silver, but we discovered no free gold. The mineral resource is in the apex or mountain system, and lies south of the Yukon in the Alaskan ranges and in the spurs of the St. Elias mountains. Noticeable features of the Copper river are that it falls seven feet to the mile, has many glaciers, various channels, and the entire river is a torrent from source to mouth. Our expeditions by water were all made in skin boats, as steam launches could not be used. Along the Tananah a new animal called the tebay was discovered. It is a species of sheep or goat and abounds among the loftiest peaks of the highest mountains. A portage was made over the Yukon mountains to the Houkok river, which flows down to the Yukon. We went up the Houkok river 175 miles in birch canoes and from thence to the mouth, 750 miles. At one time we were within the Arctic circle, where fossilized bones of mammoth animals were found. The next course was down the Yukon to St. Michaels, where we were taken on board the Corwin."

Lieutenant Allen will make a report to the Department of the Columbia, and until then he is reticent as to the extent of his discoveries. The party brought mineralogical specimens for the Smithsonian Institute.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT

From Winnipeg to Great Slave Lake,

And Into the Arctic Circle to the Yukon.

Remarkable Trip of Two English Tourists.

Messrs. J. W. Garland and F. R. Beatty, two English tourists who have been mentioned on several occasions in our telegraphic reports as having made the northern overland trip from the east and down the Yukon to St. Michaels, arrived yesterday on the Mexico from San Francisco and are at the Driard. The former is a hale and hearty gentleman of about 60, while the latter is between 35 and 40 years of age. To a reporter of *The Colonist* last evening Mr. Garland stated that he had been persistently asked by San Francisco reporters about the trip, but had always refrained from stating anything. With this cheering assurance to begin with, the scribe ventured a few questions.

THE TWO TOURISTS

started from their home in Berkshire, England, about twelve months ago, and came on to Winnipeg and thence to Prince Albert, Northwest territory. From that point the two traveled alone to Green lake, packing their canoe and provisions with them. Thence to Isle la Crosse, to Fort Fond du Lac, on Lake Athabasca, north via Slave river to Fort Resolution, on Great Slave lake, where the winter was passed at the H. B. Co.'s post. Although the thermometer was down to 60° below zero, Mr. Garland said it was one of the most delightful winters he had ever spent. There was only one to exceed it—that of South Africa. From the post trips were made in all directions by

SLEDS DRAWN BY DOG-TEAMS.

Notwithstanding the intense cold, with the exception of feet, hands and head, there was no extra clothing used. All along the officers of the H. B. Co. had been most hospitable and were delighted to meet the two adventurous tourists. Winter diet is rather limited, being confined exclusively to fish and venison, and when the latter is scarce it is rather a serious outlook. On the 8th of June the two tourists parted rather regretfully from their far northern friends, and by the upper arm of Great Slave lake reached

THE MACKENZIE RIVER,

and then canoed northward, calling at the various posts on the route, until Fort Good Hope was reached, where Indians were procured and the canoe packed over the mountains until Porcupine river was met with. Here the Indians were dismissed and the canoe taken again. There are a number of rapids in this river, and frequently the travelers were delayed a couple of days on account of high wind, fearing being swamped in the rapids with a heavily-laden canoe.

THE YUKON

was at last reached, down which great river the tourists canoed until a little steamer belonging to the Alaska commercial company was met which they boarded and were brought down to St. Michaels. Here they were again favored by meeting the U. S. steamer Corwin, by which they took passage for San Francis-

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co. This was in the latter part of August. The trip on the steamer was most interesting, as the opportunity was afforded of seeing a fur seal hunt at Seal islands. A number of sea lions were also shot, and on the way down a large polar bear was hunted. This was more exciting than a tiger hunt, and on coming up with

THE ARCTIC BRUIN,

to use Mr. Garland's words, "a couple of bullets were put into him before he could say Jack Robinson." The bear weighed about 1800 pounds, the skin of which will be stuffed and forwarded to the Smithsonian institute.

Messrs. Garland and Beatty are now on their way to Winnipeg, and will leave for that point via the Northern Pacific, and from thence to their English home. The two gentlemen have accomplished a unique feat in making the trip for the most part alone and

WITHOUT A COMPASS,

only a poor kind of a map being their guide. The trip was never made before by an Indian, and only one white man is known to have accomplished it, he being a deserter of the H. B. Co. The dangerous undertaking was commenced merely for pleasure and that love of adventure which has ever characterized the English race, who have been the pioneers in almost every part of the habitable and uninhabitable globe. They have no intention of publishing a book of their travels; in fact Mr. Garland said he was "not so foolish as to write one."

The two travellers are charmed with the magnificence of the country and the excitement of the trip, and they certainly deserve great credit for their pluck and endurance in so successfully accomplishing so hazardous an undertaking.

Victoria Notes.

VICTORIA, B. C., Sept. 16.—Two arrivals from Behring Sea bring 4369 seal skins. Of these the schooner Mary Ellen, fitted out at San Francisco, brings 2309, and the schooner Favorite, of Victoria, 2060 skins. Schooner San Diego, of San Francisco, with a fair catch, was spoken August 25th.

Victoria Notes.

VICTORIA, B. C. Sept. 28.—The body of George Coleman, the missing hotel keeper, was found in Elk Lake, six miles from town. Here it is supposed that he drowned himself in a fit of delirium on the night of his disappearance.

The damage to the Ancon's machinery was slight and was quickly repaired. She sailed again this morning.

The American sealing schooner Vanderbilt of San Francisco arrived today, bringing only 1234 seals. On the passage down she encountered a terrific gale, during which Joseph Smith, a seal hunter, was washed overboard and drowned. Three boats were stove, and the vessel was considerably damaged. The captain fears that the San Francisco sealer San Diego foundered in the same gale.

The steamship Bonita which sailed hence Friday, goes to New Shagak, Alaska, to take a canner crew and 14,000 cases salmon to San Francisco.

THE MONTANA LOST.—Steamer St. Paul, just down from Ounalaska, brings word of the stranding at Newshagak, July 27th, of the bark Montana. The bark is believed to be a total loss, and her owners estimate her value at \$12,000. The crew were all saved. The Montana is a familiar coaster, having made a hundred trips here with merchandise and for coal and lumber.

OFF FOR ALASKA.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—[Special.]—The United States revenue cutter Bear, which formed a part of the Greely relief expedition fifteen months ago, sailed to-day for Puget sound and Alaska. She will touch at several ports on her way, and will hardly reach San Francisco before the middle of February. The Bear will cruise along the Alaskan coast for about two years. Her principal duty will be to prevent illicit trade in whisky. She will cruise in the North Pacific every summer to assist any whaling vessels needing help. The Bear is a bark-rigged steam vessel of 463 tons, built in Dundee in 1874, and first used as a steam whaler. She was purchased by the United States in 1884, and used as a supply ship to the Greely relief expedition.

FITTING UP A NEW CRUISER—AN ICE BATTERER FOR SERVICE IN ARCTIC SEAS. 1885

The fleet of the United States Revenue Marine under the control of the Treasury Department, has received a fine addition in the Thetis, recently transferred to it by the navy. The vessel, now lying at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, won her renown by her cruise in search of the Greely party sojourning in the Arctic region. She is undoubtedly a fine, strong sea boat, of great capacity, with fair speed, capable of sailing the world over. Before, however, she would be in condition to be placed in active service various important changes would have to be made. These will undoubtedly be done under the contract system in vogue in the Treasury Department. This method is a good deal less expensive than that adopted by the Navy Department, which in the nature of things is extravagant and not always satisfactory. Specifications for bids are being prepared; some have already been submitted.

In the first place the rig of the vessel, as proposed, will be that of bark, instead of ship. This is handier and better. The engines, which are of a compound type, will be thoroughly overhauled and repaired. An auxiliary donkey boiler will be given her for hoisting work. The quarter deck will be lengthened in order to afford space for a comfortable cabin and ward room, the latter for a large staff of officers.

The ship is unusually well built, in view of the specially dangerous service in the Arctic sea, as a whaler, she would be called upon to perform. Her frame is of heavy oak, and strapped and kneed with iron. She is planked with three inches of oak and sheathed with three and one-half inches of the same wood. There are seventeen feet of dead wood in forward, and the bow is sheathed with heavy iron plates to protect the hull against ice. The lower hold is braced in every conceivable manner with heavy timbers to prevent being crushed in a nip.

The men, who will number fifty, will be housed in the house on the main deck, which will be retained. This is built double and felt lined.

The ship is about ten years old, 688 tons new measurement, 1,300 tons displacement. She has a tubulated hoisting propeller, four bladed, and with eight tons of coal she can steam 200 miles, under fair conditions, in twenty-four hours. She can easily make the passage around the world under sail alone. She is amply supplied with duplicate parts of important features in fittings. She has three spare propellers and one extra rudder complete and ready for hauging. When ready for her cruise she will draw eighteen feet of water. Her complement will consist of one captain, five lieutenants, surgeon, three engineers and fifty men. She will carry a light armament of modern guns, including the Gatling and Hotchkiss machine guns.

The Thetis will serve in Alaska waters for the protection of the valuable seal fisheries in that distant quarter of the globe and for the prevention of illicit trade in spirits and small arms. She will sail for San Francisco some time in October next, and thence to Ounalaska. Each season Arctic whalers

visit northern waters in pursuit of oil and frequently are lost in the ice. It will be a part of the duty of the Thetis to make a cruise in that quarter to assist and succor unfortunate seamen.

THE BEAR STARTS FOR ALASKA.

All the steamers and tugs that lay near the anchorage of the United States revenue cutter Bear, off Staten Island, blew an enthusiastic parting salute as the stout little vessel started through the fog on her long voyage to Alaska. The officers on board gathered at the bow and waved an indistinct farewell to Fort Hamilton as they passed through the Narrows and saw the national flag on land for the last time before they arrive at San Francisco. The Bear will touch at Valparaiso on the voyage.

EXPLORING THE FAR NORTH.

General Miles' Opinion of Lieut. Allen's Accomplishments in Alaska.

CHICAGO, Oct. 15.—General Nelson A. Miles, who is in the city, received a telegram yesterday from Lieutenant Henry T. Allen, of the Second Cavalry, stating that he has arrived safely at San Francisco after his Alaska explorations, having completed a journey through the regions of the far North, which, in the opinion of General Miles, excelled all explorations on the American Continent since Lewis and Clarke, and the world's record since Livingstone. Lieutenant Allen left Sitka last February and journeyed to the mouth of the Copper River, which he followed until he reached the great Alaskan Range of mountains. These he crossed on snow shoes to the head of the Tannah River—in itself a marvelous accomplishment. For 700 or 800 miles he followed the Tannah until it emptied into the Takon, the great river of the North, to its mouth, a distance of 400 or 500 miles more. Upon the completion of his great journey Lieutenant Allen repaired to Fort Michael, on the Behrings, and returned on the steamer Corwin.

The exploration of the Tannah and Takon Rivers has been the ambition of explorers long before Alaska came into the possession of the United States, but the Russians failed each time it was attempted. Since then several explorations by American officers have ended in failure, until among the army officers on the Pacific coast the feat came to be considered well nigh impossible. Lieutenant Allen's companions were a Sergeant and an officer of the Signal Corps, together with the Indians whom he persuaded to join him.

DISASTER IN THE ARCTIC. 1885

The Commercial News to-morrow will publish the arrival off coast this evening of the schooner James A. Garfield, twenty-six days from the Arctic, with news that the bark Napoleon, of New Bedford, has been crushed in the ice and twenty-two lost, including W. Rogers, of New Bedford, first officer, and Thomas Pease, same place, third officer. The Gazelle of San Francisco was also crushed in the ice, but the crew were saved. The steamer Bacleua, also of this port, was stove in by ice, but has been sufficiently repaired to finish the cruise. The season was stormy and late, with an unusual quantity of ice.

1885

Report of the Corwin Cruise.

The acting secretary of the treasury has received a report from Capt. Healy, commanding the revenue steamer Corwin, in regard to his cruise in the Alaskan waters. The report is dated Port Clarence, A. T. July 19th. Lieutenant Benham and two seamen were left on Otter island, early in the cruise, for the protection of seals, relieving Lieutenant Cantwell from that duty. No evidence of illicit trade was found among any whaling vessels. Information was re-

ceived of the loss in the ice of the barks Napoleon and Gazelle, in latitude 60 degrees north and longitude 170 degrees 20 minutes. All the boats were manned by their respective crews and an endeavor made to reach a place of safety. Two boats were lost and all on board, numbering eighteen persons, perished. Four men in the other boats were frozen to death.

The steamers Balaeva and Thrasher, and the barks Atlantic, Arnold, Dawn, Young, Phoenix and Eliza were also badly damaged by ice.

Agents at St. George and St. Paul report that no marauding vessels have been seen so far this season. Natives at Cape Prince of Wales and on the Diomed islands were found peaceful and thriving.

CRUISE OF THE CORWIN.

Two Barks Wrecked and Eighteen Persons Drowned—Other Intelligence.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 14.—The acting secretary of the treasury has received a report from Capt. Healy, commanding the revenue steamer Corwin, in regard to his cruise in the Alaskan waters. The report is dated Port Clarence, A. T., July 10th. Lieut. Benham and two seamen were left on Otter island, early in the cruise, for the protection of seals, relieving Lieut. Cantwell from that duty. No evidence of illicit trade was found among any whaling vessels. Information was received of the loss in the ice of the barks Napoleon and Gazelle, in latitude 60 deg. north and longitude 170 deg. 20 min. All the boats were manned by their respective crews and an endeavor made to reach a place of safety. Two boats were lost and all on board, numbering eighteen persons, perished. Four men in the other boats were frozen to death.

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At Hatham inlet Lieut. Caldwell and three men were dispatched with a steam launch to explore the Kowak river, and if possible reach its headwaters. Another expedition was dispatched under Second Assistant Engineer McLonagan, to explore the Noyataz river. Successful results are received from both.

Up to July 30 nothing had been heard at Hatham inlet of the schooner Viking, having on board a naval expedition under Lieut. G. M. Stoney. The Corwin will extend her cruise to Kotzebue sound.

PROTESTS AGAINST DAWNE'S APPOINTMENT.

NEW YORK, Aug. 13.—A Washington special says: Protests have been received here from Oregon against the appointment of Edward J. Dawne, of that state, as United States judge for Alaska. There is no direct evidence on the subject, but his name has been coupled with the discussion about a letter which the president wrote on the 1st inst.

The Oregonian.

TWELVE-PAGE EDITION.

FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 28, 1885.

FROM LIEUT. STONEY'S PARTY.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 25.—Lieut. Purcell, who went with Lieut. Stoney to Alaska, to explore the great Putnam river, returned here yesterday, on the whaling tender Thomas Pope. Purcell reports that before proceeding up the river the party visited the newly formed Bogolesar volcano. They noticed little change in it, except less smoke, and a sand spit was forming to the westward of it. On July Stoney reached Holham inlet, into which the Putnam river empties. He intended to ascend the river as far as his large steam launch would carry him, and then go into winter quarters. The party would then divide up into sledging parties, for the purpose of exploring northern Alaska. As soon as navigation reopened he intended to come down the Putnam river and explore the Notak river, which empties into an inlet north of the Putnam. Purcell reports the party all well at the time he left, and that the expedition intended returning here next fall.

FROM THE ARCTIC.

The whaling tender Thomas Pope arrived from the Arctic ocean yesterday. She reports leaving there on July 18. She brought down 105,000 pounds of whalebone, 16,282 gallons of oil and one

Bishop Wenjaminoff,

MISSIONARY TO THE KURILE AND ALEUTIAN ISLANDS.

BISHOP WENJAMINOFF was born in 1797 in a little Siberian village, and was the son of the Russian sexton, Eusebius Vapoff. He lost his father at the age of six. An uncle then took charge of him and had him taught to read and write. At the end of a year he read so well that it was felt to be for the good of the church that he should read the Scriptures aloud there. The instruction which he received was very scanty, while the supply of his bodily needs was still more so, not only in his uncle's house, but also in the school at Irkutsk, where he was sent to be brought up as a priest. But hardship seemed only to increase his strength. He studied diligently, not only theology, but philosophy and rhetoric, and at the same time invented a water-clock and a pocket sun-dial. In due course he was ordained deacon, and afterwards priest, and then worked at Irkutsk quietly and in poverty till 1823, when the bishop asked him to go to the Russian colony in Unalaska. At first Wenjaminoff shrank from the undertaking on account of the great distance, the hard climate, and the savage character of the inhabitants. A Siberian, however, who had been forty years in the Aleutian Islands, spoke one day, in his presence, of the eagerness of the people there to hear the word of God, and as he spoke the desire to go to them suddenly took possession of Wenjaminoff's heart. From that time he took but little account of the hardships and difficulties which stood in the way.

It has been well said of the Aleutian Islands: "Volcanoes smoke under a grey sky. Dull underground noises are heard, and from time to time the earth trembles, mighty waterfalls are tossed down the mountain sides, and sulphurous fountains abound; while round all this rolls and rages the wild sea." Wenjaminoff was the first priest on Unalaska. At first he lived in a wretched mud hut till a proper church and house could be built by his own hands. He learnt the language from the people while he was teaching them to set bricks, forge iron, build houses, etc. As often as he could he assembled both heathen and Christians to instruct them in the Law and the Gospel. A great part of the year was spent in visiting the other islands, often at the risk of his life. He found time also to translate the Gospel of Matthew and the Russian catechism into the language of the Aleutian Islands, and to write a dictionary and grammar for the schools which he founded. For ten years Wenjaminoff worked thus, and was then removed to New Archangel to found a Mission among the cruel Kolasher, on the neighbouring island of Sitka. Here he had to begin the work anew from the very beginning. He was not disheartened by this, but he felt that he could no longer stand alone. He therefore concluded to travel to St. Petersburg, lay the condition of these Russian colonies before the Synod, and beg for help. The Metropolitan Philaret entered with interest into his plans, and helped him in collecting funds to carry them out.

In 1840 Wenjaminoff was made bishop of the

bishopric of Kamtschatka, Kurile and Alaska, with its seat at New Archangel. With but little intermission he visited in turn all the places in his wide diocese, sometimes travelling for twenty-five days together through a desert of snow without seeing one human habitation. Such journeys were performed in a "coffin-like sledge drawn by dogs," which he guided by knocking on the right or left hand side of the sledge, according to the direction he wished them to take. In other parts the bishop journeyed for thousands of miles drawn by reindeer, and was often obliged to face the stormy Aleutian and Kamtschatkan seas. On one occasion his vessel was driven up and down for a whole month without a single sunbeam to cheer the darkness, while scarcity of food and water added to the suffering. The bishop's skill in languages, kind-heartedness, and gentle manners won the hearts of the heathen, and his simple plain preaching found everywhere willing hearers. He also ordained some of his best pupils as priests, and set them over the different churches. For these fruitful labours he was chosen archbishop in 1850, and in 1853 the Takul district was added to those already under his care. He now removed to Irkutsk, but much time was still occupied in itinerating. He spent the year 1856 by the river Amur, and in 1862, having placed two bishops in Irkutsk and New Archangel, he settled there for good. He also extended his missionary efforts to the Mongals and Chinese, and left no inhabited place in this region unvisited. In 1868 came the sudden and unexpected call to fill the Metropolitan chair, Philaret himself having chosen him as his successor. At the age of 71 he undertook this arduous and responsible post, and filled it for ten years among difficulties of all kinds, till on the 31st March, 1879, he entered upon fuller service above.

M. A. W.

THE ALASKA SEAL FISHERY INQUIRY.

THE CHARGES OF CONGRESSMAN HENLEY DENIED
—MR. HEWITT SUGGESTS A TRIP TO ALASKA.
1BT TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—The House Ways and Means Committee to-day listened to statements and arguments by Congressman Henley, of California, in favor of the investigation proposed by his resolution into the affairs of the Alaska Commercial Company. The movement for an investigation seems to be instigated by certain persons in California who are anxious to obtain for themselves the advantages and profits now enjoyed by the Alaska Commercial Company, which seems to be making a great deal of money, and by a few Democratic politicians who hope rather than expect to make some political capital out of the investigation. The only new charge made is that the company is clandestinely killing more seals than the contract allows and is defrauding the Government of a portion of its just royalty.

General Jeffries, the attorney of the company, replied to the statements made by the California Congressman. He showed that every charge except the one mentioned had been thoroughly investigated and proven to be false. The matters set forth in the petition presented as the basis for the resolution, General Jeffries said, related to a condition of affairs alleged to have existed fourteen years ago, when the lease to the Alaska Commercial Company was first executed. He denied, with great energy, the statement that any seals are killed in excess of the number allowed by the contract, and he also denied the allegation that the company is selling its sealskins in London at \$24 each. The price, he said, has advanced since the company began operations, but the present price of skins is only one-half the sum claimed by Mr. Henley.

Mr. Hewitt suggested that the Ways and Means Committee embark on a Government vessel, go to the Seal Islands, and make a personal investigation of the affairs of the company. He wanted to know what would be the best season for such a voyage, and was informed by Professor Elliott that it ought to be made in June. The Henley resolution will be referred to a sub-committee for further inquiry.

The United States Invaded.

A startling story of invasion and insult comes from Alaska, via London and St. Petersburg. It is reported that a number of trading vessels appeared before the island of Tjuleni, drove away a guard ship and landed a number of armed men. As the guard was maintained by the Alaska Commercial Company, which is about all there is in Alaska to maintain our nation's name and dignity, the marauders ought to be severely punished. But who is to do it? Certainly not our navy, which has all it can do to hold itself together without endeavoring to hold all the islands with which the Alaska coast is dotted. The invaders may be seal hunters; they may be only traders of rum and tobacco for skins, fish and oil; but no matter who or what they are they probably will have undisputed possession of the island with the unpronounceable name until they have worked it for all it is worth. This is a great country; no other civilized nation has a government that could survive such contemptuous treatment.

Missions for Alaska.

NEW YORK, March 21.—A special from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, says: Rev. M. W. Fland, who, with Rev. Mr. Hartman, was sent last summer to Alaska by the church on an exploring tour, to secure a foothold for a Christian mission in that territory, yesterday received from Washington a commission as an officer of the signal service bureau, and Sunday night will be ordained a deacon of the Moravian church, at this place. He will be accompanied to Alaska by his wife. Rev. John Kilbuck, a Cherokee Indian, and wife, and Hans Forgeron, a Norwegian and lay missionary are of the party, and will shortly sail for San Francisco. The instruments of the signal service station have been sent in care of the Alaska Commercial company of that city.

EDUCATION IN ALASKA.

What Is Said About the Rev. Mr. Jackson's Scheme.

LAFAYETTE, IND., September 12.—Ex-Mayor Louis Kimmell, special agent of the United States Treasury for Alaska, who has just returned from a two years' stay at St. George's Island, Alaska, was to-day handed an extract from a lecture delivered in Washington last spring by the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, in which the latter referred to the educational need of Alaska, in aid of which he had petitioned Congress for considerable appropriation. "Jackson is a Presbyterian missionary," said Mr. Kimmell, "who operated between Wrangle and Sitka and his begging in aid of Alaska has aroused the indignation of every intelligent man who is familiar with the circumstances and conditions of that cold country. The truth is, not more than four schools could be established in that whole country. The few children are widely scattered. It is nonsense to talk about appropriating \$50,000 to \$100,000 for Alaskan schools."

RELIEF SHIP.—The United States revenue steamer Bear, on her way from New York to San Francisco, arrived at Valparaiso January 10th. The Bear is under the command of Captain Alfred B. Davis. It is believed the intention of the treasury department is, when she arrives in San Francisco, to send her north in search of the crew of the bark Amethyst, relieving the steamer Richard Rush. Captain Calvin Hooper will no doubt continue the search with the steamer Bear.

Local and Provincial News.

From the Daily Colonist, January 9.

Revenue cutter Richard Rush sailed at 9 this morning on her way north, stopping at Departure bay to fill up with coal. She took on board yesterday at the smelting works at Irondale some 20 tons of pig iron as ballast, finding that on her trip up from San Francisco she was too light to carry sail.

The whaling fleet in the arctic seas has met with a great disaster. In September last, while chasing an immense school of whales beyond Cape Behring, the fleet was hemmed in by ice-bergs, some of the vessels being sunk at once or driven ashore. Finding their lives in imminent peril, the captains concluded to abandon all the vessels most dangerously situated, and betake themselves to those that had a chance of getting out safely. This they did, and arrived at Honolulu safe. The number of whalers lost is thirty-three. The loss of property is estimated at \$1,500,000.

*Harpers Monthly
January 1872*

—The Moravian mission recently started in Alaska is to be in charge of Mr. W. H. Weinland and Rev. J. H. Killbuck, a Delaware Indian, who has had charge of the Indian mission in Canada.

A revenue cutter brings news to San Francisco from Alaska that the whale catch is of good average, and that a new volcano has been discovered and the Kowak River fully explored.

The schooner Alaska which sailed from San Francisco June 22, 1883, under the command of Captain Gallagher, with a crew and a small mining party, including it is thought John Lourie and Sam'l J. Marston, her owners, of Alameda Co., Cal., is supposed to have been lost on her return passage. She left Alaska about October 20th of last year, and was sighted on the 30th of October in Behring sea, during a heavy storm, since which she has not been heard from.

A SAN FRANCISCO DISPATCH of October 6 says: "The revenue cutter Corwin arrived from Alaska last night, and brought down the crew of the ice-crushed steam whaler Bowhead. The captain reports a new volcano discovered at Four Mountains, near Seventy-two Pass. The whale catch was a good average. The Kowaka River has been fully explored. An official report will be made to Washington."

IN THE FAR NORTH

Fishing and Canning—Wrecked on the
Alaskan Coast.

United States Territory Ignorant of the
Presidential Election Until March 27th.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE BULLETIN.]

KODIAK, Alaska, March 10, 1885.

Just 100 days have elapsed to-day since we had our last opportunity of communicating with the civilized world, but now we may look for some arrival from San Francisco within two or three weeks, to bring us much-coveted news. With our last mail in November we received copies of two San Francisco papers of November 5th. One proclaimed Cleveland's election, while the other crowed for Blaine with equal emphasis—and thus we were left for the winter in most disagreeable uncertainty. The 4th of March has gone by and we hoisted the Stars and Stripes in honor of the new President, but it was like erecting an altar to "the unknown God."

WINTER WEATHER AT KODIAK.

It would be wrong to infer from our long seclusion that we are shut in by barriers of snow and ice; there is nothing to prevent vessels from plying to and from this port throughout the year but the lack of business. We are now having our first spell of cold weather, and snow has lain on the ground for about three weeks, not more than a foot in depth. The lowest temperature observed was 9° Fahrenheit, at day-break, about two weeks ago, but up to that time the mercury had seldom sunk to the freezing point. Cattle and sheep and a few California goats, brought up late last autumn, have grazed throughout the winter, but they will probably require feeding a few times during the present month. I have journeyed on land and water in December, January and February, without once donning an overcoat, and we have had a fire in our sitting and bedrooms only every other day.

RUSSIAN CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR OBSERVANCES.

The prevailing element of our population being Russian Creoles, the Russian Christmas and New Year (twelve days later than ours) are still observed with due solemnity and general enjoyment, in accordance with old Russian customs. On Christmas eve little bands of men and boys begin to tramp from house to house to sing a Christmas greeting. Each group carries a huge revolving paper star, elaborately painted and ornamented, generally with a transparent scene of the nativity in the center, and illuminated with candles and paper lanterns, which throw a bright reflection of a star onto the ceiling overhead. The chanting closes with a wish of many years of happiness to the owner of the house, who is expected to respond with some small coins or a treat of nuts and candy. This is kept up for three evenings in succession. In our small settlement of less than 500 souls I have counted as many as ten "star-singer" bands of from four to eight individuals each. After this vocal treat of rather questionable artistic value a season of masquerading begins.

Night after night the young people of both sexes flit about the village disguised to their best ability, and dressed up in more or less fanciful style, in couples and groups, and whenever a musician and sufficient floor space can be secured a dance is organized. Certain traditional characters are never absent, such as the old Indian or Kolosh woman, bent with age, a basket on her back and dressed in miserable rags, and a hump-backed individual dressed in furs, who acts as clown. The latter carries a kind of whistle in his mouth, with which he produces ear-piercing sounds in answer to all questions. Sometimes four or five of these fellows come together and perform grotesque dances and antics. The face is always kept concealed, generally by a handkerchief tied before it. The different groups of maskers sometimes exchange disguises several times in an evening to puzzle their friends. On the Russian New Years eve (the 12th of January), the Creoles gave a masked dance on quite a large scale in the vacant barracks of the United States troops, the large hall being nicely decorated with evergreens and plenty of candles. Here, also, several traditional characters appeared throughout the evening. A devil with horns and tail, armed with bow and arrow; an individual dressed in ragged fur garments, representing the expiring year, and another in shining broadcloth, strutting up and down, labelled 1885. It seemed the devil's business to torture and chase the ragged remnant of the old year. He discharged imaginary arrows at him from every point of vantage and chased him through the maze of dancers, tearing rags from his miserable garment from time to time. As the evening advanced, the "Old Year" grew weak and tired and scarcely able to fly from the pursuing devil, who at last concluded to kill his victim with kindness by compelling him to dance with every woman at whom he pointed his arrow. This took up some time, the movements of the involuntary dancer becoming more laboring and slower with every new partner. At last, when the clock struck 12, he collapsed entirely and was hustled out of the hall with a few rags hanging about him under general acclamation. After the unveiling of two elaborate transparencies—one with the Imperial coat-of-arms, a Russian patriotic inscription and the initial of Alexander III, and the other with the Goddess of Liberty and stars and stripes, general congratulation took place and dancing was resumed. The whole period of festivities extended over ten days. In a decade or two these old customs will be things of the past and other perhaps less innocent means of enjoyment will have taken their places. Cut off from the world as these people have been all their lives, they look forward to this brief season of merriment throughout the year.

EDUCATIONAL FACILITIES.

A school has been carried on here all through the winter under the auspices of the Russian Church, but the attendance is small and the teaching includes only the Russian rudiments—the boys attending four days of the week and the girls two. We trust and hope that better means of education will be given us by the Government in the future—it is the one great want of this country.

RESULT OF THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION KNOWN AT LAST.

March 27, 1885.

Our first mail has arrived. We know at last who is President, and by reading up the welcome file of the *Weekly Bulletin*, we obtained at least a general idea of what has happened in the world during our long seclusion.

CANNING.

Our canneries have already resumed operations for the season. At Karluk, on this island, a force of Chinamen is already engaged in making cans, while a manager

and three men have sailed from here by schooner to Kassilof on Cook Inlet, the cannery of Cutting & Co. of San Francisco. The remainder of last season's output of canned salmon from Karluk goes down by this steamer, together with 600 or 700 barrels of salt salmon.

OTTER-HUNTING.

A few seaotter-hunting parties who wintered on the main land in this vicinity have done very well, but from the main body of hunters engaged in the West, we have, as yet, received no news. The catch of foxes on this island during last winter has been quite large, with an unusual proportion of black or silver foxes.

DISCOVERY OF AN OLD WRECK.

Portions of a wreck have been discovered in the vicinity of Cape Douglas, embedded in the ice along the face of one of the huge glaciers. It is supposed to be the bow of a schooner of about forty or fifty tons, from which the natives of that region have extracted many long copper bolts. This wreckage may be several years old and may have drifted to its present resting-place from a great distance. No vessel of corresponding build has been in this region for many years.

LOSS OF A SCHOONER.

APRIL 5, 1885.

The schooner Three Brothers has just arrived from Belkovsky with news of the wreck of the schooner Nellie Edes, W. Anderson, master. While trying to get ballast into the vessel near Churnabura Island, the cable parted and she was thrown upon the rocks, proving a total loss. This happened about two weeks ago. Seaotters have been scarce, and some of the hunters have been turning their attention to codfishing.

ALASKAN.

DECEMBER 28, 1882.

AN FRANCISCO, FRI

NEWS FROM ALASKA.

Volcanic Destruction of Chernaboura Island in Cook's Inlet.

Formation of a New Island—Two Extinct Volcanoes Burst into Activity—Earthquake Wave Thirty Feet High.

Through the kindness of the Alaska Commercial Company, Professor Davidson has received Alaskan information of much interest, and has verbally heard from Capt. C. T. Sands a full account of the volcanic activity displayed in October, near the entrance to Cook's Inlet, in Alaska.

On the morning of the 6th of October the settlers and fishing parties of Graham or English Harbor, on the east side of Cook's Inlet, heard a heavy report, about eight o'clock in the morning. The weather was beautifully clear, the wind light from the southwest, the time of tide dead low water. The opposite, or western coast of Cook's Inlet was in clear view at the distance, sixty miles and more.

In the bay of Kamtschak lies the island of Chernaboura, seven or eight miles in diameter, and rising to a high peak near the northeastern part that is called Mt. Augustin. The north shores are high, rocky and bordered by numerous rocks and hidden dangers. The south shore is low. The peak is distant forty-nine miles nearly west from the settlement at the south point of English Harbor.

When the heavy report was heard, vast volumes of smoke were seen rolling out of the summit of Mt. Augustin, and moving to the northeast under the influence of the lower stratum of

wind; then they had gradually risen and were spreading over the visible heaven and obscuring the sky overhead, under the influence of a higher and probably northeast current. Fine pumice dust soon began to fall; some of it very fine, but gritty, and some without any grit.

At 8h 16m a great earthquake wave estimated, from twenty-five to thirty feet in height, came upon the point where the settlement is, carrying away all the fishing boats and deluging the houses. The tide being fortunately low saved the whole settlement from being swept away. This was followed by two other waves eighteen to fifteen feet high; and during the day several large and irregular waves came into harbor. These earthquakes were felt at St. Paul Kadiak. The pumice ashes fell to the depth of four or five inches in the vicinity of English Harbor, and the day became so dark that lamps had to be lighted.

At night the flames can be seen issuing from the summit of Mt. Augustin, and during the day vast volumes of smoke roll from it. Ordinarily it is covered with snow, but at this time it is completely bare.

When the schooner Kadiak, Capt. Cuille, approached the island from English Harbor on the 10th of November, it was found that the mountain had been split in two from summit to water, by a great rupture extending across it from east to west, and that the northern slope of the mountain had apparently sunk away to the level of the old cliffs. Smoke was issuing from the peak at a short distance to the south of the great rupture.

But another extraordinary discovery was made in seeing a new island about seventy-five feet elevation and one and a half miles in extent lying in the ten-fathom passage between the island and the main shore to the west. This passage is six to eight miles wide and was sailed through by Vancouver who describes the main island and mountain.

This new islet has therefore arisen during this cataclysmic action. This new island lies to the northwest of Chernaboura, and was distinctly seen as the vessel lay ten miles to the northeast of Augustin.

To show the violence of the volcanic action, two extinct volcanoes on the peninsula of Alaska, and about west from the active volcano Iliamna, (12,000 feet elevation), have burst into activity, and during the day the volumes of smoke are distinctly seen and columns of flame at night.

This season a party of seven or eight Aleutes had located on Chernaboura Island to pursue otter hunting this winter. Two of the wives refused to stay on account of the violent noises in the mountain Augustin, and they were carried to St. Paul, on Kadiak Island. Since the eruption none of this party has been seen, nor any signs of their bidarkas, although a rescuing party of natives had gone along the coast to learn of their whereabouts. It is feared they are lost.

Prof. Davidson has compiled descriptive details of this island for transmission with his report.

Vancouver placed Mt. Augustin in latitude 59° 22', and Whenkoff places it in 59° 24' and longitude 153° 36' west.

THE REVEILLE

FRIDAY, - - OCT. 19, 1883

WHATCOM, WASHINGTON TER.

—BY—
T. G. NICKLIN. W. D. JENKINS
JENKINS & NICKLIN.

Aleutian Islands.

Mr. M. C. Power, having just returned from the Aleutian Island, is now in the city. He gave a reporter of the REVEILLE the following facts concerning this distant land. The Aleutian Islands are an extension or promontory of Alaska proper, reaching westward far into Behring's Sea. The islands of St George and St Paul are leased from the U. S. Government by the Alaska Commercial Company, paying one-quarter million dollars rental annually, beside a royalty of nearly \$300,000 on the total number of seals killed. The Islands are small,

probably not more than 10x15 miles, but abound with seal, which are killed by the company for their skins, about 100,000 annually, most of which are shipped to London. The seals flock upon the islands like herds of sheep, and the native hunters go among them with clubs and kill the bulls by hundreds, leaving the females to propagate. On some of the smaller islands the sea otter is also found, the finest specimens of which are worth \$150 each. The Government provides that natives only shall be allowed to hunt on the islands. The hunters are drunken, dissolute half-breeds, who squander their earnings and do not know the value of money. The climate on the islands is mild and wet. The thermometer rarely goes above 80 degrees in summer and seldom reaches 10 degrees below zero in winter. As you go a little further out into Behring's Sea, the climate becomes very much colder. Taken altogether, it is a bleak, desolate country.

INTERIOR WATERS OF ALASKA.

REPORT OF CAPTAIN HEALY, OF THE CORWIN—
EXPLORATION OF THE GREAT RIVER—THE
LAGOON SOUTH OF CAPE SEPPINGS.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15, 1883.

M. S. Healy, captain of the United States Revenue Marine steamer Corwin, has submitted to Major Clarke, Chief of the Revenue Marine, Treasury Department, a report from St. Michaels, A. T., covering in detail the last cruise of that vessel to the Arctic regions, in which he says:—

Being desirous of ascertaining the exact locality and extent of a large river reported by the natives to debouch in Hotham Inlet, I availed myself of Ensign G. M. Stoney's (United States navy) better knowledge of surveying and his desire to make such examination, with a view to ulterior explorations should the result of the preliminary expedition warrant them.

I placed the dingy, with two men armed and equipped with ten days' rations, under his command, and landed him at Hotham Inlet July 23, with instructions to report on board at the expiration of ten days.

DETAILS OF THE EXPEDITION.

The result of his expedition, considering the limited means and time, is highly gratifying and well worth the attention of the government. He reports that, leaving the native village on Hotham Inlet under the guidance of a native from the interior and well acquainted on the river, he made for the river marked on the chart. Arriving there, he found it to be small and very shallow—not worth exploring. Thence he proceeded some twenty-three miles along the northeastern shore of Hotham Inlet. Here he struck the mouth of another river of considerable size, which the native said was one of the outlets of a larger river. Ascending this branch in a southeasterly direction for two days, he struck the main stream, which proves to be a river fully three-quarters of a mile in width, having nowhere less than two and a half fathoms of water, deepening at times to seven fathoms. He ascended the river a distance of fifty miles from its mouth.

PECULIARITY OF THE BANKS.

The banks generally were steep and thickly timbered with birch, alder and spruce, some of the trees attaining a height of forty feet, with twelve inches diameter at the base. Back from the river banks the undergrowth formed an impassable jungle, particularly where the banks were low. The current was strong, at the bends reaching the rate of two knots per hour. The natives reported that the river held its depth of not less than two fathoms and its width of half a mile for not less than three hundred miles beyond where Mr. Stoney turned back. It was further stated by the natives that by making a small portage near the head of this river they could reach another stream flowing northward into the Polar Sea. Mr. Stoney, having gone as far as time permitted, retraced his steps to the mouth of the main stream, which, with two other branches, forms the delta on the north side of Hotham Inlet.

THE NATIVES—LAGOON EXPLORED.

Everywhere the natives were kind, harmless and hospitable, many of them evidently having never seen a white man before. The heat was intense, vegetation rank and the natives scantily clad.

Captain Healy also says:—

Thus far on our cruise nothing has been seen to show that either liquor or breechloading arms have been landed on the American side by traders or others, while quite the reverse is the case on the Siberian shores.

Captain Healy also submits a report by Lieutenant W. E. Reynolds, who hastily explored the large lagoon that lies back from the beach south of Cape Seppings. The lagoon has an average width of about two miles, though the flats on the east-

ern side are exposed in many places at low tide. Striking right across from the mouth of the lagoon, the explorers found an entrance to a small river, up which they proceeded about five miles, when the current became so strong that they could not stem it without using the oars. Owing to their limited time they were unable to follow the stream but two miles further. Tracks of foxes and deer were found to be numerous.

Lieutenant Reynolds concludes his report by saying that were it not for the shoal water at the entrance the lagoon would furnish an excellent harbor for small ships such as visit the Arctic, and recommends that the lagoon be named after the steamer Corwin.

INTO THE HEART OF ALASKA.

Some Leaves from Lieutenant Abercrombie's Official Report.

The Copper River Country—Climatic Differences between the Coast and the Interior—The Aleutian Islands as a Grazing Country.

VANCOUVER, March 7.—Your correspondent has been allowed to inspect the report made by Lieutenant Abercrombie, U. S. A., of the result of the military reconnaissance made by the party under his command, of that portion of Alaska about the mouth of Copper river. The following items from it will be of general interest:

The detail was made by orders from headquarters, Department of the Columbia, dated May 29, 1884, and instructions were to make the objective point of the expedition the country drained by the Copper and Tannah rivers, and collect such information in regard to the means of transportation and subsistence; the number, habits and disposition of native tribes; the climatic influences and physical obstacles, as would be of service in case the conflicting interests of whites and natives, in the future, should necessitate the presence of troops in that country. The party had no instructions to report, except facts essential to the effective conduct of military operations in the district mentioned.

The detail, consisting of Lieutenant W. R. Abercrombie, in command, Lieutenant V. J. Brumback, Surgeon S. Q. Robinson, and C. A. Homan, topographical assistant, left Port Townsend on steamer Idaho, June 1, and arrived at Chilcat June 12, 1884. On the 16th of June the party landed from the steamer at Nuchek, a station of the Alaska Commercial Company, and prepared to explore a vast country never before visited by white men who were capable of making an intelligent report of their observations. The undertaking was one of peculiar difficulty, as it involved the ascent of rapid streams, obstructed by ice and drift, and co-operation with natives about whom nothing definite was known. Considering the small number of white men and the inadequate means at their command, the results obtained must be considered very satisfactory. It was ascertained that the climatic difference between the countries east and west of the main mountain range that exists in the latitude of the Columbia river holds good in Alaska. On the slopes next the ocean, rainfall is almost constant, and the temperature is not severe, while in the interior there is less humidity and the thermometer ranges very low. In consequence of this great contrast the aborigines are classed as upper river and coast Indians—those near the sea, owing to the comparatively mild climate, being able to subsist upon fish and feathered game, while those in the interior are hunters, the low temperatures of their country necessitating the use of animal food. Contrary to accepted theories, the use of a fish diet has not produced any noticeable brain development in these coast Indians, and they are only able to maintain themselves against the braver and more energetic inhabitants of the interior by superior numbers, the more favorable conditions for propagation afforded by their milder climate enabling them to maintain this discrepancy as a

next quantity. Very little accurate information regarding the mode of life of the interior tribes has yet been obtained, as they seem to realize the danger to them of contact with the whites, and keep aloof. Their necessities, however, require them to make an annual visit to the coast in order to effect exchange of peltry for such articles as they require that can only be obtained in that way.

It is known that they can not be readily intimidated, and although they evince a friendly disposition, while away from home, it is conjectured that they would be formidable in resisting interference with their own country. As such interference on the part of white men, is inevitable (since the region is supposed to be rich in minerals) the commanding general of the department of the Columbia, foreseeing that the presence of the military must shortly become necessary, is making efforts to obtain a competent knowledge of the country; hence the expedition of Lieut. Schwatka, the one under consideration, and the one under Lieut. Allen now in the field. The expedition of Lieut. Schwatka made a portage over a well known land trail, and descended a river large enough to be navigable for steamers, while that of Lieut. Abercrombie, in order to reach the interior, was required to overcome the current of a small stream, and was possessed of insufficient appliances for the purpose. The obstacles to be contended against, having now been ascertained, future parties can operate to better advantage in the same locality. It was found that the Copper river flowed in numerous channels, the limited quantity of water being so distributed that the streams were very shallow. The topographical features of the country are very peculiar, and, so far as I know, are unique. Glaciers of unprecedented dimensions front on the river, and moving out form obstructions which cause the water to back up until the ice gives way, and is hurled with its accompanying debris, by the accumulated water, along the channel, until it reaches a point where the widened valley enables the floods to disperse. Here the vast masses of ice become grounded so hard as to constitute dams, which force the river to seek new channels. As the icebergs melt, they are forced along, and plow up the bottom so as to form moraines, and when they are entirely melted these moraines cause swift and dangerous rapids, over which none but the most skillful and daring men can navigate a boat. When it is known that the temperature of the water is below 40 deg., Fahrenheit, and the current flows with a velocity of about ten miles an hour, the difficulty of going up stream among the rocks and floating ice in skin boats or light canoes can easily be imagined. Paddles or oars, as a means of propulsion, are out of the question. The only way to make progress is by the operation known to old Mississippi keel-boat men as "cordelling," and as the heavy growth of brush on the shore precludes the possibility of a tow path, the other alternative is to walk in the water. In addition to the constant hardships of being wet and benumbed with cold, vast clouds of poisonous mosquitos attack the patient navigator, and the muddy water rendering all precautions nugatory, he occasionally walks into a deep hole and goes down out of sight. When it is known that most of the members of this party were young men, who had never before endured even ordinary hardships, credit must be given them for great pluck and endurance. It having been ascertained that the interior could not be reached by the Copper river route with so small a party except upon the ice, it was concluded to adopt the route by way of the Suchitna river, which empties into Cook's inlet, in latitude 61 deg. 15 min. north. In the language of the report, "This river flows through a broad, level valley, thickly timbered, and to the north of the network of mountain ranges * * * forming the eastern coast of the Kenai peninsula." Cook's inlet is described as the garden spot of northern Alaska and the valley of the Suchitna as the key to the interior. Here it is possible for a small party to subsist upon the country, and if the stay of the expedition had been prolonged, as originally intended, it would have been able in another season to obtain much more valuable results than was expected of it. Being recalled at this critical moment, however, other expeditions, possessed of the valuable information collected by this one, will not waste time in the vain effort to ascend the Copper river, but will make their way up the favorable valley of the Suchitna and reach the headwaters of the first named river by a portage, which is now known to be feasible.

While nothing is said about such matters in the official reports, I gathered from members of the party that indications on the Copper river were favorable to the existence of mineral deposits. Gold and copper undoubtedly exist, but whether in paying quantities or in favorable localities can only be ascertained by actual prospecting.

As a matter of general interest I cannot forego making the following extract from the report in regard to the feasibility of raising stock on the Aleutian islands. Mr. Ivan Petroff, a Russian gentleman connected with the customs service of Kodiak, makes the following statements: "There have been repeated attempts to raise stock, cattle,

sheep and hogs, in large herds within the borders of Alaska. The subject is one in which the Russians first took a deep interest. They brought over hardy selections from the Siberian stock, placing the cattle at almost every point of importance, for trial. The result was that the herds of Kodiak island proved best. Here is a fine ranging ground for pasture, and in the summer there is the greatest abundance of natural grasses, but when the storms of October, freighted with snow, accompanied by cold and piercing gales, arrive, and holds its own until the following May, the sleek, fat herd of September becomes very much worn and emaciated by June. * * * Hay, however, suitable for cattle, or at least to keep cattle alive, can be cut in almost any quantity desired for that purpose; but the stress of weather alone, even with abundance of food, depresses the vitality of the stock so that the herd of Kodiak island have never increased to anything like approximating a stock grower's drove, rarely exceeding fifteen or twenty head at most. Notable examples of small flocks of sheep, which have been brought up since the transfer, and turned out at Unalakpa, Onga and elsewhere, have done well. But the severe winters, which are not so cold as protracted, when the weather is so violent that the animals have to huddle together for weeks, in some dark low shelter, causes a sweating or heating of the wool, which is detached and falls off, greatly emaciating and enfeebling them by spring. The practice of the traders at some places now is to bring beef cattle up in the spring, turn them out on the grazing grounds of the Aleutian islands, Kodiak, and even to the north, where they speedily round up and flesh out into the finest of beeves by the middle of October, when they are slaughtered. The propensity of hogs to devour carrion upon the beach deprives them of interest, and they are not encouraged anywhere.

The question of utilizing the rich pastures seems to be one of transportation. It will probably pay to fatten in this way a sufficient number of cattle to supply the local markets with beef, and after a while, when the Pacific coast markets will have to be supplied with stall-fed beef, a question may arise whether transportation of live stock northward, and frozen carcasses back, may not be more economical than fattening the animals on grain and ensilage at home.

But for my understanding that space in THE CREGONIAN is too valuable, I would like to make copious extracts from the report of Lieutenant Abercrombie. In reading it I am impressed with the injustice which is often done in these matters, without intending it, by seedling parties when they have just got in condition to produce results, leaving the glory to be reaped by those who come later and follow paths that have been marked out for them.

It was learned that paying placers have recently been discovered and profitably worked at points near the Yukon river, about a thousand miles above its mouth, on a small tributary called Stewart river. M. S. McConkey, an old Arizona miner, has worked one season there and claims to have made about \$50 per day to the hand, with such rude appliances as were available. With good tools and sluices better results could have been obtained. The way to reach this point would be to go over the portage made by Lieutenant Schwatka, and descend the Yukon to the mouth of Stewart river. The point of disembarkation on the coast for prospectors who desire to reach these mines is

Chilcat, in Alaska territory. This place can be reached by steamer from Portland once a month, and supplies can be obtained there from the agents of the Northwest Trading Co. Indians there will pack over the portage at very reasonable rates, and material for the construction of boats and rafts exist on the river. All transportation in Alaska is on the backs of men, and articles too heavy for one pack that are incapable of subdivision, should not be taken. The weight of an average pack is 100 pounds. These Indian packers are at present very docile, but are spirited men and will resent evil treatment quickly.

San Francisco Daily Report

WEDNESDAY...OCTOBER 29, 1884

NORTHERN ALASKA.

The expedition which has just returned from Alaska left this city so quietly last spring and returned so unostentatiously on Saturday that it failed to attract the attention which the importance of its work merits. With the aid of one officer Ensign

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Parcell, a surgeon, and a crew of eight men, in a schooner no larger than several of the yachts in the bay, Lieut. Geo. M. Stoney, U. S. N., accomplished in the few months allowed him, the most important work performed on this coast for many years. He visited a country never before entered by a white man, he learned its character, its resources and possibilities. His conduct of the expedition was a pattern of economy, skill and perseverance, which might well be copied by those commanding more pretentious parties.

His work did not profess to be an Arctic exploration in the general sense of the term, although he was entirely above the Arctic circle. He was not striving to reach the north pole or even to penetrate into the unknown regions surrounding it. He was exploring the only part of the United States which had never been entered. He was pushing into the interior of a country whose coast even, was unknown. He achieved less glory than if he had left his frozen body within 500 miles of the pole, but he has done far more for his country. He was very inefficiently backed by the government. He was furnished with a 54-ton schooner, with a crew of insufficient numbers, and was allowed too short a time to accomplish all that he wished to do, but by the exercise of great industry he made a success where many predicted failure.

The people of to-day want practical results. They wish to know what is to be made out of such an expedition. It is the absence of practical result which has cast disrepute on the regular Arctic expeditions. Stoney's work was prolific in practical results. He not only explored the course of one of the great rivers of Alaska, but he found an easy mode of river communication, available with especial ease in winter, between the southern parts of Alaska and the Arctic coast. He found a mountain of jade—a mineral of great value, which has hitherto been regarded as a curiosity. He found placer gold mines and coal mines. He found timber in size large enough for saw-mill logs. He found new codfish banks in Behring's Sea, and a river stocked with salmon. And in addition to all this he found a climate warm and pleasant throughout the summer months. Briefly, he proved northern Alaska to be a country of great resources and one not only comfortably habitable in summer but easily accessible in winter. Lieutenant's Stoney's work has practically added many thousand square miles to the available territory of the United States.

San Francisco Daily Report

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MONDAY.....OCTOBER 27. 1884

ALASKA.

Return of the Exploring Expedition of Lieut. Stoney, U. S. N.

A REMARKABLE AND SUCCESSFUL EXPEDITION.

Valuable Gold, Copper and Coal Mines Discovered.

GREAT COD FISH BANKS LOCATED IN BEHRING'S SEA.

Five Hundred Miles Up the Putnam River—Dishonorable Conduct of Treasury Department Officers—Full Details of the Brilliant and Arduous Work.

Late Saturday afternoon, a small, black schooner, looking somewhat the worse for wear and with her decks lumbered up, unostentatiously entered the bay. She had no flag flying, nor was she welcomed by gaily decked vessels, yet she bore the fruits of a most successful exploring voyage and the men who made it. As the schooner entered the bay, the Custom House boat ran out to her and a customs officer stepping on deck asked the name and business of the craft. "United States schooner Ounalaska," was the reply, "just down from Alaska." The customs officer withdrew and the schooner, running in, anchored off Meiggs' wharf.

Shortly after she had come to anchor her commander, Lieutenant George M. Stoney, started for Mare Island, leaving the schooner in charge of her second officer, Ensign J. L. Purcell. A D. R. reporter boarding the schooner was courteously received by the latter offi-

cer, who was very willing to impart all the information he could on the subject. "We LEFT THIS PORT,"

He said, "on the 13th of April. You know the story of our trip up to the North, and of the gales weathered and the narrow escapes we had. You also know of the attempts the *Corwin* made to beat us to the scene of the exploration and how she succeeded in getting there only twenty-four hours ahead of us. In every particular our voyage was a successful one. We explored more than we expected to and made many valuable discoveries. We did not meet with an accident of any character. Not a man was hurt, not a spar carried away. Coming down we had some pretty rough weather. When we started away from Hotham Inlet on the 7th of September, we left our launch in the water as we thought it would be necessary to tow over the bar but as we reached the mouth of the inlet we found a brisk breeze blowing and decided to run over under sail. The bar was breaking badly and time after time as the schooner sank into the hollow of the waves she bumped on the sand. We had all sail on and succeeded in getting across. The launch was taken on board after we got out to sea. We started through Behring's Straits for St. Michaels and everything was going nicely when a gale sprang up and we were driven by it up into the Arctic. Finally it stopped and we turned southward. We managed to reach

ST. LAWRENCE BAY

Where the *Rodgers* was burned when she carried a party to search for the *Jeannette*. Then we made another attempt to reach St. Michaels. Again a gale sprang up, and it was the heaviest blow I ever experienced. At St. Michaels the wind gauge recorded 80 miles an hour. We were close to a lee shore and in imminent danger. We were determined not to be driven north again, so we close reefed all our sails and beat into the wind for nearly two days. Finally we succeeded in reaching St. Michaels where we got our mails. After a brief stay there we started south, stopping only at Ounalaska which we left nineteen days ago. So much for the actual voyage. As for our explorations, they were eminently successful. Lieutenant Stoney took charge of the party on the river. Putnam river is its name, and it is called after the gallant Putnam who sacrificed his life in the search for the *Jeannette*. I explored to the southward up Salawik lake. The river party ascended a distance of about 500 miles in the launch. They reached

A LARGE LAKE

There. It was not the source of the river, but only a lake through which the river flows. The river pours in almost as big a stream as it flows out. It is reported that another lake exists three hundred miles farther inland and that the river has a course of many hundred miles before entering the lakes. The longest sounding line the party had would not reach the bottom of the lake. The story brought by the *Corwin* that this lake is the source of several rivers was proved to be incorrect. Before reaching the lake, a large tributary coming from the northeast was passed. The configuration of the country makes it probable that the tributary rises near the source of the Colville river, which flows into the Arctic.

The mouth of the river is a delta which stretches back about forty miles. There

are hundreds of channels of discharge, one of them being a mile wide. Above the delta, for a distance of perhaps 300 miles, the river is navigable for boats drawing five or six feet of water. Even above this point it would be navigable for river boats if it were not for the rapids over which the water flows at a rate of fully ten knots an hour.

The exploration in the other directions showed that there was a channel over the Hotham inlet bar five fathoms in depth. It showed also that Saiawik river as down on the maps does not exist. There is a channel six miles in length connecting Saiawik lake with a chain of three lakes to the eastward.

THE INTERIOR OF ALASKA.

The country to the interior of Alaska is rugged and mountainous, the river channel being thickly wooded. The temperature is pleasant in summer, the thermometer reaching 115° in the sun, though the nights are cool. The natives were found to be honest and friendly.

The *Ounalaska* comes down loaded with specimens for the Smithsonian Institute. Mineral, vegetable and animal the collection comprises. The most interesting discoveries outside of the river itself were the presence of gold, copper and coal, specimens of which were brought down, and a large cod bank in Behring's Sea.

It is about six months since Lieutenant George M. Stoney, with a crew of eleven men, started for the coast of Alaska in the little schooner *Ounalaska*. The vessel had been especially fitted up for the expedition and was supplied with all the stores and apparatus necessary for an extended surveying trip.

In the summer of 1883 the *Corwin* was sent north to distribute presents to the natives who had hospitably entertained the crew of the *Rogers* when that vessel was burned. Lieutenant Stoney of the Navy was delegated to take charge of the distribution. While on that trip, after the natives had all been rewarded, Captain Healey of the *Corwin* decided to make an examination of the Alaskan coast. Lieutenant Stoney being present, volunteered to assist in the work, and while engaged in surveying Hotham Inlet in an open boat he entered the delta of a large river emptying into the inlet from the north. The volume of water was so great and there was so much

DRIFTWOOD AND DEBRIS

Brought down by the stream that it was evident to all that the river was a large one. It did not appear on the charts, and so Lieutenant Stoney claimed to be its discoverer. He ascended it about twenty miles, but lack of time prevented a careful or complete survey of the river. He succeeded, however, in making a rough map of the locality, and when he returned to the city forwarded his map and his report to Washington.

The importance of the discovery was considered so great that orders were at once given that an expedition be fitted out to explore the new river. A small schooner, the *Ounalaska*, was selected. Lieutenant George M. Stoney was appointed to command the expedition, and Ensign John L. Purcell and Gunner George C. Cushman were appointed subordinate officers of the expedition. A crew of eight men was deemed sufficient to furnish the aid necessary, and one machinist was sent to take charge of the steam launch with which the party was provided. The orders issued to Lieutenant Stoney were very explicit.

He was to explore the river, make a careful report of the country and its resources, and collect specimens of every description for the Smithsonian Institute. The expedition was of a strictly official character and no person except the officers and crew was allowed on the vessel. The steamer was to proceed from here to Ounaiaska and then follow the ice to the north.

THE OUNALASKA'S VOYAGE.

Ounalaska left this port the 13th of April. Before reaching *Ounalaska* the vessel had several narrow escapes and the party many exciting episodes. Gunner Cushman was obliged on account of ill-health to abandon the expedition. When he returned he brought with him an account of the voyage to a point north of the Aleutian Islands.

The schooner reached the northern latitudes after many struggles and several hairbreath escapes. Before reaching *Ounalaska* the schooner rode out two very severe gales, described by those on board as the most severe they had ever known in their seafaring experience. In the first, so confident was the commander in the staunchness of his vessel and was so anxious to get north that he remained on his course too long. When the gale finally struck the vessel it threw her

ON HER SIDE

With the gaily under water. Only by letting everything go was she righted again. For a few moments those on the schooner believed that their last hours had come. However, they succeeded in laying to under close reefed foresail, and remained in that condition eleven days before it was safe to proceed on their way.

When the vessel was first thrown over on her side, great seas swept clear over her, compelling everyone to hold on for dear life. One man was washed overboard, but by good fortune succeeded in catching hold of a rope while going astern. Had he missed his hold, nothing could have saved him, for the storm was at its height and no efforts could have been made to rescue him.

Taught by this experience, when the skies indicated the approach of another gale preparations were at once made for it. The vessel lay to under close reefed foresail, but when the gale struck her it proved even more severe than the first one. For a while the vessel lay quite comfortable, but as the wind and rain increased, the position of the vessel became

PERILOUS IN THE EXTREME.

Every minute it was feared that the sail would be blown out of the bolt rope and great combers threatened to sweep the vessel's deck. In this emergency Lieutenant Stoney decided to try the effect of a drag and of oil. He had had a drag made some time before, expecting to find use for it. It consisted of a triangular sail, to the lower corner of which a ninety-pound anchor was attached, while the upper edge was secured to a spar. A four-inch hawser was attached to the spar. Attached to the spar, also, was a receptacle for holding oil and so constructed that the oil would be forced out by the waves themselves. The apparatus was then thrown overboard and the vessel so maneuvered that the drag stood off the weather bow.

The result was most satisfactory and far surpassed the expectations of those on board. The immense waves were reduced so much in size and came so quietly that the vessel rode smoothly.

All the waves were affected, but

THE GREAT FOAMING COMBERS

More than any others. So great was the force of the storm that the four-inch hawser parted, and the vessel was again obliged to depend upon her sail. The force of the gale having, however, been broken, it was no longer a difficult matter to lay to.

The next difficulty encountered was at the Aleutian Islands. The vessel had been provided with nothing but a general chart of the islands. For thirty-seven days the vessel ran without making land. The last few days had been so thick that no observations could be taken and all on board were beginning to feel anxious. Finally, although no land could be seen, evidences of it began to be visible just as they were to Columbus in 1492. The water became somewhat colored and the sea birds became numerous. The weather was so thick that it was decided advisable to lay to and wait for clearer weather. When the fog finally lifted, land was seen about twenty miles away—

GREAT MOUNTAINS

Clothed in eternal winter. The schooner stood along the coast to eastward, looking for a northern passage, and found one; tried to pass through it, and discovered it to be impassable. Found another, and after several narrow escapes, in one of which "the bow cut the grass off of the rocks," the schooner succeeded in getting through and reaching Behring's Sea. Neither of the passages tried is used by vessels, but Lieutenant Stoney wished to test their navigability.

The view of the new volcanic island is described as awe-inspiring, and the crew of the schooner were much better satisfied when they watched it over the stern than when it was visible over the bow.

The experience of the expedition at Munlove island was

EXTREMELY AMUSING.

It was necessary to land at the island to take observations. The natives had the reputation of being hostile and opposed to the whites. So every possible precaution was taken. The schooner was brought as close to the shore as was deemed safe and the boat's crew were armed to the teeth. A few natives appeared on the shore as the boat started and the crew pulled to land with the greatest caution. When within a few hundred feet of the shore, however, an unexpected swell caught the boat, and threw the crew into the water. The alleged hostile Indians at once plunged into the surf and rescued the white men. It is needless to say that after this experience their hostility was no longer dreaded.

It was just after the departure of the *Ounalaska* for the north that the United States Treasury Department distinguished itself by doing what was universally condemned as

A MOST DISHONORABLE ACT.

The steamer *Corwin* was sent north on a general revenue voyage with additional instructions that Lieutenant Doty should make an exploration of the river discovered the year before by Stoney. The schooner was allowed to leave the bay before the orders were sent to the *Corwin*. The latter vessel was prepared in such a hurry that it was evidently the intention of her officers to reach the scene of the explorations before Stoney could get there. On the 3d of May the *Corwin* left this city, and,

As was expected, reached Hotham inlet before Stoney got there. After Cushman had left the *Ounalaska* nothing was heard of that expedition until the return of the *Corwin* on October 6th. Then it was learned that the *Corwin* had reached the scene of the explorations first and had sent a steam launch under command of Lieutenant Cantrell up the river for a distance of 300 miles. As this boat was coming down again, the launch of the Stoney party was met 250 miles up the river. The schooner had been left in Hotham Inlet in charge of Ensign Purcell and a couple of men. Purcell was to survey the Inlet and the mouth of the river during the absence of Stoney. The Cantrell party did not attempt to go to the head of navigation. At a distance of 300 miles from the mouth the river was still large and the current strong.

THE NATIVES' STORIES.

The natives reported that at a distance of a hundred miles beyond the point reached by the party, a great lake existed, in which the river had its origin. The stories told by the Indians aroused great curiosity concerning this lake. They affirmed that several different rivers in different directions flowed

from the lake. Since hearing this story the scientific world has been curious to learn whether Stoney would corroborate the stories of the natives. Stoney was going up the river when the *Corwin* party met him about the middle of August, and expected to go up the river to the head of navigation or until he reached the lake of which the natives told. If the lake was found he intended to survey it as perfectly as possible in the time which was allowed him. His orders were peremptory to return south before winter and if possible not to be frozen up. Still notwithstanding these orders, it was generally supposed that his zeal would cause him to remain too long and that he would be unable to return until next year.

TOPOGRAPHY OF ALASKA.

The coast of Alaska peninsula projects westward in four great points. The southernmost one is in the same line with the long chain of the Aleutian Islands and evidently is a part of the same mountain range. North of this point is a great promontory whose westernmost point is Cape Romanzoff. Next, to the north, is the point at which America approaches most nearly to Asia. Cape Prince of Wales is the end of this promontory. Still farther to the north is Cape Lisbourne, projecting into the Arctic ocean. Between the two most northerly promontories the Arctic sweeps inward, narrowing into Kotzebue Sound. One of the branches of this Sound is Hotham Inlet, into which empties the river which Stoney discovered. The nearest settlement of whites is at St. Michaels, about 500 miles to the south.

The part of Alaska into which Stoney has penetrated has been wholly unexplored heretofore. Throughout the southern part a sufficient number of people have passed to learn its character. It is known that the mountains take a sudden bend to the westward or southwestward and that the country is high, rugged and mountainous. In the extreme north, the field of Stoney's work, but little has been known at any considerable distance from the coast. It has been supposed that the country consists of high, rolling land, containing but few high mountains.

San Francisco Daily Report

TUESDAY.....OCTOBER 27, 1884

THE PUTNAM.

Four Hundred Miles Up a Great Alaskan River.

An Inland Route to the Arctic Discovered.

The Museum on the Schooner Ounalaska - Growing Rese Slips from the North - A Mammoth Tusk - Hot Weather in the Arctic Circle.

For the last seventy years the English Admiralty charts have shown a large river in Alaska flowing from the eastward into the Arctic. It is the river now known as the Noatak. Eastward and southward of this river, it was rumored that another large river existed. This latter river, now known as the Putnam river, has been indicated on the later maps as a short river flowing into Hotham inlet. It had never been visited by white men until Lieutenant Stoney sailed up it a short distance in the summer of 1883. All that was known of it was based on Indian reports.

Putnam river was found in the explorations conducted this summer to exceed in size the previously discovered Noatak river and was proved to be the principal river in that part of Alaska. It flows over a large delta into Hotham inlet just north of the Arctic circle and was traced by Lieutenant Stoney to the east and northeast for a distance of four hundred miles, fully two hundred miles further than the *Corwin* party went. The entire river and most of its tributaries are

NORTH OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

From the north the river receives many tributaries, most of them being shallow and rapid and having extremely cold water. So noticeable was this lowering of the temperature that the steam in the boiler on the steam launch would drop noticeably before the mouth of a tributary was reached. The thermometer also gave sure indication of the approach to a branch. Some of these branch streams had a temperature as low as 38° and one was down to 33°.

On the southern side of the river there was but one considerable stream, what was called by the natives Pah river. It was much used by the natives on the journeys southward. After reaching the source of the Pah river a very short portage must be crossed to reach one of the northern tributaries of the Yukon river, which flows southward to the trading posts.

The party exploring the river succeeded in taking the launch up stream a distance of about 300 miles. Then rapids were reached, which rendered further progress with the large boat impossible. A skin canoe was obtained and, as it was impossible to paddle against the current, tow-lines were attached to the canoe and the explorers for seven days

WADED UP THE RIVER

In water knee deep, dragging the boat after them. Their feet soon became tender, and the work being severe, they were unable to make more than twelve miles a day. At the end of the seventh day the men were broken down, and Lieutenant Stoney, learning that a cut across country, back from the river, would take him to the headwaters of one of the tributaries, started with two companions, all three men carrying packs and a light birch canoe. When the journey end was reached two large lakes were found as the headwaters of the branch stream. The canoe was launched and two days were spent in an examination of the vicinity. A mountain to the eastward of the lake furnished a view far to the eastward up the valley of the main Putnam river and showed it coming with undiminished volume. The natives said that seven days journey farther up there was a great lake which they described as looking like the sea and which is probably the headwaters of the river.

On the return from the lake the canoe, propelled by nothing except the current, swept down over the rapids so that in a few hours the camp was reached. The men were found fully recovered by their long rest; the party entered the skin canoe and in a single day a distance was passed down stream which it had taken seven days to tow up.

Lieutenant Stoney's work has undeniably been of

GREAT PRACTICAL IMPORTANCE.

It has shown that by two short portages communication can easily be had with the Arctic ocean even in midwinter. A short portage from the Yukon connects with the Putnam and an equally short portage from the latter connects with the river discovered by Lieutenant Ray, near Point Barrow, which flows north into the Arctic. Putnam river undoubtedly has its origin as far east as the British possessions and probably close to the Mackenzie river. The character of the country has been found to be somewhat peculiar. It is extremely mountainous. Long ranges of mountains extend along each side of the Putnam river. The mountains however differ for those generally seen in being detached. They occur in little groups separated from each other and each group possessing characteristics of its own. Some of the mountains are clearly defined, sharp rocky peaks while others are smoothly rounded. The higher mountains are approximately 3,000 feet in height. From the tops of those which were ascended, it could be seen that the whole country to the North was a confused mass of mountain peaks and the natives said that the character of the country was the same clear to the Arctic.

In summer the climate is

WARM AND PLEASANT.

Grass and vegetation generally are luxuriant. The valley of the Putnam is heavily timbered with spruce, larch, cottonwood, birch and willow. Flowers were growing in abundance. Roses were seen in large numbers and not only pressed specimens were procured, but cuttings started in soil were brought down.

The natives, being nearly unacquainted with white men were still uncorrupted and were honest and friendly. Much of the quietness of the natives was undoubtedly due to the tact of Lieutenant Stoney, who has had much experience with the northern tribes.

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The natives showed their good will by unloading the schooner, kedging her over the bar, an operation which took six days, and reloading her. No guard was kept on the supplies, yet not an ounce of tobacco, not even a pin was stolen by the people, who regard such things as of inestimable value.

The collection made by the party is very complete. Specimens of green and black jade were found, and the huge tusk of a mammoth forms part of the cargo. Besides this the collection is a complete one in mineral, vegetable and animal specimens.

The success of the expedition, though due primarily to the commander, Lieutenant Stoney, was very materially aided by the efficient work of the second in command, Ensign Purcell, who not only seconded his commander in every respect, but also accomplished some very important surveying work at Salawik lake.

THE WRECKED WHALERS.

Complaints of Bad Treatment Denied.

Edward McCrink, one of the crew of the whaler Mabel, which was wrecked on the Alaskan beach, has made a statement that he and other whalers rescued by the Corwin were cruelly treated by Captain Healey, Commander of that vessel. McCrink alleges that he and eleven other rescued whalers were put into irons by Captain Healey for asking for food. He further claims that he was handcuffed and triced for half an hour, and that the injuries which he received will probably make him a cripple for life. Captain Healey states, in answer to the charges, that the rescued men were made to take regular watches on account of the crowded condition of the vessel. Eleven of the whalers were put in irons for misconduct, and some became so mutinous that the officers had to be armed. The rescued whalers, Captain Healey claims, were unable to appreciate kindness. Lieutenant Kennedy, when questioned upon the subject, confirmed what was said by the Commander of the Corwin. It was absolutely necessary, he said, to take a severe course to keep the men from taking possession of the Corwin. A man who has taken an interest in McCrink's story states that he is preparing a statement of his case, and will have it properly authenticated and submitted to President Cleveland and the Secretary of the Navy.

Arctic Explorations.

Major Greely delivered an address lately on Arctic Exploration, with reference to Grinnell Land at Burlington House, London. He made reference to previous expeditions and the geographical and scientific work they had accomplished, including those commanded by Captain Inglefield, when in search of Sir John Franklin, Captain Markham, Captain Nares, Captain Beaumont, and others. It was of Grinnell Land that Major Greely spoke—a land known to us for some thirty years. He sailed northward in 1881 in command of one of the scientific expeditions organized in accordance with the suggestions of the International Polar Congress. The work of the expedition was purely scientific, yet he would scarcely have been a man, or an American at least, Major Greely observed, if he had not done his best to extend our

knowledge of the geography of the Arctic regions. Lieutenant Lockwood and a party, in May, 1882, had achieved great results in the region of Hazen Land, and it was while his officers were away that Major Greely succeeded in making a trip of 250 miles into Grinnell Land in twelve days—a journey which made known to him and his followers the peculiar physical configuration of that territory. Archer's fiord, discovered by Lieutenant Archer and Captain Stephenson, turned out to be a river which he traced to its source, and which at the end of a winter of Arctic severity he found to be an open river filled by a glacial lake of 300 square miles to the north, and situated at a level of some 500 feet above the sea. Later, and during the summer time, he was able to make a second trip into that country, covering some 370 or 300 miles. No doubt most of the assemblage pictured everything within the Arctic circle as desolate and forbidding. But in Grinnell Land, along the glacial lake, he found a number of valleys leading to the westward, and eventually to the summit of a mountain, from which he saw the whole country stretched out before him like a map. His attention was naturally turned to the northward, and there he saw the mountain ranges trending to the north-west, and he was led to believe that the sea was not far distant. In the valleys was game in some considerable quantities. They killed during the two years they were in Grinnell Land over two hundred musk oxen, a cross between the sheep and the ox, and they saw some two hundred more. The mosses of the Arctic regions grew in a luxuriance never seen in more temperate climes. The browns, the yellows, the reds, the greens, so mingled as to give the land a color of great beauty. In the interior of Grinnell Land he had seen moss beds acres in extent, and in other places he had seen the creeping Arctic willow, which rose scarcely an inch above the soil, covering for many acres the ground so closely that the human foot could not touch it. Apart from musk oxen, the fox, the hare, the ermine, there came in the summer time various species of birds, and some of the different kinds of ducks had very brilliant plumage. Discussing the question of the ice formation, the lecturer stated that taken as a general rule, it did not form to a greater thickness in the Arctic Seas than about 5 feet, though he admitted that the coming together of two floebergs or other local circumstances, combined with action of the sun and frost, might, and did, produce thickness of 15 and 20 feet, and even more. Rivers of even 10 and 12 feet

deep were frozen to the bottom. Com- to that part of his expedition where, with his party, Major Greely was sub- jected to great privation and hardship, he narrated how they returned on Au- gust 9 along the coast of Grinnell Land, expecting daily to meet a ship, not knowing that it had gone down six weeks before. About September 1, their position becoming desperate, they made all haste to reach the open water, knowing that if they reached the Carey Islands they would be safe. They were obliged to give up the attempt, and they strove to reach the shore, which is some eleven miles distant. Twice, when they were almost touching it, they were blown off by the storm to a dis- tance of 25 miles, and had all their la- bor to repeat. Eventually they reached the southward of Cape Sabine, with all the party hearty and well, and with record, journal and paper of value in a scientific point of view, safe. The speak- er then gave some interesting particu- lars of the two years' sojourn in Grin- nell Land, and of the devotion and self- sacrifice of the individual members of the party. He mentioned how for 110 days they did not see the sun, how they had all to crowd into a wretched little hut, how—so confined was the space—when one turned all had to turn together, and how, though he had sleepers to the right and left of him, yet for a week at a time he had not seen the face of a companion. Revert- ing to the question why he had not crossed Smith's Sound, Major Greely said it would have been impossible at that time, and pointed to the fact that there were only forty days' provisions on the other side. In conclusion, he contrasted his position two years ago that day with what it was at that mo- ment, and expressed his deep and earn- est thanks for the kindly welcome which had been given him.

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SAN FRANCISCO.....JANUARY 3, 1884

A PATRIOT'S PLEA.

Agapius Honcharenko and
His Troubles.

HIS LABORS OF LIBERATION.

What the Learned Priest Has to Say of Alaskan Matters— His Retired Life.

Agapius Honcharenko, the Russian patriot, ambassador and colonizer, whose name has been connected with Russian and American intercourse for nearly twenty years, has been recently beset by interviewers, especially correspondents of Eastern papers, who have requested a statement in explanation of the recent charges made against him as an intriguer and blackmailer. Stories of a most vindictive nature have been circulated against this old man, who has labored all his life for the advancement of his lowly countrymen, and has been subjected to harsh treatment, which he has borne for the cause he has so earnestly advocated. Correspondents of the New York Herald and of the Chicago Tribune have sent letters to their papers, reporting by mail interviews of great length, in which Father Honcharenko is given the benefit of much admiring comment. The CHRONICLE proposes to give his statement of the case, a brief sketch of the life of this distinguished philanthropist and his views on Russian and Alaskan matters.

A LIFE OF TROUBLE.

An extensive review of the checkered life of Father Honcharenko would be most in- teresting, but it will not be attempted. Klef is the city where he first saw the light, on the 19th of August, 1832. Educated by the Russian Government for Asiatic and Euro- pean ministerial work, he was taught four- teen different languages and was otherwise qualified for the life and position of an em- bassador. He was also an ordained priest, as are all Russian members of foreign em- bassies. In the year 1857 he was sent as an officer of the Embassy to Athens, where he remained three years. Realizing the un- fortunate condition of his countrymen, espe- cially the lower classes, who were all serfs, he sought to elevate them by publishing, with Nicholas Trubner, a paper called the *Kolokol*, in which were set forth the wrongs and oppression practiced by his Government in this regard. His relations with the *Kolokol* were discovered in Russia and he was arrested as a traitor one day, while dropping a letter to Trubner in the post box, by detectives from St. Petersburg. He was taken to Constantinople, then to be sent to Siberia and placed in exile, or, what was most likely, to be executed, as the political crime was in those days considered a great one. On the 16th of February, 1860, he was released through the intervention of Athenian friends and the aid of the British Government, being taken to London, where he entered upon active editorial duties on his paper. What he had been working for mainly was the liberation of Church slaves, held by Bishops, priests and others, the workings of the serf system having been re- vealed to him during his brief clerical career in all its revolting horrors. When, in 1861, Alexander I's ukase was promul- gated, setting free this miserable class of beings, together with working slaves and those on agricultural lands, Father Hon- charenko felt that his work in England was finished, and not then daring to return to his native Ukraine hills, he came to Amer- ica, landing on January 3, 1865.

HE COMES TO AMERICA.

"But what a condition did I leave many of my poor people in!" says he. "And what could I do more for them there? At the beginning of the Emperor Nicholas' reign there were 23,000,000 paupers in the land and at the same time millions of wealth were contained in the images at the mosques, while the priest-ridden serfs were left to starve!" Of the thirty-six introductions to leading men of New York, Boston and Philadelphia brought with him here, Father Honcharenko availed himself of none, setting up an establishment of languages, where Eugene Schuyler learned the Russian tongue and translated, with Honcharenko, the first novel ever reproduced in English from the Sclavic—"Father and Son." James Gordon Bennett was anxious to secure the services

of the learned Russian, but he accepted a position as a translator of the Bible into the Arabic, Bulgarian and Sclavic languages for the American Bible Society—a work which occupied some years. Removing to Phila- delphia, he married a niece of Maz- zini, an Italian lady of rare tal- ents, and the two came to San Francisco in 1868 and established the first Russian printing office in the United States, publishing an able newspaper called the *Alaska Herald*, printed partly in English and partly in Russian. Under General Miller, Collector of Customs of this port at that time, he was made Inspector in the Custom- house, but, as he states, the manner of con- ducting customs business in this city at that period was so discordant with his ideas of strict morality and honesty that he felt it his duty to make some exposition of the transactions in his paper. He, however, re- mained on good terms with General Miller, who wanted to send him to Alaska to in- vestigate its resources. An expose of mili- tary abuses in Alaska was about that time made by the CHRONICLE, in writing which statements Honcharenko had a hand. This, with the startling truths published in the *Alaska Herald*, so exasperated its enemies that the latter paper and its proprietor were stigmatized as "the Russian terror." He has ever fought against the monopoly which has controlled Alaskan interests since American possession of the territory and ex- presses himself still willing to do so. Poli- ticians, he claims, who have all a "slice of the pie," will strive to keep back the true interests of the country, subverting them for their personal gain.

THE ENMITY OF A MONOPOLY.

The extermination of seals is all that has been aimed at as yet; no government, no schools and not even the necessities of life have been granted to the poor natives. The people now occupying the territory are the descendants of Russian political prisoners, banished there by their Government. "They were of the very best class of citizens in Russia in former days," says Father Honcharenko, "but how have they degener- ated under the baneful examples set them by American representatives in Alaska and the total lack of educational facilities. Even in the days of penal servitude among the exiles they were given plenty to eat and were comfortably clothed; now we see yearly accounts of their great privation and of their impoverished, almost starving con- dition." Some years ago Father Honchar- enko was offered, he says, a large sum annu- ally to go into the service of the seal-ex- terminating monopoly; but he refused. "And now," says he, "they charge me with attempts at blackmail and have circulated very ugly stories against me."

The learned Russian has received re- peated offers of patronage from his native land of late years, where he would now be gladly welcomed back under the changed condition of things, but he prefers his quiet rural life in California to a fortune beyond the seas. He has a number of acres of land in the colony of Ukraina, near Haywards, where he intends to spend the remainder of his days. He has only been brought out from the obscurity into which he has been gradually falling to express his views on the proposed Congressional legislation touching Alaska and its government.

A RETIRED EXISTENCE.

He says he has never set himself on record against a decent system of government there, but has a horror of the schemes of the tricksters, with which Washington is thronged just now. He has not taken the opportunity until recently to defend him- self from slanderous attacks, thinking per- haps that time would tell in his favor, but some of the stories have been too vile to go uncontradicted.

A great tribute by the noted writer Ogorodnikoff has been paid to Honcharenko and his labors for his countrymen in the former's "Travels in America." "I often think," says the writer, "about the patriot Agapius Honcharenko. How far, even too far, from Russia is he removed. How pure and how strong beats the heart of that lonely Russian for his country."

Nov 4.82

ADVERTISER, SATURDAY

ALASKAN ESKIMOS AT HOME

SKETCH OF AN ESKIMO RESI-

DENCE IN WINTER.

San Francisco

THE APPEARANCE OF THE VILLAGE—ESKIMO

LOAFERS—HOW TO GET INTO THE HOUSE—

THE INTERIOR—THE CUSTOMS AND COS-

TUMES—RUM AND TOBACCO.

Ten minutes' walk across the frozen lagoon—we should have to take the beach if it were summer—will bring us to Ooglaamie, which is the not ill-sounding name of one of the largest villages on the northwest coast of Arctic America, about ten miles southwest of the sandspit of Point Barrow. The village is stretched along the bank above the beach, occupying the irregular rolling ground for a space about five hundred yards in length, and perhaps a hundred and fifty yards wide. All that is to be seen of the village is a collection of irregular low mounds, looking like the foundations of a ruined town overgrown with turf. Close to each of these mounds is a platform or staging some ten or twelve feet high, built of whale-ribs and jawbones and drift-wood. On these are piled a multifarious collection of implements, nets, spears, poles, paddles, and the light, sharp, hunting canoes or *kayaks*. The *oomuks* or large skin boats, are resting bottom upwards on lower frameworks, four or five feet high, scattered here and there through the village. Fortunately, everything is covered with a thick mantle of snow, or we should encounter a choice assortment of bones, filth and refuse of all sorts, the accumulation of many years, for our Eskimo friends have no idea of drainage or city hygienic arrangements, and all garbage is simply tossed out wherever it comes handiest. Our first salutation as we approach the village is probably a rush of wolfish, yelping dogs from the tops of the mounds where they have been sleeping, curled up. If "Cap," the lieutenant's setter, has come as far as this with us, he generally remembers about this time that he has some important business to attend to at the station, and withdraws, without any undignified precipitation, however. If it is a bright, clear day, as many of our winter days are, we shall find a number of the older men out of doors, a few of them perhaps working, it may be chopping wood or trimming a line of walrus hide stretched between two posts. Most of them are simply "loafing"—some of the men seem to develop an immense capacity for "loafing" after they reach a certain age, especially if they have grown-up sons who are good hunters. They then spend most of their time, apparently, in elegant leisure. Most of the young men are off on the ice, seal hunting, while the children are probably fishing through the ice for the little polar cod, of which they catch large numbers. A small hole is cut through the ice in places where the water is perhaps three or four fathoms deep, and through this hole is let down a "jig," made of a pear-shaped lump of walrus ivory, about the size of a large walnut, to which are attached four barbless hooks of copper, the whole fastened to a line made of whalebone. The little fish, attracted by the white ivory, play around above the hooks, and are caught by a quick upward jerk. They are very excellent little fish, and have been a great addition to our winter bill of fare. To return to the village. We have safely passed the dogs, who, after all, have only barked without making an attack, and have "passed the time of day" with the loafers—

old fellow with one eye and a tremendous voice will insist on shaking hands violently. So now let us make a call at one of the houses,—"igloos" they call them,—where we are well acquainted. If we go to the top of one of the snow-covered mounds, we shall find that we are on the roof of the house, for here is the window, a square hole covered with semi-transparent seal entrail, stretched over a light frame of wood like a kite-frame. Let us call down the window instead of ringing the front door-bell. Our friend answers us from below, so we will go in. Some distance from the top of the main mound, and lower down on the slope, is another smaller mound like a secondary crater of a volcano, and the door is a square hole in the top of this. As we are going into one of the "swell" mansions of the place, we have a flight of steps to descend, the companion-ladder of some shipwrecked whaler. In most places we should have a very rough and primitive staircase of blocks of wood to climb down, and we should be lucky not to break our necks, for there is always plenty of ice. We are now in an underground passage. Look out for your heads; for though you won't have to crawl on your hands and knees, as you would in entering a Greenland's *igloo*, you will have to stoop pretty low, and the place is as dark as pitch. Mind when you step, for there is not only ice, but oil on the floor. Along the sides of the passage, which is propped up with whale-ribs and pieces of drift-wood, are recesses which serve for stowing away guns, fur clothes, skins of oil, seal meat and so on. There is also a large underground room, which has some sort of a chimney or smoke-stack, and where most of the cooking is done.

After groping perhaps thirty feet in the dark and dirty passage we see a light ahead of us, coming from a hole in the roof of the passage. If, now, the man who is ahead, for the tunnel is only wide enough to allow one man to pass, stands up, he will find his head and shoulders in the main room of the house,—parlor, bedroom, workshop and partly kitchen. There are no steps here, so we must swing ourselves up through the round trap-door. The house is built of drift-wood timbers, and boards taken from the wrecks, and is partly underground and partly covered with earth, making the irregular mounds which we see from the outside.

It consists of a single room, about ten feet by twelve, with no openings except the window mentioned before, and the round trap-door, just wide enough to admit the passage of one person. The roof is sloping, with the ridge-pole not in the centre, but at the side nearest the door, so that the highest part of the room is here. The ceiling is about seven feet high under the ridge-pole, but much lower at the sides. Opposite the door is a long platform running the whole length of the longest side of the room, and raised about three feet from the floor. This is the bed and general lounging-place of the inmates, whose bed-clothes consist of deerskins. The space under the bed is also occupied as a sleeping-place when, as is usually the case, more than one family occupy the same *igloo*. The furniture is simple in the extreme. On the floor at each end of the room is a large lamp, made of a soft sandstone. These are shallow dishes semi-circular in outline, and about two feet long, divided into several compartments by wooden partitions. Along these partitions and the edges of the dish is arranged the wick of dry moss while the supply of oil is kept up by a lump of blubber stuck on a stick projecting from the wall so that the dripping grease drops into the dish. The amount of heat and light is regulated by the number of wicks kept burning, and the lamp serves to melt the snow used for drinking-water and to cook special dainties, as well as heating and lighting the room. Most of the cooking on a large scale is done in the room leading from the passage. These lamps furnish quite a good light, with much less smoke and dirt than would be expected, and the temperature of the houses is generally between 50° and 60° Fahrenheit even in the coldest weather. Racks above the lamps for drying boots and clothes, and a few wooden dishes and buckets which they make with considerable skill, with, perhaps, some tin pots and cans—"soup and bully" cans—which they have got from the sailors, complete the furniture of the room. Most of their implements, their rifles, snowshoes and extra clothing are kept either in the passageway or on the stagings. Everything is much cleaner than would be expected. The boards are scraped clean and the floor kept swept up, unless some dirty work is going on.

the house. Now for the inmates. The women are all busy making deerskin boots, sitting flat on the floor with their legs straight out in front of them, occasionally holding their work between their knees, cutting and sewing, crimping the seams with their teeth. The gentlemen of the household are lounging on the bed, perhaps whittling ivory or mending their seal spears, but more likely loafing and smoking their pipes, while the children are in and out everywhere, some of them sitting on the floor and eating, others half hidden among the deerskins under the bed. We shall find them very cordial and hospitable, and we will take our places on the bed and talk with them awhile. We shall manage this without any great difficulty, though they speak no English, and we know but little of their language. Nevertheless they are very quickwitted and catch our meaning very readily, so we shall get along very well. The house is far from being a disagreeable place to stay in, unless the inmates have been eating a plentiful meal of old seal, which has rather an unpleasant smell. Usually there is only a strong but not disagreeable ammoniacal odor, rising from some of their rather peculiar customs connected with the tanning of sealskins. The people are in many respects superior to the natives of the eastern coast, Greenland and the islands around Baffin's Bay, with whom we are so familiar under the name of Eskimos. They are well made, broad-shouldered, and some of the men are quite tall. They are, on the whole, rather shorter than the

are rather good looking, the young ones frequently quite pretty, but are all disfigured by the vertical lines of tattooing on the chin. This is done by means of a needle and thread and gunpowder, and causes considerable pain and swelling. The operation is generally performed when the girl becomes a woman, but a tattooed child is occasionally met with, though rarely. The men are seldom tattooed, and then but slightly. On the other hand they all wear the "labuts" or lip ornaments, which are made of ivory, stone or glass, in the shape of large cuff buttons, worn in large holes in the lower lip, one at each corner of the month. They give an ugly protrusion to the under lip, but one soon gets accustomed to their appearance. In cold weather they are frequently left at home, and the empty holes do not present a very pretty sight, especially as they have a trick of protruding the tips of the tongue through the aperture. The hair is black, straight and abundant. The men wear it "banged" across the forehead, and long on the sides of the head, so as to cover the ears, while it is cropped very short on the crown of the head. The women part their hair in the middle, bringing it down behind the ears, when it is braided or twisted up with strings of beads. They are rather untidy about their heads, as they only "do their hair" occasionally, and are not particular about brushing out the loose reindeer hairs. Their clothing is chiefly made of reindeer skins, with occasionally the skins of the ringed seal, or the mountain sheep when they can obtain them. The men wear an "ahtugah" or hooded shirt of deerskin reaching to the middle of the thigh, and usually belted round the waist. In good weather this is generally worn with the hair outside. The trousers which reach the knee are usually worn with the hair side in, and are tied round over the tops of the boots. As the deerskins are rubbed down white on the flesh side, the trousers look very neat when new, but soon become dirty and oily. The jackets are sometimes very much ornamented, trimmed round the edges and on the seams with strips of different furs and fringes of deerskin. The fine weather jacket always has a broad frill of wolf-skin round the hood, standing out like the ruffle of a woman's old-fashioned cap. The working-jacket has a close-fitting hood and less ornamentation generally.

The women wear a jacket very much like the men, but the skirts reach to the knee, divided at the sides, with the hinder skirt rather the longer. Their trousers and boots are all in one piece, fitting close to the leg, though sometimes a woman wears an overboot reaching to the knee. Their foot-gear generally is most excellently suited to the country, and very neatly made. A warm sock of deerskin with the hair in is worn next to the foot, and this generally meets the trousers at the knee. Over this is worn the boot, generally with a padding of scraped whalebone under the sole of the foot. The leg and upper of the winter boot are always made of deerskin, a short-haired skin being selected. The skins of deer legs are often used, and make a very pretty boot with the contrasting colors—white and dark—of the different sides of the legs. The soles are made something in the shape of moccasins soles, crimped up round the sides of the foot. The skins of various kinds of seals, usually the ringed seal, the white whale, or sometimes the walrus, dressed without the hair, are used for these soles. The water-proof boots for wet weather are made wholly of sealskin with the hair removed. The boots are kept in proper shape by strings round the ankles. In summer the boots are frequently replaced by short shoes, lying

round the ankle. Of course mittens have to be worn the greater part of the year, and they have an endless variety of shapes and kinds, deerskin, sealskin, wolfskin, dogskin and bearskin. The bearskin mittens are made very large, with long hair, so that they make an excellent protection from the wind when held up against the face. The men use them a great deal when out sealing. The little girls are dressed exactly like the women, even to having the peculiar shape to the hood, which serves the mother to hold the head of the baby when carried between the jacket and the body. The little boys have jackets like the men, but trousers like the women. In winter a second suit of clothes is worn under the first, and a deerskin cloak shaped something like a poncho is sometimes added. The village "loafers" particularly affect this garment. A hooded jacket of seal or walrus entrails serves as a protection against rain, and both men and women frequently wear a frock of gaudy calico, either for show or to keep the snow out of their furs. Every man wears some sort of an amulet fastened to his belt,—a dried raven's head, a bunch of bear's claws, and always the tail of a wolverine, wolf or fox hanging behind. The women all wear earrings made of brass, copper, ivory and beads, and are partial to "bangles," made of telegraph wire or brass generally. Considering the inconvenience of procuring water, and the fact that they have no soap or suitable substitute for it they are far less cleanly and offensive than would be supposed. The mothers carry their children until they are a year or two old, and fully able to walk, on their backs, between the jacket and the body, the youngster's legs embracing the mother's waist, and his head lodged in her hood. They are a light-hearted, good-natured race, rather improvident and not inclined to do more than what work is absolutely necessary. The children are especially well-behaved—in fact, would compare very favorably with the average white child.

They have learned a few vices from the whalers, especially a fondness for rum, but the exertions of the revenue cutter have prevented them from obtaining much of a supply of late years. They are inordinately addicted to tobacco, which they both chew and smoke—men, women and children. Their pipes are really a curiosity. The stem is curved like an elephant's tusk, made of wood, quite thick, and ornamented with brass rings and beads. The bowl is made of iron, frequently elaborately inlaid with copper, and shaped like a flat saucer mounted on a short stem. The opening for the tobacco is in the centre of the same, and is not more than a quarter of an inch in diameter, and of course only holds a small pinch of tobacco. This is consumed in a few whiffs, which are always inhaled, producing giddiness and almost a violent fit of coughing. The children as a rule do not smoke, but always have a mouthful of tobacco when they can beg it.

OBSERVER,
U. S. Signal Station, Ooglaamie.
Cape Smyth, Alaska, 1882.

Most of the scientific parties that were stationed year or more ago around the world, near the Arctic circle, for the purpose of making simultaneous observations, have returned home. The English party from Fort Rae, on Great Slave Lake, probably arrived in England a few days ago. Germany has relieved her party who were stationed in Cumberland Sound, Davis Straits. The Swedish observers in Ice Fjord, Spitzbergen, have gone home after a successful winter's work. The Austro-Hungarian observers on Jan Mayen, 350 miles southwest of Spitzbergen, reported, upon their return, that last winter was a very mild season there. The Norwegians have relieved their party at Bosekose, in Lapland, and our observers at Point Barrow have arrived home. The Dutch party that went out in the *Varna*, bound for the mouth of the Yenese, never reached their destination. Notbug has yet been heard from Lieutenant Greely, or from the Russian stations at Möller Bay, Novaya Zemla, and at the mouth of the Lena River. Scientists will be greatly interested in reading and comparing the forthcoming reports of these international observers.

THE ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WEEKLY.

MAY 10, 1884.

Life in the Arctic Region.

WE condense from the New York "Herald" an account of some of the experiences of the party under Lieutenant Ray, who, in 1881, established a Signal-Service station at Point Barrow, the most northern point of Alaska.

On September 8, 1881, the party reached Ooglaamie, nine miles north of Point Barrow, and immediately commenced the construction of their living house. This living house was constructed of rough timber, but ceiled inside with matched lumber. It was in dimensions 30 by 46 feet, and contained one large living room, a kitchen, and several small sleeping apartments. During the stay of the party they found their quarters comfortable, and at

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no time did they suffer from the extreme cold weather which prevails in the Arctic. Ooglaamie is the highest and only safe point on which a party could risk themselves. It is in latitude $71^{\circ} 16'$ north, while Point Barrow is in $71^{\circ} 23'$ north. Point Barrow proper is a long, low sand-spit, and its marshy character makes it impracticable for building stations or observatories thereon. However, during the favorable seasons of the year many observations were taken at Point Barrow by the party.

On the first day of the arrival of the party at Point Barrow, Lieutenant Ray commenced taking meteorological observations. Three observatories were put up, two of them being devoted to magnetic observations and one to astronomical. Observations were taken daily in this line thereafter until the station was abandoned.

In December, 1881, the lieutenant built his snow tunnels to the observatories, a distance of fifty yards. He then banked the houses with snow nearly to the eaves, cut and corded at the back of the house sufficient ice to last the party for seven months. The same month he commenced sinking a shaft for earth temperature. After going down about twenty feet he conceived the idea of converting it into a storehouse for preserving meats, the temperature being so low. He then ran a tunnel twenty feet further, and excavated a room large enough to hold a ton of meat. This new style of refrigerator many times after proved

a blessing to the party, as when game was abundant it was carefully stored therein, and in a few hours it was frozen hard, and was thus kept in a good state of preservation until consumed by the party. In making this excavation the frozen earth was harder to work than granite. Powder had no effect whatever upon it, and when a blast was inserted it would always "blow out." The drills used were highly tempered, but in a few hours at furthest the tempering was gone. Ray says he found that the extreme cold had the same effect on tempered steel as extreme heat. The steel would lose its temper, become softened, and bend easily.

It required many days of arduous labor to complete this shaft, as the earth had virtually to be scaled off. Lieutenant Ray never found the accumulation of ice and hoar-frost in this shaft so prevalent in buildings occupied by men above ground. This accumulation of ice on the inside of houses is one of the greatest inconveniences of Arctic life. The party were obliged to chisel the ice from between the ceiling and roof regularly every ten days. During each winter there was removed in this way from three thousand to four thousand pounds of ice. On the inside of the building the temperature was very even, rarely falling below 58° Fahrenheit. No trouble was experienced in keeping the house warm, and consequently there was no accumulation of ice on the inside walls of the building except when woollen or fur articles of clothing were suspended against the walls; then the articles would freeze solidly thereto, with the temperature at 68° and 70° . The party had frequently to cut their clothing from the wall with a chisel or hatchet when they thoughtlessly placed them on a nail against the wall.

A peculiar phenomenon was noticed on the heads of nails on the inside of the building. When the temperature fell below 40° the heads

of the nails would look as though they were capped with ivory, and as the temperature outside would rise the nail-heads would assume various hues until the snow-cap fell from them. They could frequently tell the state of the weather outside when they arose in the morning by looking at the various pieces of metal in the room. Another striking phenomenon was observable when the temperature was between 40° and 50° , and but little air stirring. An animal or a man at a distance had a shadowy form on the lee side close enough to appear as a counterpart, and following with the same motions. The shadow and the substance appeared bound together, and it was hard to distinguish the real from the ideal. A strong current of air would dispel the illusion; but often had different members of the party been deceived before realizing the deception practised on them by the atmosphere. At other times, when there was an extreme low temperature, the moisture thrown off from the chimney by the combustion of coal would float to the leeward for a distance of three miles, and hang almost stationary, like a huge fog bank, and remain until the wind changed, presenting a sight seldom seen in the Arctic. An ordinary conversation can be heard for over three-quarters of a mile in extreme cold weather in that latitude.

Meade River is about sixty miles east of Point Barrow. On this river the Ooglaamiemeun tribe often go on hunting excursions, and frequently stay for a month or two. The snow hut is built, which is really used as a sleeping apartment, and a few feet therefrom, but connected by a snow tunnel, is a smaller room, which is used as a living room and kitchen. In this latter room is constructed a fireplace of blocks of snow, about the size of

the common grate, and here the cooking is done during the hunting season. Preposterous as this may seem, the lieutenant states that it is nevertheless true. The fire is built in this snow fireplace, and after being heated the first time there is no melting of snow. Even the first fire built therein only serves to melt the snow blocks into a solid mass; then they freeze, and for ever after are as impervious to heat as firebricks. The fuel used in cooking in this snow grate is the dwarf willow found under the tundra on Meade River, thoroughly saturated with seal oil, and when ignited makes a bright, hot fire, similar to the pitch pine of the Northwest. Ray says when these fireplaces have been used for a short time, and while a hot, blazing fire is burning, these snow grates present one of the most pleasing sights he ever witnessed. The hard, glassy ice reflects like marble, and farther in the grate the changeable hues are as varied and pleasing to the eye as the colors of a rainbow. But when the temperature rises as high as twenty then the fire will quickly melt the snow grate, and the snow house is no longer habitable, for it becomes damp and oppressive.

The Ooglaamiemeuns are the tribe of natives in the immediate vicinity of where the Signal Service Station was at Ooglaamie. The tribe consists of 130 souls. A few miles distant is another tribe, called the Noowookmeuns, numbering 140 people, but the relations existing between the two are not so harmonious as one would be led to believe was

Due to neighbors where acquaintances are so few. There have not been any open outbreaks between the tribes, and they often mingled together near the station, but each eyed the other suspiciously, and the members of the two tribes were observed to breathe more freely when they were surrounded only by their own people. Neither tribe holds allegiance to any chief or ruler. No congresses or legislatures have as yet broken in upon the rude mode of living. They are anarchists in the full sense of the word. Each man is his own chief, and, strange as it may seem, Lieutenant Ray pronounces them the best governed and happiest people in the world. There appears to be no clashing of interests among them, and no bully has ever yet come to the front and bulldozed the tribe by asserting that might made right. Fighting and quarrelling are unknown. Ray says he never saw a child punished in any form, and yet he reports the children as well behaved, modest, and honest. As many as twenty-five children have visited the station at one time, and their deportment would be such that he could not help noticing the striking contrast between them and the children who had all the advantages of civilization. However small the child might be, it never intruded itself into uninvited places. No matter how many tools, articles of clothing, or provisions were scattered around, the lieutenant never saw them touch a thing, much less try to appropriate or steal them. If anything was given a child it showed its appreciation thereat, sometimes in words but more often in smiles, and by informing its playfellows that he or she had been shown especial favors by the great white captain.

Thieving is seldom known among the men or women of the tribes, and when it does occur there is no punishment for the crime. The thief makes no secret of his act, and will deliberately expose the article taken to the whole tribe in a few minutes after appropriating it to his own use. The petty thief will take a hatchet from its owner, and in half an hour loan it to him to do some work, and the owner is in honor bound to return it to the scamp who stole it. A case in point is as follows: One of the tribe stole a tent from another one. He "pitched" the tent a few minutes later, and in half an hour had as his guest for dinner the original owner. The owner knew the tent, and yet came within its folds and partook of the hospitality of the thief. Possession appears to be nine points of law with them. A police court would soon become bankrupt there. Neither tribe appears to have any marriage ceremony. If the man is willing and the woman also, there is no legal impediment and the twain are as one. There is but little funeral ceremony. When a male dies his body is sewed up in canvas or a deer-skin, placed on a sledge and moved out on the tundra, where it remains. The deceased's effects are all broken up over the body. If a woman dies, the only change in form of burial is in simply breaking a bowl over the body. Having no implements to penetrate the hard-frozen ground, and there being a scarcity of lumber wherewith to build caches, the above manner of disposing of their dead seems to be the only practicable way. Many persons have accused these tribes of having no feeling for their dead, not stopping

to consider the difficulties surrounding them and the almost impossibility of giving them decent sepulture. The memory of the deceased is cherished with the kindest feelings, and when they speak of the departed it is with reverence and charity.

The Ooglaamiemeuns and Noowookmeuns are full of superstitious ideas, and have a god of fire, one of water, and one for almost everything else—even a god of the north wind, one for the east wind, and so on for the eight principal points of the compass. These gods they often supplicate for assistance, and should the prayer be heard it is all right, but should the prayer be unanswered, in their simplicity they merely consider the god angry or too busy to attend to their present wants. At one time one of these pow-wows (or prayer-meetings) was in progress, the object being to have the god of the east wind drive away the ice-pack that they might hunt for seal, when Lieutenant Ray called one of the old men of the tribe to him, and, marking the outlines of the Asiatic coast upon the sand, told the Innu (for such they call themselves) that across the great water was a larger body of land and many, many more people than the Ooglaamiemeuns



and where a projection of snow protected it from the cold wind. A bluebell similar to our own grows on the low lands, while several species of poppies are found, the most prominent of which is a small yellow variety. This poppy blossoms and fades quickly, and while the flower is passing away a small yellow butterfly frequents the bloom and feeds thereon. The Indians believe the poppy changes into the butterfly, and hence both are called "lucky-lucky-jackson." A small Arctic willow grows under the surface of the moss, and one shrub will sometimes cover an area of several rods. No grass can be found except along the sea-shore, where a small, coarse, wiry species is found.

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up and boiled, and the marrow extracted for pemmican food. They crave vegetables, and would always carefully gather up the potato peelings around the station, boil them, and consider they had dined like a king. When travelling they eat but one meal a day. When they arise in the morning they start on their journey without breakfast, will travel all day, and when they strike camp at night will gorge themselves and go to bed. They have no sleeping sacks or deer-skins. When the igloo is built and the slab of snow cut out upon which they are to rest, a tanned walrus-hide is thrown over the cold slab, and they lie down in the clothes in which they have travelled all day. It is impossible to get these people to travel with you in the long Arctic night. They will not leave their huts as long as the sun is below the horizon. They are generally a very healthy people and consumption is unknown among them. There are no traces of lingering sickness or hereditary disease, and the people are mostly affected by bronchial ail-

ments, caused by sudden exposure. Their snow huts are not exactly like the Esquimaux of the Hudson Bay region, being shaped more like a tent. Ray says he has slept in one of these "igloos" when it was so crowded and poorly ventilated that his cooking lamp refused to burn, yet in the morning he felt well and was prepared for a long journey.

As far north as this station was, it was not without its signs of civilization in the spring and summer. The old-fashioned dandelion was found here in abundance, about the same in size and as strong in growth as in the Eastern States. Several species of the saxifrage grow in that region, and the little buttercup is a common thing. The latter has been found in bloom in early spring, the plant being in some favored place where the sun reached it

The dried stems of the previous year's growth are used by the gulls, the terns, eider ducks, and other birds to build or help build their nests during the breeding season; but otherwise I can see no useful purpose for it, except to please the eye during their short Summer months, if it is possible to conceive that the dull, stolid eyes of the Eskimo can be pleased by any display of Nature, even in their desolate land.

The reindeer and musk-oxen live the year around on the Arctic mosses, several varieties of which, edible and non-edible, cover no small ratio of that supposed destitute country, and especially the low, flat valleys along the streams. Most of these Arctic streams, during the short time they are running in the Summer, form a complex network of channels spread out over the wide, flat bottoms, often hundreds in number; and between these is a thick carpet of bright green moss growing luxuriantly, although the frozen ground and ice is not over a foot or two below the boggy surface. If very marshy, or amply supplied with water, a person crossing one of these wide stretches on foot will often sink up to his knees in the marsh; in fact, the solidly frozen ground is the only thing to stop him; and no problem in our Summer travels in the Arctic was greater than to cross these places without exhaustion, by finding the least distance across them. Along the edges of these marshy flats the reindeer finds ample grazing in the Summer off of this rich moss; and it must be nutritive indeed to put five or six solid inches of fat on their loins within a couple of months. There is nothing fatter in the world than a good fat reindeer late in August—not even a fat pig; and, I might add, there is nothing poorer than one in the early Arctic Spring, about June. I have seen an Eskimo hunter strip from the back of a full-grown reindeer buck, just over the loins, a strip of fat two feet long, half as wide, and five or six inches thick in the deepest part, and which must have weighed fully twenty pounds. The Eskimo call this *toodnoo*; and during the intense cold of Winter it is eaten as much as the meat itself. I doubt very much if we can show as good fattening in any domestic animal in so short a time on any food of which we know. The great accumulation of fat in the reindeer must help it to withstand the cold of the Arctic Winter; and yet it has nearly all disappeared by the 1st of January, and thereafter the animal is quite poor and lean until the snow starts to leave the ground; and January and February, are, I believe, the two coldest months of the Arctic.

During the Summer the reindeer are seen grazing singly, scattered over the country, or at most in small groups of not over two or three; but as Winter comes on they congregate in herds of a dozen to

E I N D E P E N D E N T .

September 24, 1885.]

HOW THE ARCTIC ANIMALS SUBSIST.

BY LIEUT. FREDERICK SCHWATKA, U. S. A.

AN eminent traveler and author once told me that he guided his writings, to no small extent, by the many questions asked him regarding his travels and curious sights seen, to assist him in determining what was interesting to people generally, and relied upon this fully as much as upon his own ideas of interesting matter, although having the advantage of sifting it out from matter culled directly on the ground described. I know of no question asked about my Arctic experiences more frequently than the one as to how this or that animal subsists in that inhospitable clime; and especially was this true regarding the reindeer, about 1,500 of which my party, white and native, killed while in their country. Little or no grass can exist in such a frigid country; and that taken from the list leaves herbivorous animals but little to choose from; and of the herbivorous order here we have the musk-ox and reindeer. In the narrow valleys, and at the foot of steep slopes, where the snow buries the ground over five or six feet in depth, this thick mantle is sufficient to protect a sparse amount of hardy grass from the intense cold of the Arctic Winter; and there is a sort of hardy, but coarse, salt-water sedge, probably a foot to eighteen inches high, growing along the beaches of the bays and inlets, just about high-water mark. But, of the many thousands of reindeer I have seen grazing in all sorts of places, I have never seen one single out the grassy places to get its meal; in fact, they always reject the coarse sedge of which I have spoken; and I know of nothing in that land that uses it in any way as food.

70 a hundred for their migrations southward. During the Winter months they have two methods of getting their food—one from the hill-tops and high ridges laid bare by the heavy winds, clearing the snow from them, and leaving exposed a stunted kind of rock moss; and the other is by digging through the deep snow after the better variety. That such diggings take place is undoubted, as large areas of flat bottom land are often found upturned in this manner, not over all of it, but in places here and there, where, evidently, the best moss is to be found. It is quite clear that the reindeer and musk-oxen are enabled to make such selections, however deep the ground may be covered with snow, as it is very porous and will allow scent to pass through it readily. I have, in fact, been in a snow-house whose walls were not only six or eight inches thick, but also had an additional covering or "banking" of two or three feet of loose snow; and yet, during a gale, a candle held near the walls on the windward side had its flame deflected quite perceptibly by the wind coming through. So it is not unreasonable to infer that the scent of the moss comes through to such keen-nosed brutes, and that they can, therefore, pick out the best patches in the field before then. Just how they get through this snow to the moss below is not quite evident; but the Eskimo told me that they believed they use both their hoofs and horns. The horns of the reindeer are quite palmated, and the graceful tines of the antlers, four in number, near the head of the full-grown deer and elk at home, are, in their Arctic representative merged into one, which passes to the front of the median line of the head from the right or left branch, generally the latter, and is so broadly palmated that it looks as if he was carrying a huge shovel in front of his face, reaching from his eyes to his nose. That this could be made effective in clearing away the snow is not hard to believe. The peculiar shape of the horns of the musk-oxen would also assist them in the same way in obtaining the same food. These musk-oxen do not take on so much fat in the Fall as do the reindeer, but maintain it more steadily throughout the year, a lean musk-ox never being found at any time, Winter or Summer. They live in the hilly districts of the Arctic, and more on the coarser mosses that grow on the exposed ridges barren of snow. They do not migrate backward and forward with the seasons, like the reindeer, to gain a sustenance, remaining nearly on the same ground the year around.

The musk-oxen and reindeer are the only herbivorous animals of the Arctic proper, although in Alaska the moose and caribou entrench on the frigid zone for a very short distance where the great Yukon River dips into it; but this hardly warrants calling them Arctic animals.

The polar bear has quite a varied diet, depending on the season and his whereabouts. If near a country whose waters abound in seal, this is his main sustenance; and the cleverness he displays in catching them is wonderful; for the Eskimo considers the seal the wariest and slyest game in his country, and especially in the Summer time when the polar bear secures the most. When a seal comes up through the thick ice on a pleasant Summer day, he is quite wary at first as he stretches himself for a comfortable snooze on the ice so close to his hole that the slightest motion of his body will send him over the slippery edge, and, with a stroke or two of his fins and a splash of his tail, he is out of sight beneath the ice again. Having kept a sharp lookout in every direction for a number of minutes, and seeing nothing suspicious, he allows his heavy head to fall on the ice to take a nap; but they are short naps indeed, and every two or three minutes he raises his head and surveys the surroundings for probable mischief. The polar bear, seeing these movements from the top of some high hummock of ice, crawls stealthily on his prey, taking advantage as much as possible of every little piece of

rough ice to conceal his figure, already well protected by his white color on the ice. Having gotten as near as he possibly can by such methods, he lies flat on the ice, and commences "hitching" himself along by short, spasmodic actions, watching the seal keenly all the while. Should it look up from its slumbers, the bear remains as motionless as a piece of ice, for which he hopes to be taken by this ruse, until the seal throws his head down again, when he once more commences "hitching" forward. By this series of very slow and laborious creepings, he manages to get within ten to twenty feet of his victim, when, watching his best opportunity when the seal is in the midst of one of his short slumbers, he makes a quick rush, striking it over the head with his paw, and grasping it by the neck with his teeth. A single miscalculation in this scheme, and the seal is below the ice through his hole, dashing a mass of spray in Mr. Bruin's face with his pliant tail. Should the seal have crawled up on the edge of an ice-floe from the water, and attempt to escape thereto, the bear being close upon him, the latter will not hesitate—so the Eskimo say—to dive after the seal; and, although in the water the seal is his superior in activity, occasionally the bear is rewarded with his prey by a lucky snap of his jaws. The polar bear is credited with killing walrus; but I think he never attacks any but the smaller ones in a fair combat, so much larger is the walrus than his bearship. The Eskimo claim—and I think their story is true—that the polar bear has been

known to take a stone or huge piece of ice in his forepaws, and, from a favorable attitude—the side of an iceberg or the top of a cliff—hurl this missile with such certainty as to alight on a walrus's head, and so stun it that its capture became easy afterward.

The seal lives on fish, a diet that no one will question who has ever partaken of the animal. The walrus lives almost altogether on clams, which he digs from the bottom of the shallow Arctic channels and seas which are so well known as his home. For this purpose his villainous-looking tusks are especially adapted. Some persons believe that, after each clam is dug, the walrus comes to the surface to "blow." This is inferred from the fact that, when the young ice is forming, and is yet so thin that the walrus disregards it and sticks his head right through to breathe or "blow," a single clam shell is found deposited on the ice near each hole. The meat is well impregnated with the odor of the clam, but not in that strong, disagreeable way that the seal meat is permeated with a fishy flavor. No lover of fish can succeed in overcoming this odor in the seal; but a lover of a clam diet can, I think, leaving out the terrible toughness of the meat, soon get accustomed to a fair meal on walrus meat. I not only overcame all prejudice against it, but got so I really enjoyed a good meal of walrus meat cooked *à la Innuït*; and the flippers having simmered for a good long day, are not unlike pickled pigs' feet served hot, garnished with invisible but omnipresent clams.

NEW YORK CITY.

For Alaska.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 2.—The United States revenue steamer Corwin sails tomorrow for Alaska, with Lieutenant Doty and party, who have been specially detailed by the Treasury Department to explore the new river discovered last year in Alaska by Lieutenant Stoney. The latter left three weeks ago on the schooner Ounalaska, under Government orders to continue explorations on the river. The fact that Doty has been ordered to follow Stoney to explore his discovery excites much comment in naval circles here.

A HARD OLD CRUISE.—Lieut. Cook, who was ordered from the Wolcott to the Corwin at San Francisco, in his desire for active service, "builded better he knew." Mr. Cook, who is an energetic officer, full of enthusiasm for the service of the U. S. revenue marine, had often expressed himself as disgusted with the monotony of Puget Sound where there is so little to do, and where no officer can acquire glory or reap laurels. In that, the waters of Puget Sound were not deep enough for the gallant Lieutenant, and he longed to be once more on the unfathomed blue of the profound

abyss of the north Pacific. So Lieut. Cook was transferred to the Corwin, to go to the Arctic ocean on her regular yearly trip. He was jubilant and parted from his many friends here with prophetic utterances that he went to be the man who would first hang his cap on the north pole. But, man proposes, and the secretary of the Treasury disposes; so when Lieut. Cook arrived at San Francisco, he found that his Arctic duties consisted in going in a sailing vessel with a cargo of coal to be landed at Cape Prince of Wales on the eastern side of Behring strait, and two hundred miles from any human being. The Lieutenant's duties are to take account of, and attend to the proper landing of the coal, which is to be used as a supply for the cutters in their Arctic cruises. Lieut. Cook's orders are to remain in charge of the coal till relieved by the Corwin, which is intended to be on the spot as soon as the coal is landed. But the old barnacle backs of the revenue marine in Washington, did not seem to appreciate the fact that a contingency might arrive by which the Corwin could not be to the trysting place as soon as expected; so no proviso was made for men or stores for the Lieutenant, who, if forced to stay after the coal ships leave, will be a regular Robinson Crusoe. One of his late fellow officers on the Wolcott remarked yesterday, jestingly, but as we thought diabolically: "That Cook would have a soft thing of it as he would have no watches to stand, and there are plenty of ptarmigan to shoot." We think on the contrary that if left to guard the coal pile Lieut. Cook will divide his time between watching and praying for the Corwin to take him off. His many friends here think that at the end of this eventful cruise the rotundity of his corporeity will show great contractility; in short, that he will present the wrinkled appearance of a dried prune. It would be a good thing if the secretary of the treasury, who ordered this meritorious officer on such a service, could go up some afternoon and take tea with Lieut. Cook, and see how he would like such a job for himself.

A Trip Through Alaska.

Victoria Colonist.

Mr. George W. Dillon has just returned by the Ancon from a trip down the Yukon river of about 1,000 miles from Chilcoot, Alaska. Starting from Chilcoot, Mr. Dillon and party canoed about twenty miles, and from thence they had to pack thirty miles over the coast range, when British territory is struck and head waters of Yukon are found, and the party build boats to convey them to their destination at Fort Reliance. Seven Mile lake is the first of seven lakes that form the source of the great Yukon river, after which there is a portage of one mile to the river. Next is a lake thirty-seven miles in length and

72 about twelve miles broad. This empties into Two Mile river which widens into a lake twenty-two miles in length. Here an Indian village is situated, where all the Stick Indians come down to trade their stock of furs with the coast Indians. Their chief furs are the black and silver grey fox, and the martin and beaver. Seven Mile river is the name given the next portion, which expands into a lake thirty-seven miles in length. At this point Wind river flows in, so called by the Indians from the fact that the wind is always blowing a gale, rendering the lake almost impassable for safe navigation, a heavy sea rolling at the time threatening to swamp the canoes. Then comes a stretch of river ninety-four miles in length, and Miles' canon is reached, when a portage of four miles has to be made on account of a series of rapids. The party thought they were a couple of miles from the rapids, but coming upon them suddenly the ran them in their canoes happily without mishap. White House lake is next reached, a stretch of forty miles of river to Lake Labarge, which is nearly forty miles in length and thirty wide. After sailing through this the Yukon proper is struck, and about 40 miles down the Pateena river is reached, and after that the Salmon river. About 150 miles further on is White river, flowing in from the left. Still another large stream flows in before Fort Reliance is struck, about 100 miles from that river. Near this stream is the site of the deserted Fort Selkirk, with scarcely a vestige of its ruins now left. It was here, about 16 years ago, that the Russian traders were massacred by the Indians who burnt the fort, since which time it has not been re-built. Below Fort Reliance two other large streams empty into the Yukon, which at this point is a magnificent stream. Here is a store kept by three men, J. Harper, J. McQuestion and another, who trade with the Indians on commission for 40 miles on the river in the interests of the Alaska Commercial company.

The scenery along the whole route is of the most cheerless description, the county being covered with moss and a stubby growth of timber and brushwood, through which it is an almost impossible feat to force a way. Snow falls to the depth of seven feet on the level in mid-winter, and the thermometer fall so low that it is hard to tell how cold it really is. At St. Michaels, the mouth of the Yukon, in October it is from 57 to 60° below zero.

The return journey from Fort Reliance to Chilcoot on the coast occupied thirty five days, the canoes being poled, towed, paddled and sailed, as circumstances would per-

mit. The coast range was crossed on the 2d of October, it at the time being deeply covered with snow. The whole can be described as a glacier country, for underneath the moss there is nothing but frozen, icy ground, and one with no attraction outside of its rich gold deposits and its fine furs to make it desirable.

FROM ALASKA.

Rush for the New Gold Fields on Stewart River.

Mr. L. Levy, merchant at Juneau, Alaska, arrived yesterday and is at the *Oriental*. The *Idaho* stopped at Nanaimo, and proceeded to Port Townsend to unload 200 tons of guano procured at Kilisnoo, Alaska. She will then go back to Departure bay to coal and come on to Victoria.

Up to the last day that our informant left Juneau, miners were fitting out for the purpose of going to the rich strikes on Stewart river, which were reported in *The Colonist* last September through Mr. J. Hughes, one of the party of three who discovered the ground. There is nothing else talked of in Juneau but the Yukon mines and miners and all hands were preparing to leave for the new fields. About twenty have gone already. The mines are situated about 600 miles from Juneau, and on account of the hard nature of the country traversed large supplies have to be taken.

Messrs. Hughes & Dunsmore, who left their comrades on Stewart river for the winter, started back about six weeks ago, having brought up extensive supplies from San Francisco. Traveling over the mountains from Chilcoot river is a difficult and expensive operation, Indians charging from \$10 to \$20 per hundred. Canoes have to be built on the arrival at the first of a chain of four lakes, and then the long journey from the headwaters of the Yukon to Stewart river commences. Many men have ventured the last dollar in securing an outfit to get into the mines. It is thought that the new gold field is within the limits of the province of British Columbia.

THE POST, Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON, DECEMBER 15, 1881.

THE TERRITORY OF ALASKA.

Not a Flattering Picture of Its Resources and Condition.

Mention has already been given in *THE POST* of the attempt which is to be made to have Alaska represented by a Delegate on the floor of the House. In view of the fact that this attempt is to be made and that Congress will be forced to consider the matter, a prominent Republican Senator, in whose hands the original bill annexing Alaska was placed, has asked Prof. Elliot, of the Smithsonian Institution, to prepare a letter on Alaska for the information of Congress. This communication has been prepared, and briefly and concisely shows the resources and general state of affairs in that far-off Territory. Prof. Elliot touches first upon the population. This he puts down at

present at 30,172, of which 32% only are white. There are 1,623 Russian half breeds or creoles, who have not the slightest idea of or interest in a Territorial form of government. They never had and never will have any interest in such a form of government. This population is extended over 2,000 miles. Another reason against this proposed scheme alleged by Prof. Elliot, is that there was years ago a much larger white and creole population than there is now. In January, 1863, there were 628 whites and 1,991 creoles, making a voting population which was a third larger than it is to-day. In reference to the resources of the Territory, Prof. Elliot says that the prospecting for minerals has not thus far been reassuring. The field, however, for such exploration is a vast one, and should not be discounted in advance as one that is proven worthless. Up to the present time nothing of real value has been discovered in it. The climate difficulties, says the letter also, in the way of agricultural prosperity are insuperable. The value of its timber at present is not appreciable, nor will it be so until the enormous aggregate of timber which now exists in Oregon, Washington Territory and British Columbia shall have been consumed. The fishery interests of Alaska, Prof. Elliot acknowledges, are of real economic value to man, but thus far the demand made upon the Alaskan fisheries is so small as to give rise to a mere local industry there. The Government of the United States derives an annual revenue from the fur trade of \$317,000, and from this trade the people of the regions specified derive their sole means of a livelihood in a state of semi-civilization.

Weekly Colonist.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1885.

INTERIOR ALASKA.

Gold Mining on the Yukon and its Tributaries.

Rich Auriferous Deposits on Stewart River

Charming Climate of the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Mr. J Hughes was a passenger on the Idaho on Thursday, being on his way from an extensive gold prospecting tour through the Yukon country in company with F. Dunsmore and Steven Custur. The party started for the Yukon on the 19th April last, going in by way of Chilcote Pass, and returned over the divide on the 3rd of October, having traveled about 2,800 miles.

Indians packed the supplies over the divide from Juneau city through the Chilcote Pass, and at the first lake, four of which are passed, a boat was constructed and the Indians dismissed. After passing the lakes a river 30 miles long is navigated to a cañon, and another river 35 miles in length to Lake la Barge. This is 40 miles long and is the

HEAD WATER OF THE YUKON.

This mighty river was traversed 450 miles down to Stewart river, on the way going up the Salmon river, passing through two

small lakes and a stretch of river, altogether 30 miles in length, the latter leading into a lake 48 miles long. A peculiarity about this lake is the inky appearance of the water, though when taken in a pail it is quite clear and pure. No gold was found on Salmon river.

On the Stewart river, 60 miles from its mouth, Thos. Boswell, T. Fraser, Dick Poplin, Pete Weyber, Jeremiah Bertholpe and Frank Moffatt were working a bar, and were taking out \$30 per day to the man, with rockers. A member of this party went down the river to Fort Reliance, chartered a small steamer and brought up to camp \$1500 worth of supplies. They intend wintering on the river in order to make an early start in the spring.

THE HUGHES PARTY

prospected on Stewart river and on a bar five or six miles from its mouth took out \$10 per day to the man. Steven Custur and two others remained here for the winter, Messrs Hughes and Dunsmore returning. Hugh and Albert Day were met at a point on the Yukon in July and also joined this party.

Two men are mining on the White river, a tributary of the Yukon, one an old Cassiar miner named Franklin, the other Henry Manson. Five men are at the mouth of White river—Chapman, a former Alaska missionary, Powers, Michael Hess, T. Williams and Joe Leduc. Two other men will hunt and trap on White river during the winter.

THE YUKON

is not the frozen region that is generally supposed, it being easy to work the gravel for about six months of the year. Vegetation is sparse, though an attempt to grow vegetables was successful, the products being of rather stunted growth, similar to all vegetable life in the region. During the past summer that weather has been dry and warm, the long sunny days making it most favorable for mining operations.

An immense quartz deposit was discovered by Leduc and Williams on the Yukon river, there being a regular mountain of ore in sight, which rough assays made \$10 to the ton. The facilities for crushing it are ample there being any amount of water and other necessaries for milling the ore near at hand.

Messrs. Hughes and Dunsmore

LEFT STEWART RIVER

on the 30th of August in a boat 23 feet long, which they constructed at the point of starting. It was slow traveling on the return trip, the Yukon having to be poled up for 450 miles to Lake la Barge. Only one portage had to be made, that at the cañon between the two rivers entering the great lake.

The only reason why a large mining population should not establish themselves on the Yukon and its tributaries is the difficulty and expense of access. Indians charge \$10 per 100 pounds to pack 35 miles across the divide to the point where boat is taken. However, quite a number of Harrisburg miners have signified their intention of going in next season.

are extensive and soon as their wealth becomes generally known and there is sufficient inducement for a steamer to go in from the great river's mouth with men and supplies undoubtedly the lonely stream and its lonelier tributaries will be peopled with an energetic mining population. The Indian population is docile, and seemingly favorable to the presence of the pale-face among them.

Mr. Hughes goes to San Francisco for the purpose of procuring cheaper and better supplies and facilities for the coming season when he will return with Mr. Dunsmore to their comrades on the Stewart river.

DOWN THE YUKON RIVER.

Traveling Twelve Hundred Miles in Search of Gold. S. F. Chronicle.

A *Chronicle* reporter called the other day upon "Ed" Schieffelin, who last year made a trip of some 1200 miles down the Yukon river for the purpose of prospecting for gold. Mr. Schieffelin has been a prospector from his earliest youth, first starting out in this business at the age of 14 in Oregon, and for the last fifteen years he has explored this entire western coast, from Alaska to Mexico.

"We hired the H. L. Tiernan," said he. "She was a schooner of 125 to 150 tons burden, and we left this port on June 13, 1883, and arrived at St. Michael's on July 25th. On August 2d we got into the mouth of the Yukon river. The scenery is of a most uninteresting description. On the north and west is a low range of hills, and on the south and east sides a vast swampy country, covered with underbrush and moss. Where it empties into the Behring sea the river is broad, having several mouths. At present the principal of these separate streams has not been found and consequently it is extremely difficult to enter the river. But there is no doubt that there is a main mouth. My reasons for so thinking are that the known channels are too narrow to permit the passage of the ice-pack and driftwood into the ocean. For 1000 miles this river is broad, full of sloughs, islands and bars; it then strikes a range of hills called the Ramparts. The character of the river then changes, and for 150 miles it is deep, with a strong current, and is from three-fourths of a mile to a mile broad. Then it opens out again into a vast plain, or *tundra*, which lies above Fort Yukon, in British possessions. Then again it enters mountainous regions and branches out into various streams."

"Do you think this river is navigable?"

"Of course it is. It is navigable for at least 1000 to 1500 miles. But the country will never amount to anything. The climate will not permit of it. The surface of the land is completely covered with moss as is this floor with carpet. The heat of the sun can never penetrate this mossy covering, and it is only in a few places where the land is so exposed as to permit of the sun's rays lighting on it for any length of time. Then the country is so densely covered with a growth of scrub and brushwood that it effectually prevents the ground from thawing and I believe the ground is frozen eternally."

"Is there anything to be realized from this country?"

"We can only expect fish and fur. The fish are *Salmo*, the King salmon being especially fine. It beats any salmon that I have ever eaten—even the Columbia river salmon or anything along the coast. It may eventually become a mining country; but that will be when the rest of our mining country is exhausted and our miners have nowhere else to go. Difficulties encountered on such an expedition are extraordinary. There are no animals there, and what is more, there is no way of keeping them. A man must pack his own supplies directly he leaves his canoe. Besides he has to provide himself with a hatchet, with which he has to cut his way through the brush. He can avoid this by taking to the tops of the mountains and following the moose trail, and then in the summer it is worse, for it rains so much during this season that a man cannot keep himself dry."

"Are there good indications of gold?"

"Oh, yes; you can find gold almost anywhere. But the only heavy gold that was found in the country up to the time we were there was discovered by us in the gulches of the mountains known as the Ramparts. But fine scale gold can be found on almost any of the bars in small quantities. In the Ramparts \$15 a day can probably be secured, whilst on the bars scale gold amounting to \$3 or \$4 per day."

"Your idea of going up there was for prospecting?"

"Certainly, that was the object of our trip. We were five in the party and we prospected from 1000 to 1200 miles along the Yukon river."

"Did you experience any change?"
"We had plenty of hard work cutting and wading through that river, and carrying our hatchet and our supplies is no joke I can assure you. And then mind you we were all Arizona men. We had come straight from that hot country, and most of us had malaria in our systems. One would have thought that we would not have been able to stand the change from the intense heat to the extreme cold. But we did. There was not a cough or cold in our whole party. We all came back stronger—with the exception of one who stayed up there. We were in the country eighteen months."

"Have you any idea of going there again?"

"No, sir; nor would I advise anybody to go there—not for any purpose—unless he wants to die of starvation."

"What do you think of Lieutenant Stoney's expedition?"

"He claims to have discovered a river which empties itself into Kotzebue sound. I can hardly see how he can lay claim to such a discovery, as the presence of this river was certainly known to the white men resident up there. Nor can it be a very large stream—perhaps it is as big as the Sacramento river. I will give you the reasons for thinking it cannot be a very large stream. First, because the Kookuk river is one which heads in that same country and empties into the Yukon some 600 miles from its mouth, as does also the Colville river, which runs into the Arctic. Now, both of these rivers rise in the country which lies between the Yukon and the Arctic ocean, and which certainly has not sufficient expanse to support any very large river."

"Are there any white men in that section of the country now?"

"There are. No less than twelve men wintered there this year. They are all prospecting. I think our action may have induced these men to make the attempt, for they are all Arizona men. They made sure we would strike something, and thought they would like to be in with us. They went first to Harrisburg, and then crossed over the mountains, struck the headwaters of the Yukon, built there their boats and then came down stream to the place where we made our richest discovery."

"Do you think they will stay there long?"

"No; I do not. I think the most of them will come down by the St. Paul, and I am pretty sure they will be disappointed with their venture."

attention. *June 15 1884.*

Steam brig Karluke, Capt. Thomas, of San Francisco, arrived at Quincy street wharf this morning from Kodiak, via Nanaimo, in ballast for coal and lumber to return to Kodiak when loaded. This vessel is engaged in the Alaska salmon trade, for which business she was expressly built by M. Turner & Co., of San Francisco. The Karluke is about 300 tons burden; can sail 11 or 12 knots with ease, or steam 10 knots. She is fitted with all the latest improvements; is a fine model; exceedingly strongly built, and is one of the very best vessels we have seen for the Alaskan waters. Capt. Thomas is an old hand at the business having been engaged in the Alaskan waters for ten years in all the different kinds of business, such as seal and sea otter hunting, cod and salmon fisheries and Arctic trading. *Pt Townsend*

ERUPTION IN ALASKA.

A Mountain Split in Two from Base to Summit.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 28, 1883. Prof. Davidson received from Alaska today particulars of the volcanic disturbances there in October last near the entrance to Cook's inlet. On the morning of Oct. 6 a settlement of fishermen on English bay heard a heavy report, and immediately immense volumes of smoke and flame were seen to burst forth from the summit of Mt. Augustine. The sky became obscured, and a few hours later great quantities of pumice dust began to fall. At 3:30 o'clock on the same day an earthquake wave 30 feet high rushed over the hamlet, sweeping away all the boats and deluging the houses. The tide being low saved the

settlement from destruction. The pumice ashes fell to a depth of five inches, making the day so dark that lamps had to be lighted. After the disturbances had subsided, it was found that the mountain had been split in two from base to summit, and that the northern slope had fallen to the level of the surrounding cliffs. Simultaneously with the eruption a new island made its appearance in the passage between Cherna-boura island and the mainland. It was 75 feet high and 1½ miles long. So violent was the volcanic action that two extinct volcanoes on the peninsula of Alaska, lying to the westward of the active volcano Iliamna, 12,000 feet high, burst into activity, and emitted immense volumes of smoke and dust.

News from Alaska.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 6.—The United States revenue cutter Thomas Corwin arrived today from Alaska, bringing the Schiefflin exploring party; also the news that the schooner Leo, with Lieutenant Ray and party, had arrived in Alaska from Point Barrow on September 17th. Lieutenant Schwatka, who has been exploring on the Yukon river, joined the Leo at St. Michael's on her way down. They were to leave Alaska for this port September 24th, and are expected to arrive in a few days. The captain of the Leo reported the loss of the whaling bark Cyane off Point Belcher, with the crew and the greater part of the cargo. The ice was unusually heavy, and the whaling season poor. Schiefflin met a prospector and miner, who came down on the Corwin, and who, with a large party, had been prospecting on the Yukon river and other streams. He says that the country does not suit him, although he is satisfied that it contains plenty of gold, it is too cold and inaccessible to mine profitably.

...Mr. Henry Chichester Hart, naturalist of the "Discovery" Arctic expedition, notes the rarity of odor in Arctic plants. In Discover Bay he took especial pains to ascertain, and found odor in only one species, *Hesperis Pallasa*, a cruciferous plant which had a faint hawthorn odor. Mr. Thomas Meehan, who has recently made botanical collections in Alaska as high as 60 deg. north latitude, with Mr. Hart's observation in mind, failed to find any odoriferous species in bloom. The red maple was, however, found at the mouth of the Chilkat River, as well as many willows which also grow there, the male flowers of which are usually sweet. It is probable there are a few odoriferous plants there; but still it is safe to say that high northern flowers are, as a rule, scentless.

IN ALASKA.

PECULIARITIES OF THE PEOPLE THERE—THEIR VICES AND AILMENTS.

The American Geographical Society has just published an interesting paper concerning the people of Alaska from the pen of Dr. Irving C. Rosse.

"The object of this paper," says Dr. Rosse, in opening, "is to record, in a fragmentary way, some observations, as they have occurred to the writer during a late hyperborean experience, which afforded exceptional advantages for noting a few of the changes and variations that are brought about in the human economy by climatic influences and the environments of high latitudes."

The author proceeds to give an account of his experiences in the north while with the revenue cutter Corwin. "The principal vices among the people of Alaska," he says, "who are generally

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mild and inoffensive, seem to be a fondness for games of chance and an uncontrollable craving for alcoholic drinks—an appetite which, by the way, two seasons of personal observation and experience in the Arctic convince me is something of a physiological necessity. The taste, however, seems to be an acquired one by the aborigines, for I saw a man at Nouniyak Island to whom the taste was foreign, and on tasting both brandy and whiskey he made a wry face and spat them out with evident disgust.

"Illicit traders, taking advantage of this northern craving for drink, have of late years been in the habit of supplying the most villainous compounds, in exchange for small quantities of which the improvident Esquimaux gives his choicest furs. Some captured specimens of these prohibited articles, bearing the respective labels of 'bay rum,' 'Jamaica ginger,' &c., with a view to defrauding the revenue, proved on examination to be nothing but cheap alcohol of a highly inflammable nature to which a little coloring matter had been added."

Speaking of the effects of climate on health, Dr. Rosse says:—"In addition to the frequent disorders of the respiratory organs, rheumatism and affections of the alimentary canal are quite common. The latter are principally due to overloading the stomach after a long fast, and indigestion from this cause is so frequent that it is no uncommon thing to find an Esquimaux suffering for several days from all the remorse of a guilty stomach. The women, too, are at times violently hysterical, and in this respect do not differ much from their more civilized sisters. Diseases of the eye and its appendages are quite numerous, and among them I noticed several cases of opacity of the crystalline lens and of the cornea, and of fatty and pigmental degeneration. Ophthalmia tarsi in its chronic form and granular inflammation of the conjunctiva are common along with amblyopia and asthenopia, and it is not at all unlikely that a specialist might exhaust the ophthalmological vocabulary in describing the diseases he might observe.

"Among these numerous eye diseases, however, I observed but two cases of total blindness—one in a man at St. Lawrence Island and another at St. Michael's in a native from the interior. Mr. Petroff, whose duties as census agent have afforded him great facilities for observing the interior population, informs me that blindness is almost universal among the older people, most of whom get blind on reaching the age of fifty. This blindness, common also to the lower animals, was once observed by him in a bear at Prince William Sound. The bear with several others was seen approaching his party on the beach, and the singular actions of this particular bear attracting attention, from the uncertain way in which he walked and was pushed about by the noses of the other bears, it was singled out and shot, when an examination showed the previous existence of total blindness, which of course accounted for the odd movements of the animal.

"These eye affections are not caused by smoke, as has been erroneously supposed; they are mostly the result of snow blindness, in which the sensibility of the end organs, the rods and cones, is diminished or exhausted by the prolonged illumination from the constant sunlight and the glare from broad expanses of brightly glistening snow. The rarefaction of the Arctic atmosphere, the insufficient and impoverished condition of the blood brought about by bad feeding and the strumous diathesis may likewise be mentioned as predisposing causes."

Revenue Cutter in Alaska.

[Cor. Oregonian.]

Senator Dolph's bill to transfer one of the vessels of the Greely relief expedition to the treasury department to be used as a revenue cutter in the Alaska waters passed the senate this morning, and there is every assurance that the house will give its assent at an early day. In a communication to Mr. Dolph, Captain Hooper, of the U. S. marine service, referring to the necessity for a larger vessel than is now at the disposal of the department for this particular service says: "For a number of years our vessels have been called upon to cruise in the Arctic regions, but no provision has been made to furnish us with suitable vessels. Our little cutters are all right for the purpose for which they were intended, but

7/4 are unfit for the work which we now have to do on the coast of Alaska, being entirely too small and not sufficiently strong in their build. The *Corwin*, a little vessel intended for service on the Columbia river, has been five successive years cruising from May until October in the waters of Behring sea and the Arctic ocean; and this is without any special fitting other than a thin sheathing of oak to protect the pine plank from chafe by the ice. She has accommodation, by packing close, for thirty-seven persons; but almost every year it is found necessary, in order to relieve persons actually in distress, to take on board many (sometimes as high as forty) in addition to her regular complement. Of course the condition of so many confined in such small quarters is very bad, and there is constant danger of disease breaking out. Therefore there is nothing to do but end the voyage and return to San Francisco.

If the revenue marine service is to be required to send a vessel into the Arctic ocean each year to protect the interests of commerce and enforce the laws, a suitable vessel should be furnished for the purpose. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the relative merits of the *Bear* and *Thetis* to decide which would be the more suitable. It is probable that either would answer the purpose. The *Alert* is perhaps a little larger than we need.

Daily Evening Bulletin.

The "Bulletin" has more than double the circulation of any other evening paper published west of the Rocky Mountains.

San Francisco, Monday November 6, 1882.

ALASKA'S CLIMATE.

Items from the United States Signal Station in the Arctic-Northern Lights-Velocity of the Wind.

A record of observations made by Lieutenant P. H. Ray and his assistants at the United States Signal Station, at Ooglaamie, near Point Barrow, Alaska, has been received in this city. The report, extending from November, 1881, to August, 1882, contains figures of much interest, as this is the farthest point north from which official observations of this character have been taken. During the months mentioned the highest standing of the corrected barometer was 30.745, in March; the lowest 28.283, in January. In temperature the monthly mean of the thermometer was as follows: In November, 3.0° below zero; in December, 21.5°; January, 18.5°; February, 26.9°; March, 6.8°. In April, 2.6° above zero; in May, 21.2°; June, 34.1°; July, 43°. The lowest temperature experienced was 52.6° below zero, in December. In this month, the maximum was 11.5° above. The highest temperature was in July, the thermometer standing 65.3°; the minimum this month was 27.1°. The greatest daily range of the thermometer was in November, 44.8°; least daily range, also in November, 2.1°. The greatest daily range in July was 20.1°; least daily range, 4.6°.

Near the station was a small lagoon or inlet that was watched during the cold weather, and the thickness of the ice carefully noted. In January it averaged three feet and nine inches. From that date it gradually increased in thickness until in May and June it was a trifle over six feet.

The per cent of mean relative humidity during the month was as follows: In November, 94.8; January, 83.2; February, 78.9; March, 82.6; April, 82.4; May, 82.9; June, 83.7; July, 83.4.

During the months up to April, the aurora borealis, or northern light, was visible. In November, twenty auroras were seen; in December, February and March, each twenty-seven; in January, twenty-eight—the greatest number; in April, twelve—the least number. The average wind movement during November, was 12.04 miles per hour; in December, 6.361 miles; in February, 7.952 miles. The greatest velocity recorded was in January, when a sou'wester blew at the rate of 100 miles per hour.

A dispatch from Washington to *S. F. Chronicle*, a few days ago, stated that Gen. Nelson A. Miles who has become quite interested in the question of the exploration of the Yukon river, in Alaska, which territory is part of his military command, has decided to request Major-General Pope, commanding the division of the Pacific, that Capt. P. H. Ray, of the 8th United States infantry, who had charge of the Point Barrow meteorological station, be ordered to report to him for the purpose of conducting the exploration of the river and adjoining country. The plan of the proposed exploration expedition is to organize a small party of not more than ten men, besides the commanding officer, and to ascend the river in June and July by means of a steam launch, to be borrowed from the Mare Island Navy Yard, returning to the mouth of the river before navigation is closed, and to continue the work in subsequent seasons in such manner as may be desired upon after the preliminary reconnoissance.

TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES.

Exploration of Alaska.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4.—The secretary of the navy has authorized Lieut. Geo. M. Stoney to make a further exploration of Alaska waters. The plan of the expedition is, in brief, that Lieutenant Stoney shall proceed to the Mare island navy yard, and superintend the construction of a steam launch suitable for making the proposed explorations early in the spring. The expedition will start from San Francisco. Its personnel will consist of Lieutenant Stoney, Ensign Purcell, Passed Assistant Engineer Zane, Passed Assistant Surgeon Nash, and about ten more. These, together with the exploration launch, will be conveyed to the vicinity of Putnam river, in a schooner, and further exploration will be commenced. It is expected the expedition will continue for at least a year. Lieutenant Stoney will leave Washington Tuesday next for San Francisco to begin preparations for the expedition.

DAILY ARGUS.

VOL. 3. NO. 40

THURSDAY JULY 31, 1884.

Alaska.

THE GREAT NORTHERN EXCURSION FIELDS.

In the August *Overland* (Samuel Carson & Co., San Francisco) is an Alaskan description, "About St. Michael's and the Yukon" by George Wardman, who made the trip last year in the *Rush*, which is full of interesting details of the northern country and its natives, their habits and manners of life. The Yukon salmon are pronounced the finest on the coast. They range in weight from 40 to 120 pounds, are very fat and well flavored. Taken out of the brine they are eaten with relish by the civilized as well as by the savage inhabitants. There is no beef and for some years past there has been little or no reindeer. St. Michael's stands upon an island in the southeast bend of Norton's sound, which was established as a landing place and headquarters of the Russian-American company for the Yukon river trade. There are no gardens at St. Michael's—the ice did not break up last year until June, and in July the thermometer noted 32° fahr. It is winter eight months in the year, when the temperature goes down 30° to 50° below zero. Yet there are fine, large eastern mosquitoes, and barn swallows are plentiful. But "from the southeast to the southwest extremity of Alaska, the *Rush*, which has been cruising around the coast and islands of this territory from early May to late July, has not visited a port to which it would be advisable for any person to come from any part of the United States where he may have a home and be able to earn a livelihood." "Nor," adds the writer, "have I seen a man in any portion in Alaska who would advise a friend to come out here as a settler, either in trade or navigation." The writer gives an entertaining sketch of the killing of a white whale, and recommends Alaska as one of the most interesting places to which civilized people, residing in the great cities of the eastern states, could make summer excursions. As to mining on the Yukon, there has been no reliable information, and as far as present known the country is fit for nothing but the fur trade.

The Yukon is a wonderful river, capable of carrying a tonnage equal to the Mississippi. There is no timber along the coast, but the value of this cannot be appreciated. The utter uselessness of the climate as a habitation for civilized people is shown by meteorological observations, at Fort Rallance, 450 miles above Fort Yukon, where the highest temperature was 70° above zero on May 14th and September 13th, and the lowest 60° below on the 21st of February, 1879. The rainfall last winter was but 20.8 inches. There are a variety of interesting articles in this number of the *Overland*.

WASHINGTON.

Distribution of Presents Among Indians in Alaska.

KINDNESS RECOGNIZED.

Succoring the Wrecked Crew of the Rodgers Fitly Rewarded.

GENERAL WASHINGTON DESPATCHES.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20, 1883.

LIEUTENANT STONEY'S REPORT.

The Secretary of the Navy has received a report from Lieutenant George M. Stoney, dated San Francisco, October 12, giving an account of the delivery of presents to the Tehouche Indians, near St. Lawrence Bay, for their kindness to the crew of the ill-fated steamer *Rodgers*. He arrived at St. Michaels on the 3d of July, in the *Corwin*, and at once forwarded to the department the protest of the whites against giving the presents. At St. Lawrence Bay, where he arrived on the 12th, however, he found that the rifles left by Master Waring, of the *Rodgers*, were still in the possession of the persons with whom they were left, and he saw no reason why the rifles and ammunition he had brought should not be delivered as ordered. To avoid confusion the check system was adopted, and the natives were given articles on board ship upon presentation of the checks.

EVERYBODY PLEASED.

The rifles, ammunition, &c., were given to those who assisted the *Rodgers* people the most. Everybody on the list received something—even the children. The natives were told that the gifts were from the United States government, as a return for their kindness to the *Rodgers*' crew and to all shipwrecked white men, and should other white men be thrown among them any kindness shown them would be rewarded. The articles gave great satisfaction, and came at an opportune time, as the walrus catch last fall was very light, and they had no ivory to trade for ammunition. They claim that the walrus are getting scarce every year, owing to the whalers killing so many for the ivory tusks.

NO TRACES OF THE RODGERS.

No traces of the wreck could be found. The natives said it had been carried out in the spring ice and sunk in deep water. Lieutenant Stoney says that he believes the body of Master Putnam was seen on the ice shortly after the *Rodgers*' crew

78 left. Four men claim to have seen it off the entrance to St. Lawrence Bay. They said the body had papers on it and a small pistol. Putnam had a pistol, and it was the only firearm he carried. The body was much swollen and was covered with furs. He lived, they thought, some time after drifting off, and starved to death. His sledge was by him and bones of several dogs.

DISCOVERED IN ALASKA.

A NEW RIVER, AND FLOWERS BLOOMING
WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 9, 1883.

Lieutenant Storey, who went up on the last trip of the revenue steamer Thomas Corwin for the purpose of distributing among the Tchuckchee Indians of Alaska the \$5,000 worth of presents given by the government in recognition of the fact that they afforded shelter and food to the officers and crew of the steamer Rogers, burned in 1881, reports the discovery of an immense river hitherto unknown to geographers. The river had been vaguely spoken of by Indians to former explorers, and Lieutenant Storey, being compelled to await the return trip of the Corwin, determined to see if it existed. Accompanied by one attendant and an interpreter he proceeded inland from Hotham Inlet in a southeasterly direction until he struck what he believed to be the mysterious river. He traced it to its mouth, a distance of about fifteen miles, where he saw such huge pieces of floating timber as to satisfy him that the stream must be of immense size. He retraced his steps for a distance of fifty miles, where he encountered natives, from whom he learned that to reach the head waters of the unknown stream would take several months.

PROBABLY A GREAT RIVER.

The Indians told him that they had come down the river a distance of 1,500 miles to meet a fur trader, and that it went up higher than that. Having no time to go further, Lieutenant Storey returned. It is his opinion, as stated by those on the Corwin, from whom this information was obtained, that the discovery of this river accounts for the large quantities of floating timber in the Arctic Ocean, which has popularly been supposed to come down the Yukon River. The Indians stated that the river in some places is twenty miles wide. It lies within the Arctic circle, but in August, when Lieutenant Storey was there, he found flowers and vegetation not hitherto discovered in so high a latitude. He has forwarded his report to the Secretary of the Navy and hopes to be permitted to go back and continue his explorations.

perament, chafing under the growth of law and convention then pushing full of discontent further into the wilderness. In the van, appointed by natural selection to the post of pioneers, go the *promyshleniki*, a kind of Russian voyageurs or *coureurs des bois*, restless, mercenary, tough, hardy, and migratory by instinct, like the lemmings that make their way to the North Sea. The movement begins in the sixteenth century, and proceeds with a curious rhythm. First the *promyshleniki*, clear the way, *tirailleur* fashion. Then come the Cossacks, not in masses, but in groups and small bands. Armed with gunpowder, the invaders easily subdue the native tribes of Siberia, through which region the route lies. The march resembles that of a Chinese army. Whenever an important river is reached a long halt takes place. The stream is explored up and down. The choice sites on its banks are colonized. The country is well secured by settlement, following conquest, before another advance is made. Of course there is much suffering inflicted. Where nations are to be made and new countries settled the weakest always go to the wall. Cossacks and *promyshleniki* respect no aboriginal rights. But being themselves only a few removes from savagery, they do not paralyze and destroy the natives as the modern white man does. The Cossack and the northern savages could live together. They possessed the same central qualities in common. So the Cossack conquered and held sway, but did not exterminate.

In due time the hunting passion, which was at the bottom of the movement, the pursuit of the sable principally, carried the adventurers to the confines of Siberia, and beyond, and presently to the shores of the North Pacific. Then they discovered a new kind of game, and there, unconsciously to themselves, they laid the foundations of all the future history of Alaska. On the heels of the Cossack came the Russian merchants and traders, themselves at that time a rough, hard-drinking, barbarous, energetic and enduring people. Thenceforward until the establishment of the Russian-American Company, the bleak northern region witnessed an interminable succession of commercial expeditions in search of furs. The future of most of them was not such as to encourage similar ventures. Judging from Mr. Bancroft's wonderfully full records, the wreck charts of those northern waters, could they be faithfully drawn, would show an aggregate of disasters during a century and a half scarcely to be surpassed elsewhere. The proportion of vessels wrecked is astonishing. The intricacy of the navigation accounts for much of the disaster, but it is evident that inexperience must also have been an influential factor. Yet though so many vessels were lost, the crews seem generally to have saved their lives, and the frequency of their survival under the most difficult circumstances indicates their hardihood and strong vitality. Indeed, these were the men out of whom pioneers are always made. They lived like the natives, in half-buried huts of sod or logs, amid damp, smoke and filth, upon salt or rotten fish, seal and whale meat and oil, often subjected to long fasts, exposed during their fishing and hunting expeditions to the bitterest cold, insufficiently clothed, wanting bread frequently nine months in the year, in short, leading lives such as no tramp in the lowest dregs of modern civilization has to face.

The inherent barbarism which still moves civilized powers to grasp at every unappropriated acre on the face of the planet was then even more rampant, and there is something comic in the rapacity with which England, France, Spain, and Russia were at the same time trying to get possession of the northern coast. Expedition after expedition

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF ALASKA.

THE WORKS OF HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT.
Volume XXXIII. HISTORY OF ALASKA, 1730-1885. With Maps and Plans. 8vo. pp. xxxviii., 775.
San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.

The value of the wide and deep researches made by Mr. Bancroft into the history of all the region washed by the Pacific is strikingly shown in the History of Alaska, which forms the latest volume of his series. Several attempts have been made in the same direction, but in the absence of the correlated records which explain and illuminate modern events in the far north the history of Alaska seems but a dull and dreary narrative of depressing and almost profitless struggles against cold and savages. Mr. Bancroft, by employing his vast resources, and profiting by the light thrown on this dark subject from his previous investigations, has been enabled to construct one of the strangest historical panoramas extant, wherein may be traced in sufficient detail the processes of nation-making under difficulties such as have perhaps never been encountered elsewhere.

He has brought before us a strange wild picture. The movement to be followed is the northerly expansion of Russia. We see the Cossacks, pressed upon by the advancing settlers of less nomadic tem-

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went over the same ground and claimed it over and over again as the possession of this or that Christian or Most Christian Majesty. But Russia had done the preliminary work: had subdued the native tribes; had explored a large area; had established settlements or trading posts here and there; and when the time was ripe the Russian-American Company appeared, to take charge of and administer the region, and to hold it for the Czar after the manner in which great trading corporations have held countries all over the world, time out of mind.

The history of the Russian-American Company is not the pleasantest reading. A greedier, more selfish, less scrupulous, more ungrateful corporation perhaps never existed. Its treatment of Baranof, to whom it owed everything, was most discreditable. Mr. Bancroft's fresher and fuller information casts new light upon this administrator, and he gains by the examination. He was, being essentially a man of his time, rough, coarse, not very scrupulous, and too fond of drink. But it must be borne in mind that in those days all the world drank, and that Russia, even now the most intemperate country in the world, was then still more addicted to vodka or rum, which seems to have been the favor-

ite tipple at the north. But Baranof was a born manager and ruler, and under his skilful and judicious administration his company grew to very large proportions and became wealthy far beyond expectation. His ambition indeed led him to dream of the capture of the Sandwich Islands, of California, of the conquest of the Japanese trade, of the extension of the Russian-American Company's dominion as far as that of the East India Company. The want of a navy perhaps contributed most to the failure of these schemes, which in themselves and at the time were certainly not chimerical. The old governor planned and toiled, often baffled and set back by the casting away of his ships, or the raids of fierce native tribes, or such serious and lasting misfortunes as the Sitka massacre, or the failure of the periodical supply ships, threatening the colony with famine. His life was full of care and trouble, but he nearly always succeeded in sending home such quantities of peltry as insured fat dividends, and this too when he and his men were perhaps reduced to the meagerest subsistence.

Throughout the Russian occupation the Indians received a treatment calculated only to injure them. The Aleuts, at first full of courage and determined to defend their country, were gradually reduced, by the most pitiless chastisement, including wholesale massacre, to a state of abject submission. Thenceforward they were the serfs of the Russians, who compelled them to do the hunting and fishing for a dole of food. The Kolosh, a stronger and fiercer tribe, could not be dealt with thus. They were too numerous and stubborn to be exterminated, and Baranof, after the Sitka massacre, simply barricaded them out. This policy, which perhaps his weakness excused, was followed subsequently to our purchase of Alaska, during the military occupation. Now that the whites have virtually no protection against the Indians, it has been discovered for the first time that they need none. The Russian American Company was a very lucrative enterprise, but long before the transfer of Alaska its prosperity was on the decline, and the sale only hastened a dissolution which must have occurred soon in any event. From first to last it was purely and solely a trading corporation and conducted with even less regard for the welfare of its tributaries than is usual in such cases. This, however, is a kind of sin of omission which no nation existing can venture to tannt [another] with, for there is not one, from the mightiest to the least, from the Government of Great Britain to that of the South African Boers.

which does not to-day measure the justice it yields to savage races solely by their ability to make trouble should they be abused. The Russian American Company simply utilized the Aleuts as subject races always have been utilized. They brought no civilizing influences with them, for the sufficient reason that Russia itself was yet barbarous. The missionary endeavors of the Greek Church were futile, and no wonder, for most of the priests of the period were illiterate, grossly intemperate, and as immoral as the peasantry from which they sprung. In Alaska, during Baranof's administration, the padres appear to have done very little beside getting drunk and quarrelling with the civil power.

Mr. Bancroft shows that the accounts of Baranof which represent him as cruel and vindictive are unworthy of credence. He had many faults, no doubt, and he had many enemies. Among these must be classed the naval officers, many of whom had entered the service of the company, but whose caste prejudices made them revolt against the government of an official superior who was only a merchant, and therefore mere *canaille* in their eyes. Baranof had incessant trouble with the insubordination, insolence and preposterous airs of these officers. Very few of them were worth their salt. They were an incompetent, lazy, drunken lot for the most part, while Baranof was full of energy, capacity and administrative force. In dealing with the low-class Russians who formed the bulk of the colony it was necessary to use firmness, and he did so. But that he was benevolent, hospitable, generous to a fault, appears to be demonstrated, and if he was somewhat less picturesque than Irving has made him appear, he was more practical and useful. After forty years of toil the company set this old man adrift. Fortunately for himself, he died on the way back to Russia.

In treating of the history of Alaska from the American purchase to the present time Mr. Bancroft has been compelled to examine the proceedings of the Alaska Commercial Company very carefully. The monopoly ceded to this corporation by the Federal Government has been the subject of much criticism, and at one time an energetic attempt was made to convince the public that the company was a monster of greed, cruelty and wickedness; that it was enslaving the poor Aleuts, violating its contract with the Government, absorbing all the resources of Alaska, and proceeding from iniquity to iniquity. So much was alleged that Congress ordered an inquiry, which resulted in the discovery that most of the charges against the corporation had been invented by rival traders who failed to secure the lease of the Prybilof Islands. Further investigation made it clear that the Government had an excellent bargain in the lease, which up to the present time has almost repaid the purchase price of Alaska. In fact, without the revenue derived from the Commercial Company it would be difficult to make any showing at all on behalf of the wisdom of the purchase to those rigidly practical people who cannot be made to believe that an investment is good unless it begins to pay the current rate of interest from the day the purchase money is paid. The Alaska Commercial Company, however, has probably done much more than vindicate the wisdom of Mr. Seward in the eyes of the shortsighted. But for it the extinction of the fur-seal would almost certainly have been precipitated by the greed and recklessness of rival hunters and traders. What happens when a lucrative interest based on an article limited in quantity is free from all restriction is shown in the swift disappearance of our forests now taking place. There is no reason for supposing that self-interest would have taught moderation in the case of the seals any more than

8 In the case of the timber. Fortunately the Government made the lease of the Prybilof Islands to the company, and one of the results of that transaction is that to-day there are several times as many seals at the islands as during any period of the Russian occupation or, so far as is known, ever before.

Mr. Bancroft is somewhat severe upon the course of Congress with regard to Alaska, though certainly not more so than the facts warrant. The first ten years of American occupancy were practically without result outside of the seal fisheries. The military occupation was unfortunate. The soldiers debauched the natives and did nothing to counteract the evil they caused. They encouraged them in drunkenness by teaching them to brew a vile stuff called "hootchenoo" from molasses. They offered an example of licentiousness which was demoralizing. Then, too, the only other colonists were for a long time broken-down politicians, adventurers, and smugglers. The territory was left without laws, courts, or authorities of any kind. Upon the withdrawal of the troops trouble with the Indians was predicted, but did not occur, and no serious difficulty has been had with them since. The progress of Alaska has not been quick or considerable. Too much was expected at first, and the reaction was depressing. Mr. Bancroft has set down all the drawbacks as candidly as the advantages. It is not probable that there will ever be a large population in Alaska. Two thirds of the country is virtually uninhabitable by men of our blood. The climate forbids the growth of cereals, and of most fruits and vegetables, while stock can with difficulty be kept alive during the severe winters. But there are vast resources in the fisheries, which abound with salmon, cod, herrings, eulachon, halibut, and several other kinds, and which have already been developed enough to show that their possibilities are scarcely capable of exaggeration. In the future, when all the nearer forests are exhausted, Alaskan timber will be a precious possession. The presence of gold and silver in many parts of the territory is known, though the proportion of paying to unprofitable veins remains to be ascertained. Fisheries, forests and mines; these are the wealth of Alaska, and it is already quite certain that the bargain was a sound and good one, and that the country will be repaid its seven and a half millions a hundred-fold. Perhaps too it is for the best that the development of the territory should be slow, though more attention might well have been paid to its political and juridical needs.

The history of this important and valuable acquisition has been written by Mr. Bancroft with all the thoroughness and care which characterize his former volumes. The reader is made to feel that each topic has been examined exhaustively, that every accessible authority has been consulted, that every piece of evidence has been duly weighed, and that the conclusions reached are probably as nearly right and just as human judgment can make them. No pains or precautions have been spared in obtaining the amplest information. The historian has dispatched his agents from Kamchatka to St. Petersburg, from Sitka to London, to verify facts, and to complete records. The notes contain an extraordinary mass of minor yet interesting facts. No details of the least significance are omitted. No statistics likely to be of the least use are forgotten. The breadth of the survey included moreover adds greatly to the interest and clearness of the work. The evolution of the Alaskan fur trade is traced with singular lucidity. The limitations of Russian civilization are shown plainly. A subject which in many if not most hands would be dry, and even tedious, has been filled with interest and attrac-

tiveness by skill of treatment. The style is simple, clear and fit. On the whole, the book is an exceedingly good piece of work, and the publishers have as usual reinforced the author by the thoroughness and beauty of the mechanical department. It is well furnished with maps inserted in the text, and has an excellent index.

Evening Bulletin *Jan 16. 1886.*

SAN FRANCISCO,

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"Bancroft's History of Alaska"— 1730-1885.

Alaska is the anomaly among the American Commonwealths, the largest and the least, the poorest in land and the richest in seafood, containing the least taxable wealth and the largest known export values per capita—our Switzerland for mountains and our Lapland for men. There is nothing in it of American stock or institutional growth. To us everything in its history and current of daily living is foreign. We have made poor work thus far in its assimilation, but we shall certainly digest it yet, and in the process what we have known of manners or customs as historically Alaskan will disappear. What America will yet make of this enormous mass of poor land and rich waters we can only surmise. But whatever it may be we can be sure that the American touch must be, as it has not yet been, productive and beneficent.

This volume of Mr. Bancroft's History of the Pacific States is therefore exceptional, and, both in and between the lines, interesting. It contains only one massive piece of history, the march for a century and a half of the Promyshleniki from the Caspian and Black Seas over the Ural Range and the tundras of Siberia to Kamchatka, and finally across the Open Sea to the Aleutian Archipelago and Alaska. The first settlements at the terminal points of the long and grand march were insignificant; the modes of primal living remained insignificant for several generations; and even the highest development of Russian commercial life was not large; but all indicate the great possibilities of the future. Much of the bulky volume is filled with trivial matter. The several voyages and the good and bad luck of the first little trading vessels one can easily yawn over; but there is an appreciable value in all of it. They contain the material of what is history, which, otherwise would disappear scatteringly. Some one must collect them. No one has done it so well as Mr. Bancroft, and no one will need to do it after him.

The Russian occupation, from the discovery by Chirikof and Vitus Bering through the long administration of Baranof—a Bismarck statue set on a petty pedestal—and his smaller successors to the time of the American purchase, has already been made somewhat familiar in various literature of the Pacific Coast. The author retells the story in a novel and spirited manner. The old details take on a new life in his rapid pages. Of the American occupation, its shiftlessness and barbarous lack of law

previous to the Harrison Act of 1884, he has only an inevitable story to tell. It is not pleasant to be reminded that the only time when Alaska knew no law whatever was during the first half-generation when the Anglo-Saxon genius for colonization and law-building had a clear field, and left it clear. But in the last two years a commencement has been made. A little mission and school work has been done, but only by private benefice. The gold-thirst has developed some institutional law among the prospectors and settled miners, but Government can take small credit therefor. Whatever is really demanded hereafter will evolve to a certain extent a proper supply for itself, as institutional life proceeds.

Early in the volume we find a striking description of the rugged surface:

"Standing at Mount St. Elias as the middle of a crescent, we see the shore line stretching out in either direction, toward the southeast and the southwest, ending in the former at Dixon Inlet, and in the latter sweeping off and breaking into mountainous islands as it continues its course toward Kamchatka. It is a most exceedingly rough and uncouth country, this part of it; the shore line being broken into fragments, with small and great islands guarding the labyrinth of channels, bays, sounds and inlets that line the mainland. Back of these rise abruptly vast and rugged mountains, the two great continental chains coming together here as if in final struggle for the mastery. The Coast Range along the Pacific shore of Alaska attains an elevation in places of eight or nine thousand feet, lying, for the most part, under perpetual snow, with here and there glistening white peaks fourteen or sixteen thousand feet above the sea. And the ruggedness of this Sitkan or southern seaboard, the thirty-mile strip as it is sometimes called, with the Alexander Archipelago, continues as we pass on, to the Alaskan Mountains and the Aleutian Archipelago. It is in the Alaskan Range that nature assumes the heroic, that the last battle of the mountains appears to have been fought. The din of it has yet hardly passed away; the great peaks of the range stand there proudly triumphant but still angry; grumbling, smoking and spitting fire, they gaze upon their fallen foes of the Archipelago, giants like themselves, though now submerged, sunken in the sea, if not indeed hurled thence by their victorious rivals. These great towering volcanic peaks and the quaking islands are superb beyond description, filling the breast of the beholder with awe. And the ground about, though cold enough upon the surface, steams and sweats in sympathy, manifesting its internal warmth in geysers and hot springs, while from the depths of the sea sometimes belches forth fire, if certain navigators may be believed, and the sky blazes in northern lights."

This prepares the reader to expect further descriptions along in the book of the unequalled magnificence of the Alaskan scenery. But there is little of the kind beyond this. It is not enough to express the theme.

A notice of Mr. Bancroft's crisp, nervy preface, would be almost a notice of the whole volume. In that preface he has put into very plain and brisk English an epitome of what we may expect to make out of Alaska. A few excerpts will express the current of his ideas:

"On the whole, the people of the United States have not paid an exorbitant price for

the ground on which to build a nation. Trinkets and trickery in the first instance, followed by some bluster, a little fighting and a little money, and we have a very fair patch of earth with a good title in which there is plenty of equity, humanity, sacred rights and star-spangled banner. What we did not steal ourselves we bought from those who did, and bought it cheap. In the case of Alaska we have one instance where bluster would not win; fighting was not to be thought of; and so we could pay for the stationary icebergs or let them alone. Nor with money easy was Alaska a bad bargain at two cents an acre. It was indeed cheaper than stealing, now that the savages receive the teachings and diseases of civilization in reservations. The little development that has been made of late years has been accomplished entirely by the enterprise and capital of Americans, aided by a few hundred hired natives. Already with a white population of 500, of whom more than four-fifths are non-producers, the exports of the Territory exceed \$3,000,000 a year, or an average of \$6,000 per capita. Where else in the world do we find such results? It may be stated in answer that the bulk of these exports come from the fur-seal grounds of the Prybilof Islands, which are virtually a stock-farm leased by the Government to a commercial company, but the present value of this industry is due mainly to the careful fostering and judicious management of that company, and there are other industries which, if properly directed, promise in time to prove equally profitable. Apart from the seal islands, and apart from the trade in land-furs that is diverted by the Hudson Bay Company, the production of wealth for each white person in the Territory is greater than in any portion of the United States or of the world. This wealth is derived almost entirely from the land and pelagic peltry, and from the fisheries of Alaska; for at present her mines are little developed and her forests almost intact. And yet we are told that the country is without resources!"

Mr. Bancroft explains at some length and with sufficient clearness the nature of the fur-seal business of the Alaska Commercial Company on the Prybilof Islands and at some stations in the Sea of Okhotsk, but we find little here which is not more fully set forth in Elliott's invaluable monograph accompanying the Census Reports. But our author gives many new and valuable facts concerning the Alaska fisheries of salmon, cod, herring, halibut, candle-fish and mackerel. The world has not yet come to know the amazing extent of sea-coast food and how it is yet to supplement the land yield after Malthus has been forgotten. Perhaps it will learn it first by way of Alaska.

Published by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

BANCROFT'S ALASKA.

The Works of Hubert Howe Bancroft. History of Alaska. 1730-1885. Vol. xxxiii, 8vo, xxxviii, 773 pp. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.; New York: J. C. Derby & Son. 1886.

THE task set himself by Mr. Bancroft, beginning with his 'Native Races' and continued in the historical series of which this volume forms a part, is truly prodigious. His methods are not concealed, and, whether they be deemed adequate to the production of the best type of historical work or not, it would be difficult to de-

wise other methods by which his desired result could be attained within the compass of a lifetime. The elimination of the personal equation of subordinate compilers must always be a task of difficulty, and upon success in this particular the homogeneity and literary quality of the product must depend. When, as in the present instance, the rough-hewing of much of the material has necessarily been confided to one pair of hands, a Russian translator, the personal equation becomes an element which fairly forces itself upon the analytical reviewer. Its effect upon the work, beneficial, or otherwise, will be considered later. Putting this aside, there can be no question as to the value and importance of the volume for all engaged in historical studies, and especially when the lapse of time shall have given an historical perspective to the later scenes of its panorama.

Mr. Bancroft remarks in the preface—"Almost untenanted except by savages, can a country without a people furnish material for a history?" a question which he answers: "This America of the Russians has its little century or two of history, . . . interesting to the story of future life and progress on its borders, as to every nation its infancy should be." Can we paint in a few bold strokes the initiation and the impact of the premonitory groundswell of civilization on these rock-bound shores? It began, like the earthquake waves of Krakatoa, in a far-distant land. The interests and passions involved in the conquest of Siberia, the flood of patriotism, avarice, ambition, duty, lust, and the spirit of adventure—embodied in a horde of coarse and sturdy Cossacks—its sluices shattered by the sword of Yermak, swept eastward across half a world of tundra, and only culminated on the further borders of the North Pacific. Arrived at the Kamtchatkan seaboard, the return of the eufebled remnants of Bering's expedition gave the signal to which the Siberian traders responded like an advancing column of predatory ants. In frail shallops, tied together with strips of raw hide and calked with moss, they pushed out into the almost unknown sea to the islands of the sea otter and fur seal. Blood and rapine marked their tracks. Individuals or whole companies bit the dust beneath the darts of the savage, hurled in desperate but ineffectual resistance. But the progress of the column was not stayed. Fortunes were grasped, of which ocean, by shipwreck, took toll. With success came internal conflict; as the supply of fur animals became precarious, different expeditions fought for territory. The craft of the merchant took up its rôle of conciliator, or monopolizer, and the power of law, the influence of rulers, began to make itself felt. Exploring expeditions were organized, information reached high places, the Russian American Company came into existence by imperial will. This great monopoly, like its counterparts in Hudson Bay or the East Indies, represented another stage of the tide, with myriad fluctuations. It found its Warren Hastings in Alexander Baranoff, a bankrupt Siberian trader, who for thirty years controlled its destinies. Shrewd, far-sighted, energetic, unsparing of himself in service, liberal in potations, coarse of life, but of unshaken probity, this man raised towns and villages, fought savages and mutinous Russians, built a fleet of sea-going ships, established stations from Bering Sea to California; would, but for mishaps, have annexed the Sandwich Islands; laid a basis for trade with American and Asiatic ports, enabled the regular payment of dividends by his company, and died at

Batavia on his way to Russia, poor and superseded, in his seventy-second year.

To the natural difficulties of his position were added the scarcity of supplies, often cut off by shipwreck; innumerable quarrels of subordinates; difficulties with imperial officials bent on reforms, or with missionary priests hardly less coarse-fibred than himself, and the insulting conduct of naval officers to him as a man not ennobled. Foreign traders came upon the coast, largely from the United States, and carried off cargoes of valuable furs, besides raising prices. In the main, this indomitable man conquered his way, and, rude and brutal as he was at times, must be acknowledged to have been of no ordinary calibre. After Baranoff's reign the internal affairs of the company were much after the usual rule of great monopolies. Reforms were instituted; a better class of officers improved the colonial direction. Explorations of a rude sort were carried far and wide. A saint, large-hearted and of mighty frame, appeared in the person of the missionary Veniaminoff. Naval officers and naturalists enlarged the boundaries of knowledge. The scientific Wrangell governed wisely and investigated widely. Annual ships circumnavigated the globe, and, after a fashion, the pulse of Cronstadt was felt at New Archangel. Politics concerned with the northwest coast were discussed in Europe and reacted on colonial affairs. Foreign exploring expeditions followed the lead of Cook and Vaucouver. An impracticable boundary line was devised by treaty. Trade fluctuated; charges of mismanagement were frequent at court. In brief, after investigations and recriminations, terms offered and declined, the charter of the Company lapsed in 1862 and was not renewed. Business was carried on for a few more years, and in 1867 the Territory became the property of the United States.

The list of authorities preceding the text of this volume, though bibliographically somewhat slovenly, is full enough for most purposes, and is especially rich in MS. titles. From these, and from a host of original Russian sources, the history of the early adventurers has been extracted with remarkable fulness. There is not in any European language so thorough and minute a record of this period, and it is never likely to be much improved upon. There may be inaccuracies, but the original sources are frequently inaccurate. Moreover, with rare exceptions, the story

is well told, and one does not need a microscope to perceive that the compiler has felt a personal pride in the sturdy endurance of his countrymen. For any one not interested in the region, the annals of these multitudinous petty expeditions soon become tedious; but the spirit shown in the narration has made readable even this chronicle of misery, adventure, and crime. The struggles of Baranoff with adverse fortune enlist the sympathies of the reader, but at last the small details of the Company's business become almost repellant. Nevertheless, it is a task on the whole well accomplished, and that this storehouse of facts should have been gathered and presented in a readable tongue is highly creditable to the historian and his staff.

It would seem, from the manner in which the work has been done, that Mr. Bancroft's plan did not contemplate a comprehensive history of the exploration of Alaska, or at least not in this volume. Only on this hypothesis can we account for the omission or barely casual mention of some of the more important voyages of discov-

ery and exploring expeditions by land. The North Pacific exploring expedition under Rodgers, the long series of Franklin search expeditions, which added so much to our knowledge of the region, are only referred to where they touch upon Russian affairs, if at all. The Western Union Telegraph expedition, so important in its results, not only for its relation to exploration, but its bearing on the subsequent purchase and development of the Territory, is dismissed in three pages—a space less than that assigned to the discussion of some petty blackmailers of the Alaska Commercial Company. Many later explorers fare still worse.

That part of the work referring to the history of the Territory since the American occupation is treated in a most unsatisfactory manner and with evident bias. It is in any event rather too near the present time for successful treatment, and had better have been omitted. A large mass of facts has been collected, but their sequence and relation to each other and to the circumstances of the time are not indicated in a satisfactory way, and there are many important omissions and not a few errors. Of the latter we indicate a portion. The naturalist, Robert Kennicott, in charge of the Yukon explorations, did not die before the expedition set out (p. 576), but in May, 1866, after it had been in the field some nine months. A statement by W. G. Morris, to the effect that in 1868 there were four or five companies engaged in sealing on the Pribiloff Islands, that the commander of one of them would not work his men on Sunday, etc., is ridiculed (p. 637, note 14), and it is stated that there were but two companies in the business. The truth is, that in August, 1868, the Pioneer Fur Co., Taylor & Bendel, and Hutchinson, Kohl & Co., together with parties left by a fourth expedition, were sealing on St. George, represented severally by Messrs. Fisher, Adams, Liuneffski, and Howes; while on the island of St. Paul, Hutchinson, Kohl & Co. and E. Morgan, the latter assisted by Mr. Pfluger, of Petropavlovsk, were in operation. Captain Morgan was the person who would not work his men on Sunday. A number of these parties subsequently united their interests, but this did not take place until later, and they all landed on the islands as independent expeditions in the spring of 1868. The first paper printed in Alaska was called the *Alaska Times*, and not (p. 677) the *Sitka Times*. No new island rose from the sea north of Umnak in 1820, or thereabouts (p. 684), and the statement, by Peter Kostromittinoff, "an octogenarian," in 1880, that he witnessed an event which took place in 1796, was doubtless due to a failure of memory on his part, which, as stated in the footnote (No. 28), "will not bear quoting." No mention is made of the Territorial Convention of August 16, 1881, followed by the election, September 5, of a delegate, Col. M. D. Ball, to represent the interests of the Territory at Washington, which, as the first united action of the white inhabitants of Alaska, has certainly an historic interest.

On page 732 we read as follows: "The middle Yukon, as far as the junction of that river with the Poreupine and the Lower Yukon, extending from this point to the delta, had already been explored, as we have seen (*sic*), by the servants of the Russian American Company, who occasionally ascended the stream from the direction of St. Michael, sometimes possibly as far as the present site of Fort Reliance, and thence made their way partly overland to the Lynn Canal." No evidence is offered for this statement, and it is

doubtless without authentic foundation. No servant of the Russian American Company ever ascended above Fort Yukon, and only one, a half-breed (Ivan Lukeen), ever ascended above the junction of the Yukon and the Tananah. The uncivil allusion to Lieutenant Schwatka in this connection is entirely unwarranted by any Russian explorations. The intimation that the liquor commonly called "hoochinoo" was introduced by the Americans, is also an error. It was well known to the Russians long before the sale of the Territory, and a regulation of the Russian American Company imposed a penalty on any one of their servants who should make it.

A rock of difficulty for any one dealing with Alaskan matters exists in the transliteration of the Russian nomenclature. In the present case, Mr. Bancroft is to be congratulated for the, on the whole, very satisfactory manner in which this task has been accomplished. The only constant error we have noticed is the omission of the *h* in Unalashka. Occasional lapses are found, as on p. 684, where we have *Oumnak*, *Unalaska*, and *Oonimak* in the course of six lines, but these are creditably rare. The endeavor to transliterate exactly, which adopts Petr for Peter and Pavel for Paul, should hardly admit Wrangell for Vrangal on the same basis.

The maps in the text are fairly good, but the general Alaskan map is not worthy of the text; its nomenclature is discrepant; it contains several glaring blunders; in omitting the Diomed Islands, the Kowak River, and all the later explorations, it is lamentably out of date. This is probably due in part to its having been engraved some years before the text was completed.

THE INDEPENDENT

[January 28, 1886]

Literature.

The prompt mention in our list of "Books of the Week" will be considered by us an equivalent to their publishers for all volumes received. The interests of our readers will guide us in the selection of works for further notice.

ALASKA.*

It is a singular phase of the American temper that the national pride should have so little effect to soften our comments on the Government. The average American discusses the Federal administration in terms which suggest that his admiring patriotism is reserved for an ideal not yet developed in the public affairs, while for the administrative reality his feeling is hardly better than a purely disguised contempt.

Something of this is nothing deeper than the petulance of people whose relation to each other is free enough to unbridle their tongues. Part of it is the consequence of Democratic society, in which the Government, as an average result expressing the

84 will of the majority *en bloc*, assumes the existence of dissent as a matter of course. The large and more or less complex remainder is the characteristic impatience and suspicion which, for good or for evil, or for both, has always vexed the conduct of affairs in a free country.

Alaska is a case in point which, from the time of our first connection with it, has provoked criticism enough of the contemptuous or virtuously indignant variety to make it the twin-brother of the Indian question. But meantime the promoters of the purchase have had this to their comfort, that, from Mr. Seward down, those who have gone to that far-away region, and taken a good look at it, have come back generally at least satisfied. The published testimony is all on one side, and so strongly as to have created, in view of the facts that must exist as to such an Arctic possession, a suspicion that, for some reason or other, the witnesses were to be heard with more or less caution.

Up to this time Mr. Dall has been our best authority, and nothing in all that has thus far appeared throws any shade on his ability or honesty, though the progress of study and exploration has given a new emphasis to what should have been plain from the first, that his reports were provisional, and had the value of preliminary surveys.

Lieutenant Schwatka's work was limited in scope. The official report was made some time ago to the Government, and has been published. A popular account of it has also appeared, with the story of the expedition described with a frankness the author did not venture to indulge in the official statement, and covering the whole period from the start at Portland to the end.

The object of this expedition was the survey of the upper waters of the Yukon, north of the Presbyterian Haines Mission at the head of Chilkoot Inlet to Fort Selkirk, which was demonstrated to be the main stream of the river. This region, though not wholly unknown, was practically so. The Hudson Bay Company and the Russians had discreet tongues, and kept to themselves such knowledge as it was for their interest to withhold. The English maps were often comically wrong. Lieutenant Schwatka describes a large globe of recent English make, and sent to one of our geographical societies, in which the Yukon is laid down wholly in British territory, and emptying by a stream parallel with Mackenzie's River into the North Arctic Ocean. How such a blunder could be made it is not easy to say, as on Kiepert's map, lying before us and published in 1860, the course of the great stream is laid down correctly, from Fort Selkirk to the sea. This map, however, is wrong as to the main stream, which is traced from the

Rocky Mountains by Lewis River and Pelly River. Even the Macmillan branch is

* THE WORKS OF HUBERT BANCROFT. Volume XXXIII. History of Alaska, 1730-1885. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co. 1886. 8vo., pp. xxxviii, 775. \$4.50 per vol., muslin.

ALONG ALASKA'S GREAT RIVER. A Popular Account of the Travels of the Alaska Exploring Expedition of 1883, Along the Great Yukon River, from its Source to its Mouth, in the British Northwest Territory, and in the Territory of Alaska. By FREDERICK SCHWATKA, Commander of the Expedition. Cassell & Co. Limited. New York. 8vo, pp. 360. \$3.00.

described as larger than the White River, which is now known to be by far the principal stream, and must have been familiar to the Hudson Bay people as such when they built and held Fort Selkirk.

Lieutenant Schwatka's book abounds in adventure, in pictures of the country, and its sparse population. It is enlivened with a pervasive humor, and will be found both entertaining and valuable as a popular sketch of an expedition pressed forward with much intelligence and enterprise directly through the interior of the country, and which gives us our best information of Alaska in the basin back of the sea-coast.

The great book on the whole subject, beyond all question, is the *History of Alaska*, 1730-1885, which, when the series is complete, and all the parts published according to the vast plan marked out by the author in the schedule he is filling up with a wonderful energy, will stand as Volume XXXIII in the *Works of Hubert Bancroft*.

No one has yet attempted, and it is not too much to say that no one is likely to attempt to compete with him in work on such colossal plans or carried through with such Napoleonic enterprise. The resources at his command, the expenditure of men, money, time, labor, scholarship and far-reaching investigation, are beyond anything ever known, except in the audacious plan on which this work is conducted.

Mr. Bancroft goes back to the beginning. He not only describes the Russian colonization from the outset, but he connects it with the Muscovite movement into Northern Asia and the subjugation of Siberia by the Cossacks. He has had the Russian archives explored for his purposes. Russian readers and scribes have delved for him in the imperial state papers preserved at St. Petersburg. He has inspired, directed and achieved a history of these one hundred and fifty years of Russian colonization in Arctic America, which no Russian who ever lived has done or could do, and which cannot be pieced out of what all Russian writers combined have done in detail.

This history of the Russian occupation occupies more than a fifth of the entire work, and is of course the portion in which Mr. Bancroft has no rival. It is worked out with unwearied pains, and makes a history which will be an agreeable surprise

to his readers. For full effect this volume requires to be supplemented with that on British Columbia, and in some important points the Alaskan history is interwoven with that of California and Oregon. But the evolution of the history as it stands brings together the various lines on which the exploration and adventure of all nations have been pushed forward toward the Northwest passage and through Behring Strait.

It is a peculiarly Russian history, not animated by such noble purposes as controlled the Puritan settlement of New England, nor with the high devotion of the French explorers of the Northwestern territory; vastly different from the proceedings of Spain, but marked everywhere with Russian characteristics, and conducted with a kind of steady and brutal persistence which commands admiration, though it promises nothing really great either for the Alaskan settlements or for the Russian adventurers.

The American occupation dates from October 18th, 1867. What it has been, what it is, and what it ought to be, the last 160 octavo pages of this work enable us to decide with a more intelligent judgment, and with a more trustworthy array of sifted and systematized facts before us than anything we have thus far had.

The story of the military occupation is mortifying enough, and, on the whole, worse than that of the abandonment and do-nothing policy that followed it. The navy has been more effective and less expensive, and a far more useful agent in the territory than the army. What else could have been expected? Military occupation of territories at peace is what can never be managed under our system. It is sure to demoralize the force which is intended to support order and civilization. The navy is better only because its "wooden walls" pen up the force within limits of their own, and prevent them from getting compro-

mised in mutually damaging relations with the people ashore.

Civil government is a different matter and an imperative duty of the Federal Government. Mr. Bancroft's facts and opinions on this point are clear and satisfactory, though it is possible he does not altogether meet the fact that the root of the difficulty lies in the paradox of a situation, where military government has failed and is not to be thought of, and where the free population to support representative institutions does not exist. He is not, however, far from right in saying that what we have thus far supplied to territory is "phantom government." Nothing good and permanent will be done until a way is made for settlers to acquire title to the lands they wish to occupy, and a way opened for free population. In the territorial method we have adopted, this must be preceded

by government surveys and regular allotment—a very complex, elaborate, but necessary amount of machinery as ordinarily applied to United States territories, but readily capable of simplification enough to meet the case in Alaska, could the problem by any possibility fall into the hands of people with political sense and administrative capacity.

As to the resources of Alaska, its climate and natural possibilities of all kinds, Mr. Bancroft's facts in evidence are wider, more complete, and better tested than those of his predecessors could be. One traveler, and he a distinguished one, returned from that country to publish in his volume that Alaska had a climate like that of eastern Tennessee. Even Mr. Dall is responsible for statements as to the agricultural possibilities of the lower Yukon, which both Lieutenant Schwatka and Mr. Bancroft make doubtful. Alaska cannot be described in a sentence, nor in a page. Things can be done in the neighborhood of Sitka or at Haines Mission, which are not to be thought of north of the Aleutian Islands. If the average character of the whole must be expressed in one phrase, Mr. Bancroft is not far from right in comparing it with North Scotland.

As to coal, he is cautious. It is found; and he expresses the conviction that future discoveries will show it in good quality and seams thick enough to be worked. Thus far the beds are not particularly good as to either of these points. The mineral outlook is equally indistinct; enough to encourage farther exploration, but not enough to support high expectations.

The wealth of the country in timber, fisheries, and fur-bearing animals has not been exaggerated, though, as we find pointed out in these pages, its value to us in the first two points, as well as in the supply of fresh-water ice, is a contingency that depends on the filling up of the lower Pacific coast, and will increase as that process goes on.

The two vital things in the territory appear to be the Alaska Fur Company and the Presbyterian Missions. Of the schools established by the Presbyterian Board of Missions at Sitka, he remarks: "Within less than a decade, more has been done by this society to advance the cause of education in Alaska than was otherwise accomplished during all the years of American domination. Were it not for the efforts of the Board of Missions, there would probably have been no efficient school, and, perhaps, no school of any kind in the territory, apart from those maintained by the Alaska Commercial Company," which they are required by their agreement with the Government to maintain.

The Alaska Commercial Company, in its way, seems to be doing a civilizing work.

Under its management the number of seal have greatly increased. In the last years of the Russian Company they gave signs of having been pursued to the verge of extinction. The American Company is operated on a wiser plan, which leaves the seal to increase up to the full limits of their natural capacity. The description of the method by which this result is secured forms one of the most interesting passages in the volume, but is too long for reproduction in our columns. This Company now pays the United States for its lease and royalty on the rights it holds to take seal and otter, about \$317,000 a year, a sum which amounts to very nearly $4\frac{1}{2}$ per centum on the sum of \$7,200,000 paid to Russia for the territory. It would seem, apart from all other considerations, that this sum is large enough to justify the Government in going to a reasonable expense to give the territory something more than the ghost of a civil administration. The census of 1880 fixes the population of Alaska as 33,426, a total which Mr. Bancroft considers rather more than half what it was in the early part of the Russian occupation. As to the prospect of growth in the future, it is uncertain and contingent on too many unknown circumstances to inspire confidence. As Mr. Bancroft remarks (p. 745):

"A country where there is no commerce, where there are few industries, where there are no schools except those supported by charity, where no title can be had to land, where there are no representative institutions and no settled administration, and where the rainfall is from five to eight feet a year, does not, of course, hold out any strong inducement to settlers."

In 1880, 690 persons arrived in the Alaskan ports, of whom 583 were in transit, and 107 miners from British Columbia. In 1882 the total reported arrivals were 27, while the departures were 387. Absolute reliance is not placed on these returns, but they are probably near enough the facts to serve the purpose of a general indication. The country is, however, as well able to support a white population as Southern Scandinavia. What it needs is development, and that kind of development which will not come without an organized and civilized population.

The text is supplemented throughout by citations and copious notes, compiled from original resources. Small detail maps are numerous, and illustrate the condition of geographical knowledge of the country at different periods of its occupation. That a better map of the entire country is still a desideratum is not the fault of Mr. Bancroft, but of the imperfect explorations and surveys, though a better cartographic result might have been obtained on the data. And, as the maps in the volume are given and printed in an indistinct manner, which is a serious drawback on their use. The volume contains a full and careful

WASHINGTON, March 19, 1884.—The United States steamer Alliance was at Martinique yesterday. She will reach Hampton Roads by May 1.

The Ounalaska was put in commission at San Francisco yesterday. She will go on surveying duty on the Alaska coast.

MISSION WORK IN ALASKA.

Sermon in Trinity Church by Archdeacon Kirkby—An Interesting Statement.

A service was held in Trinity Church last evening in which the subject of missions among the Indians of the extreme Northwest was made prominent. The devotional exercises were led by the Right Rev. Bishop Paddock of the diocese, and the sermon was preached by Archdeacon Kirkby, who has been for 27 years a missionary in the Northwestern country, a part of the time above the Arctic circle. During these labors he has four times crossed the Rocky Mountains, going from Hudson's Bay to Alaska and from Alaska to Hudson's Bay, thus travelling almost from ocean to ocean. He has one mission established in Alaska, near Behring Strait, and in that vicinity are now 1700 Christian converts. He said that among them the Bible is daily read, as translated into their language, and the prayers of the church are daily offered in every cabin and tent among them. The Sabbath also is duly observed, and they have regular assemblies for worship on that day. These northern tribes have proved a docile and tractable people, and no Indian "outrages" have ever been known there. During all these 27 years he had slept in peace and quietness, with no apprehensions of possible danger. He had never lived in a house where there was a bar, lock, or other fastening to the door. There was no occasion for anything of the kind. The same state of things has prevailed generally throughout British America in the Indian regions. The reason for the great contrast which has been seen in the United States, is not because the Indians here are more warlike, but rather because of the special difficulties of the situation in the United States. Here the movement of white emigration has been constant and of great magnitude, so that the Indians have steadily been pushed back from the lands which they have inherited. But the Indians of the Hudson's Bay country, and over other vast regions of British America, occupy the same ground which their fathers did when the continent of North America began to be settled. No emigration has ever come among them. The white traders who have visited them have dealt with them humanely and justly, and what is of equal significance, and contrasts strongly with the condition of things in this country, no whiskey has been carried among them. Whiskey or intoxicating spirit is the great enemy of the Indian race. Their demoralization begins when they become familiarized with strong drink, and thence arises much of the difficulty which has been met with in this country. There are 260,000 Indians in British America and Alaska, a number quite equal to the Indian population of this country. Alaska is an immense territory, equal to about one-sixth of the area of the United States. It contains 30,000 Indians, and has a coast line of 25,000 miles extent, equal to the circuit of the globe. The people of this country, and especially, he would say, the Episcopal Church, have here what seems a providential opportunity to bring all these tribes under the influence of Christianity and civilization. Efforts to that end will not meet with the obstructions which had hindered the work here. His great apprehension for the future in this respect was that some discovery of gold or petroleum or the like might be made, and, the news being spread, a wealth-seeking and whiskey-selling emigration would follow, and in a few years Congress would be asked to appropriate \$50,000 to maintain an army there to put down the Indians. How much better it would be to spend that amount of money now, in the work of missions and civilization, by which the Indians could be made a prosperous and happy people. At the close of the sermon a collection was taken for the cause of missions in Alaska.

Boston Advertiser

Jul 20 1884

1208 THE BEAR STARTS FOR ALASKA. 1955

The United States steamer Bear left her anchorage off Staten Island at 8 a. m. yesterday and started on her voyage to Alaska and the Arctic Ocean. There was a heavy fog on the bay at the time, but through the mist the officers of the Bear could see and answer the salutes given from other vessels as they passed out of the harbor. The steamer will stop at Valparaiso and San Francisco.

Address simply New York Evangelist, Box 2330, New York. Remit, in all cases, by DRAFT, MONEY ORDER, or REGISTERED LETTER.



THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1885.

The band of Moravian missionaries now well on their way to Alaska, consists of the following persons: The Rev. W. H. Weinland and wife of Bethlehem, Pa.; the Rev. J. H. Kilbuck, a full-blood Cherokee Indian, and wife of Ottawa, Kansas, and Mr. H. Torgerson of Ontario, Canada. No missionaries and teachers have wrought more faithfully in any field than have our own Presbyterian brethren and sisters in Alaska. Indeed, ever since we acquired that remote but yet important addition to our country, the natives have been dependent upon our Church almost alone for religious and school instruction. And under no little discouragement at times, this work has steadily made progress. It is to be hoped that these missionaries of another Church now about entering the same field, will so harmonize with ours in their counsels and labors as to advance the cause which both have at heart. They will certainly secure the favor and coöperation of their Presbyterian brethren, if they set to work in the true Moravian spirit.

Lieut. Ray and his men, who have been making scientific observations for two years at Point Barrow, Alaska, have reached San Francisco in safety. This is the second of the thirteen parties engaged in the work of polar observation which has returned. The first to get back was the Austrian band, from Jan Mayen Island, which reported that all the work laid out for that station had been accomplished. Lieut. Ray telegraphs that his party has been equally successful. The Spitzbergen observers should be heard from next.

VOLCANIC ACTION IN BEHRINGS SEA.

THE SKY FULL OF ASHES—AN ISLAND CREATED—SEA-LIONS FATAALLY SCALDED.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—The Alaska Fur Company's steamer Dora, just arrived in San Francisco from Ounalaska, brings an interesting account of volcanic disturbances which have occurred in Behrings Sea, and of which it is claimed that neither the Signal Service nor the geographical societies have yet been advised.

At Ounalaska, according to the statement of a deputy collector of customs, on October 16 the sun was obscured and the atmosphere became unusually hot. A cloud hovered over the place which, finally bursting, precipitated a quantity of gray ashes, covering the ground to the depth of four inches. It was surmised to come from Bogaslav, God's Land, distant thirty miles, and the sup-

position proved correct, as Captain Hoyne of the Dora cruised in the vicinity, and twice came as near to Bogaslav as the safety of the vessel would permit. Bogaslav is a volcanic island in longitude 90 west from Washington, 54 north latitude.

Captain Hoyne states that he stood off about a mile from a volcano, belching forth lava and ashes. The most remarkable feature was that a few miles from Bogaslav a new island three-quarters of a mile in length and width, with a cone-shaped peak in the centre, 500 or 800 feet high. The captain states that the natives told him the eruption had been in progress for the last six months intermittently. Many sea-lions were killed. Of those alive, the majority were hairless, the heat having removed their fur.

DISCOVERY OF A GREAT RIVER.

LIEUTENANT STOREY FINDS A STREAM REPORTED TO BE OVER 1,500 MILES LONG.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 9.—Lieutenant Storey, who went up on the last trip of the Corwin, reports the discovery of an immense river hitherto unknown. The river had been vaguely spoken of by Indians to former explorers, and Lieutenant Storey determined to see if it existed.

He proceeded inland from Hotham Inlet in a southeasterly direction until he struck what he believed to be the mysterious river. He traced it to its mouth, a distance of about fifteen miles, where he saw such huge pieces of floating timber as to satisfy him that the stream must be of immense size. He went up the river for a distance of fifty miles, where he encountered natives, from whom he learned that to reach the head waters of the unknown stream would take several months.

The Indians told him that they had come down the river a distance of 1,500 miles to meet a fur trader, and that it went up higher than that.

It is his opinion that the discovery of this river accounts for the large quantities of floating timber in the Arctic Ocean, which has popularly been supposed to come down the Yukon River. The Indians stated that the river in some places is twenty miles wide. It lies within the Arctic circle, but Lieutenant Storey found flowers and vegetation not hitherto discovered in so high a latitude.

EXPLORING THE YUKON RIVER.

ONE OF THE LARGEST RIVERS IN THE WORLD—LIEUTENANT SCHWATKA'S VOYAGE OF 1,829 MILES.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 9.—Lieutenant Schwatka, of Arctic fame, who with his party was picked up by Lieutenant Ray at St. Michaels, speaking of his trip up the Yukon River, Alaska, says he travelled 2,800 miles overland, reaching the head-waters of the river, where they constructed a raft of logs to navigate the stream to its mouth. They procured a crew of six Indians and proceeded down the gradually increasing stream within 250 miles of Fort Chilcat, where rapids were encountered. Down them the Indians refused to go and attempted to force the raft ashore. Schwatka, in order to suppress the mutiny, opened fire on the Indians, killing three, when the others submitted and the rapids were run. The voyage on the raft was 1,829 miles. From the mouth of the Yukon they proceeded to St. Michaels, where they boarded the Leo for this port.

Lieutenant Schwatka claims that he has been farther up the Yukon than any other white man. This is denied by Signal Service Officer Leavitt, who has been stationed at St. Michaels, and who also came down on the Leo. He says he ascended the Yukon to Fort Selkirk, 2,000 miles from its mouth. He describes the river as being one of the largest in the world, discharging 50 per cent more water than the Mississippi, and being at places seven miles in breadth.

A RAILROAD OF THE FUTURE.

Lieut. Schwatka Says We Will Yet Travel to Russia by Rail.

"The idea of railroad communication with Alaska will doubtless appear almost preposterous to many people; but I believe the coming generation will live to ride from Minneapolis to the mouth of the Yukon in a railway coach," said Lieutenant Schwatka, the Alaskan traveler and explorer, recently. "The Russians

are now contemplating the construction of a railroad to the river Amoor, and it is not unlikely that they will continue it to the Pacific ocean to a point opposite Behring's strait. Should this be done the building of a road from some point on the Canadian Pacific, which shall traverse the British possessions and Alaska, and connect with the Russian railway will be only a matter of time. The strait at a suitable point of crossing is so narrow that passengers and freight could be easily transported in summer time from the terminus of one road to that of the other, and in winter time a regular track could be laid on the solid ice. Just imagine yourself traveling from Chicago to St. Petersburg in a Pullman coach without change of cars. It is a possibility whose realization is more than probable. And I think the project would be a paying one, too. It would not, perhaps, have any serious effect upon ocean traffic, but the route would be largely patronized by European travelers who dread an ocean voyage. There is no reason why a railroad should not be operated successfully in these northern regions, and I do not think there would be any more blockades from snow than in this country. Yet, should this ideal scheme for traveling by rail from one continent to another fail of consummation, we may reasonably expect our railroad to Alaska. The country is able to support as great a population as our average state, and there is no reason why it should not attain the growth of Norway and Sweden. Indeed, it is growing noticeably now, and the immigration in the future will be steady and substantial."

The Aleutian Islands.

Lieut. Schwatka thinks there is a great opportunity for some large monied company to take up the Aleutian islands and devote them to grazing purposes. The climate is so mild that there is not any trouble in raising cattle successfully, as grazing is very fair all through the winter. The islands, he thinks, will support over 400,000 cattle, enough to supply the whole market of San Francisco and the tributary country.

SCHWATKA'S RESIGNATION.

He Is to Become a "Cowboy" in the Service of the Scotch.

[Portland (Ore.) Sunday Welcome.]

It was announced among the dispatches recently that Lieut. Fred Schwatka, U. S. A., had resigned his commission for the reason, as intimated, that he was about to enter "foreign service." The lieutenant is not intending to embark in a change of flag, but he is about to enter the Scotch service in this wise: Last year he was deported by the government to lead an expedition up the Yukon river in northwestern Alaska to explore its channel, resources, etc. He crossed to the river 1,200 miles above its mouth and descended to the sea, making accurate record, in full compliance with his instructions, but in the meantime he attended to a little side show of his own. In addition to what he was specially instructed to examine and report upon in the Aleutian island group, he discovered and mapped out the central channel of the noted Japan current and its thermal effect upon the temperature of the several islands in its track.

These islands are said to aggregate about 2,000 square miles, with a perennial climate of about 60 degrees Fah. the entire year, and covered with grasses and verdure adapted for indefinite grazing, and having no parallel on the planet for stock ranges. On the lieutenant's return from the Yukon expedition he stopped in Portland and entered into confidential terms with "Scotch" Reid in respect to gobbling those perennial islands for cattle ranches, to be conducted under the auspices of a corporation to be organized in Scotland with "slathers" of capital to back the enterprise, for which purpose Reid left here several weeks ago.

Lieut. Schwatka is to take special superintendence of the business there, with a due ratio of non-assessable stock, of course; and at the next session of congress (*Deo volente*) we may expect to see Schwatka's Yukon report placed before that body in "ship shape and Bristol fashion," with maps, charts, etc., minus the Aleutian islands in the Japan current, to be probably supplemented by a modest little bill to "civilize" a part of the Aleutian group by a long lease similar to that conferred upon Hutcheson, Kohl & Co. for fur-sealing privileges in the Unalaska region. If this programme is carried into due effect, Schwatka, in lieu of being a mere lieutenant, will be de facto the major general "cowboy" of the world.

Census Reports. Vol. viii. Government Printing Office. 1884.

THE report on Alaska, by Ivan Petroff, covers 177 pages, and is chiefly remarkable for the paucity of statistics of recent date, except in regard to population, and for the fact that the reporter, who went on a sort of voyage of discovery, made no attempt, so far as appears from the report, to visit and investigate the most populous and accessible portion of the Territory, including the vicinity of Sitka, Juneau, Wrangell, and the Alexander Archipelago in general. It is also to be noted that, as with most frontier regions, development progresses rapidly, and in the four years which have passed since the material for the report was gathered, very important changes have taken place in southeastern Alaska. Not the least of these is the initiation of a Government.

Mr. Petroff is of Russo-Alaskan extraction, and his knowledge of the language has been turned to good account in numerous compilations from Russian sources which appear in various parts of this description of the Territory, and form in reality its most valuable contribution to our knowledge. His natural bias toward material derived from the Russians has in some cases led him (as in regard to the Tebickoff atlas) to overrate both its value and its accuracy, and to neglect later work of a better sort. The valuable unpublished observations of Nelson have been freely drawn upon for information. For those parts of northwestern Alaska which were visited by Mr. Petroff, his description seems accurate and his conclusions just. Where he leans upon Zagoskin, however, he partakes of the errors of that lazy and mendacious traveller, whose custom, according to his Russian companions, was to catechize the natives, and from his notes to construct a journal and map of a journey which he never made. These errors, which are chiefly ethnological and geographical, do not materially affect the value of Mr. Petroff's report on the Yukon region, the general conclusions on which

—that it is chiefly valuable for its furs and fisheries of salmon—are little likely to be modified hereafter.

The population of Alaska is estimated at about 33,500, of which about half have been actually enumerated—a result in harmony with the independent estimates of Veniaminoff in 1839, Kostlivtsoff in 1863, and Dall in 1870, but based on better data. Nearly two-thirds are referred to the Eskimo stock, and one-third to the Athabaskan and Tlinket Indian races. Of these about five thousand might be considered civilized as distinguished from the independent and unmodified barbarians. A useful summary of various, chiefly Russian, censuses of Alaska has been compiled from several sources.

The report on the resources of the Territory is on the whole very just, with a decided leaning to caution in claiming what is but imperfectly known. The history of the fur trade, though not monographic, is very full as regards the Russian trade, and the compilation of statistics made in it will be of permanent value. The statistics of the annual product since the purchase are confessedly inadequate, on account of the disinclination of dealers to admit outsiders to a knowledge of the details of their business. It is known that the product of continental furs is much greater than before the purchase; the figures given probably represent only a small part of the real trade either in number of skins or their valuation. For the sea-otter and fur-seal alone are reliable statistics available. The maps showing distribution of fur animals are at most but tolerable approximations; the fact that a skin is bought in a district is by no means evidence that the species lives there, owing to the wide inter-tribal traffic in skins. The map on the distribution of timber, tundra, and glaciers is perhaps the most hazardous of any. Much of the detail upon it there is no evidence on record to sustain, and it is at best founded in great part on guesswork.

The contributions to geography in the report are chiefly those of Nelson, which have appeared elsewhere. On the other hand, several errors have been reintroduced from imperfect Russian maps, and the course of the Yukon changed to conform to certain alleged observations by traders, which have already been shown by Schwatka to be erroneous. The map has been superseded by better ones, as is the fate of maps in a country under exploration. Geographical names are misspelled throughout the report in a very irregular and puzzling way, Mr. Petroff evidently not fully realizing the values of the English alphabet. An historical account of Alaska is a very useful compilation from Russian sources and from the Russian point of view. The portion of it since 1867 hardly rises above good-natured gossip, and is sometimes inaccurate, but the preceding matter will be very welcome to those interested in the Territory.

The ethnological portion of the report is the weakest, owing to the fact that the author has undertaken a task for which he was not suitably prepared either by experience or education. It teems with interesting facts, but interspersed with assumptions and conclusions which require revision. Much has been quoted from other works, and for those people actually seen by Mr. Petroff his accuracy need not be questioned; but his classification includes several errors of a fundamental nature, and, in general, the work is deficient in scientific precision either of state-

ment or orthography. The maps of the report are well executed, but there are a few chromos which had better have been omitted.

The report on the fur-seal fisheries by Mr. H. W. Elliott has already been noticed in these columns. It is without doubt the best general account of the Alaskan fur seal and his haunts, and is copiously illustrated by the author. As treating of the chief source of Alaska's wealth, it not unnaturally covers a space about equal to the preceding report of Petroff, but a good deal of this is devoted to more or less irrelevant topics.

Alaska Seal Catching.

The story goes that some poachers were fitting out in San Francisco to kill seals on the federal preserves in Alaskan waters. To warn all such parties, Secretary Manning addressed the following note to Collector Hager:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, }
March 16, 1886. }

Collector of Customs, San Francisco—

Sir: I transmit herewith for your information a copy of a letter addressed by the department on March 12, 1881, to D. A. D'Ancona, concerning the jurisdiction of the United States in the waters of the Territory of Alaska and the prevention of the killing of fur seals and other fur-bearing animals within such areas, as prescribed by chapter 5, title 23 of the Revised Statutes. The attention of your predecessor in office was called to this subject on April 4, 1881. This communication is addressed to you, inasmuch as it is understood that certain parties at your port contemplate the fitting out of expeditions to kill fur seals in these waters. You are requested to give due publicity to such letters, in order that such parties may be informed of the construction placed by this department upon the provision of law referred to. Respectfully yours, D. MANNING, Secretary.

Upon reference to back files we find the full explanation of this note in the letter referred to, which is as follows:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, }
March 12, 1881. }

D. A. D'Ancona, 717 O'Farrell street, San Francisco, Cal.—Sir: Your letter of the 19th ult., requesting certain information in regard to the meaning placed by this department upon the law regulating the killing of fur bearing animals in the territory of Alaska, was duly received.

The law prohibits the killing of any fur-bearing animals, except as otherwise therein provided, within the limits of Alaska territory, or in the waters thereof, and also prohibits the killing of any fur seals on the islands of St. Paul and St. George, or in the waters adjacent thereto, except during certain months.

You inquire in regard to the interpretation of the terms "waters there" and "waters adjacent thereto," as used in the law, and how far the jurisdiction of the United States is to be understood as extending.

Presuming your inquiry to relate more especially to the waters of Western Alaska, you are informed that the treaty with Russia of March 30, 1870, by which

the territory of Alaska was ceded to the United States, defines the boundary of the territory so ceded. This treaty is found on pages 671 to 673 of the volume of treaties of the revised statutes. It will be seen, therefore, that the limit of the cession extends from a line starting from the Arctic ocean, and running through Behring's strait to the north of St. Lawrence islands.

The line runs thence in a southwesterly direction, so as to pass midway between the island of Attouand Copper island of the Kormansborski couplet or group of the North Pacific ocean, to meridian of 173 degrees west longitude. All the waters within that boundary to the western end of the Aleutian archipelago and chain of islands are considered as comprised within the waters of Alaska territory.

All the penalties prescribed by law against the killing of fur-bearing animals would therefore attach against any violation of law within the limits before described. Very respectfully.

H. F. FRENCH, Acting Secretary.

Alaska.

THE GREAT NORTHERN EXCURSION FIELDS.

In the August *Overland* (Samuel Carson & Co., San Francisco) is an Alaskan description, "About St. Michael's and the Yukon" by George Wardman, who made the trip last year in the *Rush*, which is full of interesting details of the northern country and its natives, their habits and manners of life. The Yukon salmon are pronounced the finest on the coast. They range in weight from 40 to 120 pounds, are very fat and well flavored. Taken out of the brine they are eaten with relish by the civilized as well as by the savage inhabitants. There is no beef and for some years past there has been little or no reindeer. St. Michael's stands upon an island in the southeast bend of Norton's sound, which was established as a landing place and headquarters of the Russian-American company for the Yukon river trade. There are no gardens at St. Michael's—the ice did not break up last year until June, and in July the thermometer noted 32° fahr. It is winter eight months in the year, when the temperature goes down 30° to 50° below zero. Yet there are fine, large eastern mosquitoes, and barn swallows are plentiful. But "from the southeast to the southwest extremity of Alaska, the *Rush*, which has been cruising around the coast and islands of this territory from early May to late July, has not visited a port to which it would be advisable for any person to come

from any part of the United States where he may have a home and be able to earn a livelihood." "Nor," adds the writer, "have I seen a man in any portion in Alaska who would advise a friend to come out here as a settler, either in trade or navigation." The writer gives an entertaining sketch of the killing of a white whale, and recommends Alaska as one of the most interesting places to which civilized people, residing in the great cities of the eastern states, could make summer excursions. As to mining on the Yukon, there has been no reliable information, and as far as present known the country is fit for nothing but the fur trade. The Yukon is a wonderful river, capable of carrying a tonnage equal to the Mississippi. There is no timber along the coast, but the value of this cannot be appreciated. The utter uselessness of the climate as a habitation for civilized people is shown by meteorological observations, at Fort Rallance, 450 miles above Fort Yukon, where the highest temperature was 70° above zero on May 14th and September 13th, and the lowest 60° below on the 21st of February, 1879. The rainfall last winter was but 20.8 inches. There are a variety of interesting articles in this number of the *Overland*.

—The Moravians, at their meeting at Bethlehem, Pa., April 16, decided to establish a mission among the Esquimaux in Northwestern Alaska, and commissioned two brethren for an exploration missionary journey there.

—A number of Moravians in Bethlehem, Pa., including five students in their Theological Seminary, volunteered to go as missionaries to Alaska, after a recent address by Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, of the Presbyterian Board.

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MORAVIAN MISSIONARY REPORTER

AND ILLUSTRATED MISSIONARY NEWS.

No. 94.

OCTOBER 1, 1886.

Price One Penny.



REV. HANS TORGENSEN. MRS. WEINLAND.
REV. J. KILBUCK. MRS. KILBUCK. REV. W. H. WEINLAND.

ALASKA.

“Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature,” were the words of our Lord ; and in compliance with this command we find missionaries at the present day labouring under the burning sun of the tropics, and also amidst the ice and snow of the arctic regions. In our last number we gave a sketch of some incidents of missionary life in Labrador, we now purpose travelling across the great continent of North America, in a north-westerly direction, and taking a very brief survey of Alaska. In so doing we shall

more especially note its adaptability as a field for missionary enterprise.

Until 1867 Alaska was comparatively unknown. A vast region, at the extreme west of North America, was marked on the map as Russian America, being separated from Asiatic Russia simply by Behring Strait. Its area is 580,107 square miles ; or, if measured by an air line, it is 1400 miles from north to south, and, from its eastern boundary to the end of the Aleutian Islands, it measures 2200 miles. In this vast region may be found mountains and volcanoes, vast glaciers, noble rivers—the Yukon being 70 miles wide across its five mouths,

and navigable for 2000 miles—hot and mineral springs, and an almost innumerable number of islands. In such a vast country, with its large rolling plains, wide valleys, and high mountains, there is necessarily a great diversity of climate. In a general way it may be said that inland Alaska has an arctic winter and a tropical summer. At Fort Yukon the thermometer often rises above 100° Fahrenheit in summer, and from 50° to 70° below zero in winter. At Sitka, on the southern coast, the mean spring temperature was found to be 41.2°; summer, 54.6°; autumn, 44.9°; winter, 32.5°; and for the entire year the average was 43.3°.

The population, scattered over this vast north-land, is composed, approximately, of 17,617 Innuits or Eskimos; 2145 Aleuts; 1756 Creoles (descendants of Russian fathers and native mothers); 5100 Tinneh; 6437 Thlingets; 788 Hydah; and 2000 whites, making in all a total of 35,843. As a rule the native Alaskans are industrious and provident, living in permanent and substantial homes. Their appearance, habits, language, complexion, and even their anatomy mark them as a race wholly different and distinct from the Indian tribes inhabiting other portions of the United States. They are far superior intellectually, if not in physical development, to the Indians of the plains; are industrious, more or less skilful workers in woods and metals, and are shrewd, sharp traders. They yield readily to civilising influences, and can, with much less care than has been bestowed upon native tribes elsewhere, be educated up to the standard of good and intelligent citizenship.

Looking round and seeing what is being done for the spiritual welfare of these interesting peoples inhabiting this vast country, we note that before the purchase in 1867 of Alaska from Russia by the United States Government, a Mission to them was established by the Greek Church. Bishop Veniaminoff, who was well spoken of, was its founder. He died in 1879, and there now only remains of his Mission here and there a Greek priest, teaching dead forms. Soon after its acquisition by the American Government, the Protestant Christians of the United States realised the need of mission work among its inhabitants, and the American Presbyterian Church sent missionaries to S.E. Alaska. Stations were opened, hardships endured, and good work done at Sitka, Haines, Fort Wrangel, etc.; but up to this time nothing had been done for the Innuits, or Eskimos, of the great North West. The neglected condition of these people lay like a heavy weight upon the large and loving heart of Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the moving spirit of the Presbyterian enterprise in the South, (now United States General Agent of Education in Alaska.) Knowing that his own people, the Presbyterians, had their hands full with the work already alluded to, he applied to one section after another of the Church of Christ, requesting each to take up the 15,000 scattered Eskimos of the more northerly portion of the territory. None could, however, see their way to do so. "At last," said Dr. Jackson, "I come to the Moravians with the same request. For more than 100 years you have cared for those to whom no one else could resolve to go. If you refuse, these heathen must go down to ruin in the dark." To the Moravians, that ancient missionary Church, whose hearts are always open to the cry of those perishing for lack of knowledge, these words, "If you refuse these heathen must go down to ruin in the dark," sounded as a call that could not be resisted. They appealed to the love and zeal of the members of the "Unitas Fratrum" (The Unity of the Brethren, founded in Bohemia, A.D. 1457, renewed at Herrnhut, A.D. 1722). A number volunteered to go to Alaska, in this unknown service, ready if need be to take their lives in their hands for the sake of the souls of the heathen.

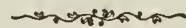
An exploration was successfully carried out in the summer of 1884 by the Revs. J. A. Hartmann and W. H. Weinland, who, after visiting Nushagak (Fort Alexander) in Bristol Bay,

and the three trading posts of the Alaska Commercial Company, on the Kuskokwim River, decided on one of the latter as a suitable spot for the first station. The name of this trading-post was Mumtrekhlagamute. About a quarter of a mile distant the mission station of Bethel has been founded. This consisted, when the last news was despatched, of a one-story frame house, with steep roof and heavy eaves, and a workshop standing close by. In the spring of 1885 the first five missionaries went to establish the station. Their portraits we present to our readers. The Rev. William H. Weinland, Mrs. Weinland, and Mrs. Kilbuck are Americans. The Rev. John H. Kilbuck is of royal Indian descent, from the chiefs of the six nations. The late Rev. Hans Torgersen was born in Norway, March 18th, 1850, emigrated as a child, with his parents, to Wisconsin, was converted and confirmed, October 22nd, 1865, married Christina Torkelsen, May 11th, 1877, was called to Canada as a missionary, 1878, and to Alaska in the spring of 1885. There he volunteered to help with his practical talents in building houses, etc., while establishing the Mission; but was, unfortunately, drowned by accident on August 10th, 1886, having slipped off the deck of a boat, and been carried away by the current.

Since the establishment of the Mission, the good work has been steadily carried forward. From the latest news to hand we learn that, notwithstanding the sad accident, all were of good courage. A fairly warm house had been built just before the winter came down upon them in such rigour as even Alaska had not known for eighteen years. In December the thermometer sank to more than eighty degrees below freezing-point (50.6° below zero). The body of Hans Torgersen had been found, more than a month after death, some seven miles down the river in the sand of a little island, in an unfrequented channel. Brought thence with loving tenderness, it now rests in a tomb on the summit of a hillock near the station. A daughter was born to the Rev. W. H. Weinland and his wife on the 10th of January, 1886. So far as they have been able to learn, she is the first white child born to American parents in that part of Alaska. She is a great curiosity to the natives, many of whom come to see her, bringing small presents. Progress is being made with the language, and the confidence of the people is being gained. Many come to the missionaries for medical assistance.

In 1886 the Moravian Missionary Board resolved on commencing a school at Nushagak, when three volunteers were chosen for the work—Rev. and Mrs. Wolff and Miss Bradley, M.D. Mr. Wolff has gone to build and make preparations, and next year purposes (D.V.) to settle at Nushagak with his wife and Miss Bradley.

The Church Missionary Society have also established a Mission in the N.E. portion of Alaska, between the Yukon and Mackenzie Rivers, to the Tinneh tribe. Two Swedish missionaries are also on their way to Alaska, having left England a short time since in the steamship, *Pavonia*.



LIFE AT BETHEL, NORTH-WEST ALASKA.

WE promised our readers the remainder of Br. Weinland's letter to his young friends; but our friend the *Little Missionary* has not yet sent it to us, so we cannot fulfil our promise till he fulfils his. We hope he will soon, for the early experiences of our dear, cheerful, and courageous missionaries in the great far-off land, of which we know so little, are particularly interesting to us all. Meanwhile we have been privileged to see some extracts from a private letter of Br. Kilbuck's to an old college friend, and we will try to tell our readers some of the things about which he writes so cheerily.

It seems that in Eskimo their house is covered with "I

don't know." The explanation is that, when they were building, one of the natives showed great curiosity, and carefully observed every little bit of progress. In order to interest him still more, they wanted to tell him what was to be done next, so Br. Weinland showed him their building paper, and asked him what that was called. He answered, "Noth-lor-ka." Fancying he had got the right name for the article, they explained to him at length that the walls were to be covered with "Nothlorka." But it turned out that the words meant "I don't know."

In November Br. Kilbuck went a journey across the tundra (moss-covered plain) with Mr. Lind. The moss was frozen, and the many lakes partially covered with ice. The mode of travelling was the same as that in Labrador, namely, in a sledge drawn by dogs. Seven were attached to each sledge, two and two, and one as the leader. Alaskan dogs are very like those described in the last number, page 71. They are queer-tempered but useful animals. We have seen a photograph of Mr. Lind with his favourite dog, and it is really a splendid animal. This journey was a new experience for Br. Kilbuck: he found he had to look out well if he was to keep his sledge from being overturned. If there is a bush or a stem of a tree in the way, ten to one the dogs will make straight for it. Jump! bump! we are safely over that, and right side up! So far, so good. But woe to any of the team that may not have succeeded in clearing the obstacle! The rest of the dogs pull all the harder if they meet with some resistance to their onward gallop, and generally *something* must yield. The Eskimo dogs have many qualities, and those not exactly the most amiable, in common with their brothers in England and the United States, and it requires a considerable amount of patience to manage them. They can run very quickly along good smooth roads; Br. Kilbuck has seen seven dogs draw a sledge, containing three or four grown-up persons, a distance of half-a-mile in two minutes and twenty seconds. As our missionaries had no dog-sledge of their own last winter, they could not travel about much. They intended this summer, however, to get a good team, and hope next winter to be able to pay more visits.

Br. Kilbuck gives a few interesting particulars with regard to the language of the Alaskan Eskimos. He and his companion, Br. Weinland, are in about as difficult a position as some of our young readers would be, if they were set down amongst a number of Greek-speaking persons, with no one to help them or correct their mistakes. Still the two missionaries are getting so familiar with the language that Br. Kilbuck assures us that, if he spoke at all in his sleep, it would be in Eskimo! This language resembles Greek in having case-endings and three numbers, singular, dual and plural. That you may see how curiously the natives express themselves, let us take the sentence: "Last winter I drove with Lind to Pinochamute." In Eskimo, this sentence would run something like this: "I during winter to Pinochamute, Lind drove with I." Mr. Clarke of Nushagak, and Mr. Lind of Mum-trek-hla-gamute, state that whenever the natives make an assertion, they always employ the expression "I think," so that an Eskimo would say, for instance, not, "I build a house," but, "I think a house build I." The ending *mi* expresses the dative, and *am* the accusative. Questions are indicated, not by the tone of the speaker, but by the suffix *ka*, which is generally added to the last word of a sentence. Eskimo is a decidedly guttural language, and several words contain so many guttural or throat sounds, as to prove almost too difficult even for Br. Kilbuck, although his Indian mother-tongue is also decidedly guttural.

MR. C. ROSS, M.A., of Aberdeen, on the staff of the African Lakes Company, was last May appointed by Lord Rosebery, H.M. Vice-Consul at Quilimane, with a view to checking the slave trade.

SAINTS IN BOHEMIA, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE Slavic race in the Danube valley looks back in its various branches, whether Servian, Moravian, Bohemian, or Bulgarian, to the same source for their earliest Christian illumination. The apostles to them, of both learning and religion, when, in the dimness of the ninth century these peoples were yet in a half-savage heathenism, were the two brothers, CYRIL and METHODIUS. They were, perhaps, Slavs themselves; at all events, they spoke the Slavonic language, and went from the court of Constantinople with the alphabet they had invented in one hand, and the Bible they had translated in the other, on their missionary errand among the Slavs.

And they went not unsought, for it is pleasant to read how the Chozars in the Crimea and the Duke of Moravia sent to the Byzantine Emperor, asking for missionaries. The Bulgarian school-girls of to-day repeat the national legend of their king, Bogoris, and that dreadful picture of the Last Judgment, which Methodius painted, and which was such an awe-inspiring lesson to the king that moved by it, as well as by the pestilence which had wasted his nation, he begged to be baptized, and compelled his people to follow his example. This was in 861; but it was full ten years after, that the Duke of Bohemia became enlightened and invited Methodius to his capital, where the same effects followed his preaching as in other countries. Three of the churches of Prague, it is claimed, were founded by this converted duke, Borzivoi.

In these later, progressive years, the names of the brothers of the ninth century have been lifted into new honour and reputation. The traveller to Prague will find quaint monuments of them in the old Teynkirche, a few feet from the tomb of Tycho Brahe, and he may hear allusions to them in any Slavic school examination on the Danube. They were canonized in 1881. A thousandth anniversary of the death of Methodius was celebrated in Bulgaria last year; the ceremonies continued for two days at Sofia, and the people aimed to plant trees and establish Cyril-and-Methodius circulating libraries in every school district throughout Bulgaria.

Cyril and Methodius used and defended the vulgar tongue in the churches; but they themselves, for political reasons, were allied with the Roman Catholic Church and accepted her gifts and honours, and the tenth century was not ended before the Slavonic liturgy was dropped and the Latin language had usurped its place. Now, no more were the sheep fed in the churches, and that long night of ignorance begun, which called aloud for light and a reformation.

We cannot enter into the long story of how that light shone forth and that reformation was effected through John Hus and others. Among these were our own spiritual ancestors—the ancient "Unity of the Brethren,"—who, amid sore persecutions, faithfully confessed Christ in Bohemia for nearly two hundred years.

Nor can we here tell of our own present efforts to restore the light of the pure gospel to the land of our forefathers. We rejoice that others are working there, and with such success as is recorded in the following accounts.

One of the sweet fruits of a pure Gospel in Austria to-day is a girls' boarding-school, about fifty miles north of Prague, at Krabschitz. It was founded and conducted, until his death last year, by PASTOR SCHUBERT, of the Reformed Bohemian Church, a modern Methodius to his people. Other Gospel fruits are an orphanage in Southern Austria, wholly supported by a devotedly Christian countess; and the Free Churches of Prague, Stupitz and Tabor, with a membership of 316. And this in Austria, where in 1879 it was not permitted evangelical missionaries to hold private meetings in their own houses, or even to admit one outside their own family to join in their evening prayers!

There is also a Home in the City of Brünn, where nine or ten girls at a time are carefully trained to Christian work, and sent forth to do it. This little nursery of the Church was established by an American lady, and, as well as the Krabschitz school, received her unstinted help and sympathy. From her death-bed she sent an appeal that the Krabschitz school should not be left to die, and her Christian sisters would have held themselves base'y disloyal if they had not hearkened to that last appeal of their missionary, CLARA GRAY SCHAUFFLER. She passed into the skies, leaving a name behind like ointment poured forth; and Pastor Schubert laid down his staff, and saying, "I believe, I believe in Thee, O Lord," went to be forever in His Presence. But Krabschitz has not been forgotten. It is fostered by Christian hearts (American Board), and promises to be for years to come, what Mrs. Schauf fler called it, the "Mount Holyoke" of Bohemia.

Through that school, and through such single-hearted

A REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

HAVE you a mind to make a call with a South African missionary to-day? Come along then; it is about 3 p.m. by the sun, and I have just put on my coat,—a substantial winter overcoat, brought with me from Europe. Here is my hat, not the fashionable sort that English lads call a "chimney-pot," and American youngsters term a "stove-pipe," but a practical head-covering of straw, much more suitable and useful in Kaffirland. Now my stick, and we are ready to sally forth from this straw-thatched, one-storied house, which is my happy home here at Shiloh. No need of a plate on the door to tell who dwells here. True, I have not been thirty years and more in South Africa like my uncle Br. Benno Marx at Wittewater; but everyone at Ebede, as the natives still call Shiloh, knows where Br. Ludwig Marx lives.

It is a beautiful afternoon. The sun is shining brightly in a



PRAGUE.

missionaries, not a few out of the land of Huss have in these later days been "called to be saints." "When I came to meeting the first time and heard a woman pray," said a Bohemian woman to Mrs. Schauf fler, "I said to myself, may God preserve *me* from ever trying to do such a thing as that, for I have nothing to say. I never had an idea that people could pray for what they wanted, right out of their hearts. But I went to my work, and all through the week I thought how can I pray? and finally, the idea came into my head, I'll ask for a new heart, and as soon as I thought that, and asked for that, the rest all came."

At Prague (the Bohemian capital) a room has been rented for one year, by way of trial, where a meeting will be held by Br. Schmidt on every last Sunday in the month. Such preaching has already taken place. This apartment is in the house No. 5, Lindengasse. So convinced is Br. Schmidt of the great importance of this new step, that he has pledged himself to meet the expenses of this first year, from a fund for evangelizing purposes, placed in his hands by friends.

cloudless sky, but the air is cool, and there is a peaceful quiet all around us.

Here is the house I intended to call at. Rather a dilapidated hut, isn't it? The roof seems threatening to fall in, and the back wall to fall out. As it is, the rain finds free access, but the wall is propped up by three stakes fixed slantwise against it. Well, and who lives here? You shall see in a minute, for we will enter the humble abode. Certainly, the inside is very much better than the outside; it is scantily furnished, it is true, but it is clean.

The only inmate is an old man lying by the fire. "Are you asleep, Antony?" He rises and stands before us, a Hottentot in a rusty-grey coat. It is a wrinkled face which is turned to us, but the eyes that look out of it are true and glad with peace and happiness that come from God. His earthly tabernacle, whether we mean the tottering little four-cornered hut in which he dwells, or the aged body now getting feeble with age, may look near its end, but he has a home not made

THE MORAVIAN MISSION
AMONG THE
ESQUIMAUX IN ALASKA.

*(A brief Report issued by the Society for Propagating the Gospel
among the Heathen.)*

I.

WHAT HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED?

THE Mission in Alaska was inaugurated about a year and a half ago. What has been accomplished in this period of time?

1. The work at Bethel, on the Kuskokwim River, has been fully established. If we take into consideration the circumstances of the case, this result is the Lord's doing and marvelous in our eyes. When our Missionaries went out to Alaska in the Spring of 1885, they relied, in so far as the building of a Mission and School House was concerned, wholly upon Brother Hans Torgersen. But before such work could be begun he was suddenly snatched from their side and drowned. Not only was this a blow fearful enough to discourage the stoutest heart, but the Brethren Weinland and Killbuck were totally unacquainted with building operations and ignorant even of the use of the necessary tools. And yet their hearts did not fail them. In the name and strength of the Lord they stood fast and endured; erected a Mission House; and established the Mission.

2. The Missionaries are gaining the confidence of the natives, which is a pre-requisite of ultimate success.

3. They are slowly but surely making themselves acquainted with the language of the Esquimaux, in order to preach to them the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.

4. They have built a School House and opened a School on the first of September last.

5. Preparations have been made for founding a second Alaskan enterprise, at Nushagak. This place was visited by Brother Frank Wolff in the course of last Summer; and after having had the lumber prepared at San Francisco he succeeded, although greatly pressed for time, in putting up a dwelling for the Missionary party which expects, if the Lord permit, to go out early next Spring.

We therefore believe that, in the short period of a year and a half, all has been accomplished which could reasonably be expected; in fact, in view of the experiences of the Missionaries at Bethel, more than we had a right to expect.

II.

WHAT HAS THE WORK COST?

1. The exploratory tour undertaken in 1884 by the Brethren Hartman and Weinland cost \$1,378.50.

2. The founding of the Mission at Bethel, in 1885, including the chartering of a vessel for transportation, the construction of a Mission-boat, supplies for one year, and all other expenses in any way created by that enterprise cost \$6,568.02.

3. Toward these amounts—\$7,946.52 in all—there were contributed by churches and individuals, \$6,587.56, and the deficiency of \$1,358.76 was covered by a grant of the Society for Propagating the Gospel.

4. The supplies for Bethel and other incidental expenses connected with that Mission, in the second year of its existence, 1886-1887, amounted to \$1,641.75.

5. The preparatory work done at Nushagak, including Brother Wolff's journey, cost \$1,941.64.

6. Toward these amounts—together \$3,583.39—\$2,689.54 were received from churches and individuals; \$48.31 from the sale of photographs; and the deficiency of \$845.54 was made up by the Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Heathen.

7. The expenses connected with the Nushagak undertaking would have been far greater, if the Arctic Fishing Company had not given Brother Wolff a free passage, transported all the lumber and other goods without charge, and gratuitously boarded him and the natives whom he employed.

III.

WHAT WILL THE ALASKAN MISSION COST IN FUTURE?

The expenses, this year, will necessarily be heavy in view of the founding of the enterprise at Nushagak. More lumber is needed for the Mission House, a School House must be built, and supplies for a year must be provided. To these items are to be added the expenses of the journey of the Missionary party. We estimate the whole amount at about \$2,500 or \$3,000. Adding the cost of the supplies for Bethel for another year, the estimate will reach between \$4,000 and \$5,000, nearly double the amount of contributions received last year. We are therefore very thankful that the United States Government has made a grant of \$1,500 to the School at Bethel. *This is a source of income, however, upon which we can not in any wise depend.* Such grants are conditioned by Congressional appropriations; and, as is well known, the last Congress earned notoriety by cutting down the appropriation of \$25,000 for Schools in Alaska to \$15,000, in spite of the earnest efforts both of the Agent of Education and of the Governor of Alaska to have the appropriation raised to \$50,000.

Hence in order to carry on the Mission in Alaska successfully *we must depend upon an increase of contributions on the part of our churches*

and of individuals. After the station at Nushagak will have been established, we estimate the annual cost, for the present, of each Mission at about \$1,800. Therefore about \$3,600 will be needed every year.

The enterprise begun in Alaska has awakened so great an interest and so encouraging a liberality that we confidently believe our churches and friends will not grow weary in well doing, but pray for its prosperity, fervently and effectually, and give toward its support, as unto the Lord. Into His keeping we commit the work.

BETHLEHEM, PA., January 1, 1887.

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., OCTOBER 13, 1886.

ALASKA.

RETURN OF THE REV. F. E. WOLFF FROM NUSHAGAK.—DESCRIPTION OF HIS EXPERIENCES ON THE VOYAGE AND WHILE ERECTING THE MISSION-HOUSE.—HE RECEIVES LETTERS FROM THE BRETHREN WEINLAND AND KILBUCK WHILE AT NUSHAGAK.—BUILDING IN ALASKA.—THE RETURN VOYAGE.—KINDNESS OF THE ARCTIC FISHING COMPANY.

Late on Monday afternoon, October 11, 1886, the Rev. F. E. Wolff reached Bethlehem. A special meeting of the Board of Directors of the Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Heathen was immediately summoned, and the brethren met to welcome Brother Wolff and to receive a brief oral report of his work. From rough notes taken during the recital, THE MORAVIAN is able to present the following imperfect report, which is subject to correction and expansion when Brother Wolff is able to write up his diary.

Bro. Wolff spoke substantially as follows:

"I might report at length concerning my pleasant trip across the Continent, the many acquaintances I made by the way and my kind reception by Christian friends at San Francisco. Especially grateful do I feel towards Mr. Roberts, whose kindness, begun in the case of the brethren Hartmann and Weinland, continues to be faithful towards our missionaries. He was very much interested in my work and gave me all possible encouragement. So also did Mr. Rohlfss, the president of the Arctic Fishing Company. My consultation with the latter gentleman resulted in my learning that the Company did not feel justified in assuming the expense of erecting a school-house at Nushagak, as we had partly expected, 'because the United States Government had made such a large appropriation for education in Alaska.' Although I showed that instead of \$80,000, the appropriation was only \$25,000, and that only for one year, the Company could not depart from their decision, and, therefore, in compliance with my instructions and greatly assisted by Christian friends in San Francisco, I set about making the necessary preparations. Materials for the Mission-house and school-house were gotten together, and properly prepared, as far as it was possible to do so. Even the windows were glazed and the doors hung in their frames, so that the work at Nushagak might proceed with all possible rapidity.

"Meanwhile, there was delay and uncertainty with regard to the sailing of the vessel. Taught by their experience in former years the Company had decided not to send a second ship until the first had returned to San Francisco. Owing to the unusually severe Winter the first vessel had been greatly delayed. Sailing from San Francisco on March 28, 1886, forty-six days were consumed

by the voyage, nearly a month elapsing before they could enter Bristol Bay. When the fishermen reached the shore the ice was still fifteen feet thick in the Nushagak River. Thus our departure was delayed, and meanwhile the vessel which the Company wished to engage was secured by other parties, and could not even be bought. An attempt to charter a steamer also failed. Finally, the Company decided to send the same schooner in which the Brethren Hartmann and Weinland returned from Nushagak, in 1884, the *Sadie F. Caller*, under the command of the same captain.

"As is usual in such cases, there was a hurried departure after the long delay, and I had very short notice to get everything on board, as the lumber was to be packed first of all the cargo. However we succeeded, and only a few trifling bits of material, none of them absolutely essential, were overlooked. Thus we left San Francisco for Nushagak on July 17, with what proved to a voyage of thirty-five days before us; for it was five o'clock in the afternoon of August 21 that I first set foot on Alaskan soil.

"The voyage itself was much like all voyages in sailing vessels. Though the weather was generally propitious, there were a few rough days and several calms, with occasional head winds, especially at Umanak Pass, where a whole week was consumed in progressing two hundred miles; for we reached the mouth of Umanak Pass on Sunday morning, August 8, and arrived at Ounalaska on Saturday morning following, August 14. We were in several "perils of the sea" after leaving

this port, drifting into a false pass and having a narrow escape on Tuesday, August 17, near the Walrus Islands, where the weather was very foggy. Finally we sighted Round Island and sailed around Cape Constantine, where we encountered a storm that lasted a day and a half. We were now nearing our destination. Soon we met a native pilot in his kajak, who guided us up the bay. Progress was slow on account of the mud banks and consequent narrow channels, and before we reached the shore we were visited by Mr. Johnson, the superintendent of the 'cannery.' Owing to the shoals vessels must lie at anchor about three miles from shore, and the cargo is taken to the main-land by lighters.

"As before stated, I landed on Alaskan soil at 5 o'clock P. M., on Saturday, August 21. Mr. Johnson immediately took me to the boarding-house, whose sign is the 'Hungry Man's Home,' where quarters were assigned me in the room used by the superintendent and foremen. The room is about six by seven feet, and in it there are four berths! Immediately after a good supper—and the meals at the boarding-house were a great improvement over those on the ship where the accommodations were good and the meals very indifferent—I looked around for a suitable place to build the Mission-house.

"The 'cannery' is situated at the native village called Kanuluk (appropriate name!) and is three 'short miles' from the village of Nushagak at Fort Alexander. Beyond Nushagak is the village Yiluk, while to the north-east there is an

916 other smaller village. Consultation with Mr. Johnson and others, strengthened by personal observation on the spot, caused me to decide in favor of proximity to the 'cannery' village of Kanuluk. Early the next morning I continued my examination, and by six o'clock A.M., had made my choice and driven the first stake. The spot chosen is on a knoll which rises about as gently as Market Street in Bethlehem, Pa., to the height of about thirty feet above high tide. It stands about four hundred yards to the south-west of the 'cannery' and about the same distance from the water's edge on the bay side, and about two hundred yards directly back of the village towards Nushagak.

"The ground is solid, very little being mossy or spongy (tundra) and the grass is very good. The tract is about fifty acres in extent. The soil is dark near the surface, growing lighter as you dig deeper; and seems well adapted for the sparse gardening of Arctic regions. In places near by where we dug for water we found solid ice at three, five or eight feet below the surface. To secure regular water supply, a well must be dug or a cistern built; for the fine spring that is near by is too close to the native village to ensure cleanliness. The drinking water is generally brought by boat from up the river. As regards the general location I may remark that it will be reasonably convenient for the Nushagak children to attend school.

"The captain had promised to have all the lumber on shore by Monday evening, August 23, but the weather was against him; and it was not until Thursday morning, August 26, that all was landed. Meanwhile I had the trenches prepared for the foundation-beams, and spent part of the time in building a sod house to serve as a home for a cow, which we hope we may be able to take with us next Spring. I also made preparations for active work at house building. The Company placed at my disposal their carpenter, their cooper, and another man who was handy at carpentering, that is, they gave me what amounted to the whole time of three men for eleven days, and charged only the wages which they paid in cash, namely \$54.86. In fact, I may as well recapitulate here the active assistance rendered by the Arctic Fishing Company. Though they did not feel moved to assume the entire cost of building the house, they in the first place made no charge for passage-money or freight on all the lumber from San Francisco to Nushagak. Nor did my return-trip cost me a cent; for board, both ways, was free. In the second place, they charged only the actual cash outlay for the workmen's time as reported above. In the third place, they not only boarded myself and the workmen, free of all expense, while at Nushagak; but they supplied all the native assistants with free food, and

one must have seen a native eat in order to form a just idea of what this item would amount to! Besides all this was the constant kindness, which can not be reckoned in dollars and cents. The Church certainly owes the Company hearty thanks for what it has done.

"While the lumber was unloading, I had to find

ways and means for transporting it to the building-site, some four hundred yards up a hillside. When the first load came ashore I went to the 'China boss' of the eighty Chinese who were employed by the Company and of whom only twelve were then at work, and contracted with him for the transportation of some 70,000 feet of lumber and boards and 20,000 shingles. By advice of the Superintendent I offered them \$15 for the job; but the 'boss' wanted \$25, and finally we compromised on \$23. In the evening, however, they struck for higher wages, demanding \$10 additional. After some consultation I determined to accede to the demand as they had me at a disadvantage, and the 'boss' went back to the 'China house' and I went to bed. Almost immediately the 'boss' returned with new terms, demanding \$1 per day and board. To this demand I could not yield, and the 'boss' left me, remarking 'Chinamen no good anyhow,' with which remark I could not help coinciding. As they did not claim any wages for the little they had done, I was spared the necessity of pleading their breach of contract.

"Early next morning I got one of the fishermen to go with me to the 'men's sweat house' (Hotel Kashima) to endeavor to get the assistance of the natives. [The reporter's notes fail to give an adequate account of these 'interiors.'] With great difficulty we awakened the men from the deep slumber into which they continually relapsed, and we succeeded in getting only two men. Then we tried our fortune at the private residences, until we secured six men, in all, who promised to work all day. They agreed to work for *dinki* (money) and *kiki* (food). The usual rate of wages is forty cents a day and board for an able-bodied man, and twenty-five cents and board for boys. I paid fifty cents a day, not because I wished to disorganize the labor market, but because I did not have any small change and could not get it in sufficient quantity. As before stated, the company gave the workmen their meals, free of expense, after the fishermen had eaten.

"When evening came and I was at work sorting out the lumber, which had been stowed as most convenient in the vessel's hold though all had been sorted and marked in San Francisco, I noticed that the natives did not leave the spot but were evidently waiting for something or other. On inquiry I learned from the fishermen that the natives were waiting for their wages; for they do not readily engage themselves for more than a day at a time and expect their wages at night. So I paid them off; and every day I had to hire my native laborers anew, and to pay them every night. I noticed a very human tendency in some who when they received their wages would post off to Nushagak to spend it at the store.

"The natives worked well. If the work lagged I had only to shout 'Hip, hip, hurrah!' and things went more briskly. It was odd to see them marching slowly and solemnly down the hill in single file, each with his hands behind his back. The *tyoon* or chief and his son the *consul*, gave me great assistance in the work. It was astonishing to see the ease with which they handled heavy

burdens. For instance, the double window frames, with sashes and glass complete, were boxed in with rough boards. It would take at least four white men and much bad language to carry such a burden four hundred yards up a rather steep hill; but two natives carried such a case with ease. Including the cost of some poles and other lumber that we purchased, the total outlay for native labor was \$23.80. That is, our house was erected at a total cost of \$78.66, which includes what we paid the Company.

"Everything was now ready, and the work made quick progress. And things had to move quickly, for we had only thirteen days to build our house. We did it, too, as far as the outside was concerned, closing everything tight. A few points need attention, but the building is storm-proof. Inside, it is unfinished, with the exception of the double floor; but there will at least be a roof over our heads when we go out next Spring. The dimensions of the building are 24x38x9 feet, with a 12-foot addition. All the lumber for the school-house, as well as that for furnishing the dwelling, and the hardware and tools we stored in the building. Up to the very last the natives were helpful.

"On Tuesday and Wednesday, September 7 and 8, all the white fishermen went on board the schooner to sleep. I remained on shore finishing up minor details. By four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, September 7, all the windows and the outside doors were in place. It is remarkable to note that not a pane of glass was broken in transportation from San Francisco and that all the doors and windows fitted exactly. By seven o'clock all was completed, but when I tried to lock the front door I could not, until I had chipped away a piece of wood in the mortise-hole. Then I went to the 'Hungry Man's Home,' where I found the steward in tears. He had, however, saved some supper for me. Afterwards, another man ate his supper, and then it was the turn of the two natives who had helped me to clean and oil my tools and put things in final order. They ate enough; but when I reminded one of them that it was the last time that he would get such a meal until the schooner came next year, he ate another hearty meal. Tuesday night I slept alone in the house, and I was very lonesome; for all the others were on board the ship.

"On Wednesday morning I locked up the house, with all our property, leaving it in charge of the native chief and the care-taker of the Arctic Fishing Company and went on board. I found the natives to be very honest; they would not take even a small piece of board without asking permission. I believe we shall find everything safe and in good order when we go out in Spring. Our intercourse with the natives was chiefly by signs; but they have already learned the English words 'by and bye,' and one of them knew what a cow was, and illustrated the process of milking and drinking the milk. By signs I told them that we would come again and begin a school.

"Our trip back was more expeditious. Embarking on Wednesday, September 8, contrary winds detained us at our anchorage. On Thursday we

drifted about ten miles with the tide and anchored at six o'clock P.M., when I went ashore with several of the fishermen and hunted ducks. The next morning there was a fair wind, and we soon dismissed the pilot in his kajak and were off. Our schooner, the *Sadie F. Callar*, set sail in company with the *Myers*, and we were in sight of each other through Behring Sea. On Sunday we were in the Umanak Pass where headwinds and rough seas and fog delayed us; and at times the vessels were so close that we could talk to each other. After beating through the pass by Tuesday night, we had two thousand miles to sail to San Francisco, and though the vessels parted company, we both got to port on Monday, September 27, though we did not land until Tuesday morning, seventeen days from Nushagak. It may interest some to know that including the crew there were 25 white men and ninety Chinamen on board the schooner, and that the cargo embraced 11,000 cases of salmon (4 dozen cans to the case) and 200 bbls. of salted salmon. The other vessel had 6,000 cases. And it was a very poor year for salmon.

"It was impossible for either Brother Weinland or Brother Kilbuck to visit Nushagak, but they sent a messenger with letters to welcome me. Parts of these letters may be communicated at a later date. It will be interesting to many to learn that a daughter was born to Brother and Sister Kilbuck on July 15.

"A week was spent by me in San Francisco, visiting friends of the Lord's cause.

"To the Lord be glory and praise!"

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BETHLE

THE MORAVIAN:

A CHRISTIAN FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE PROVINCIAL SYNOD
OF THE MORAVIAN CHURCH IN AMERICA.

[Entered at the Post Office at Bethlehem, Pa., and admitted for transmission through the United States mails, at second class rates.]

Leaves from Bro. Wolff's Diary.

JANUARY 12, 1887.]

IN SAN FRANCISCO.

In the afternoon I called at the office of Mr. C. C. Rohlf's, who is the President of the Arctic Packing Company. He knew of my coming and was glad to see me. After speaking awhile about Nushagak, Alaska, and their business there, we spoke of our proposed Mission. Mr. Rohlf's was very much in favor of the Mission and promised to assist us in various ways. With regard to the time when the next vessel to Nushagak would sail, he said he could not tell; that they had hoped to send it some time in June. They sent a vessel up to Nushagak the 28th of March, which was to return immediately. They expected her back about the 1st of June, and as soon as possible after she returned they would send their second vessel.

98 Some time later a vessel came from Cook's Inlet, which brought the news that the last Winter in Northern Alaska had been very severe, the ice being very thick. I was obliged, therefore, to wait patiently until the 29th, when the long-looked-for vessel from Nushagak floated quietly into the bay.

The Captain reported the experiences of their trip thither and back as follows: Going, they had 29 fishermen and 80 Chinamen aboard, and the vessel was loaded down with provisions, lumber, and other materials for fishing. When they were out at sea two weeks they were greatly surprised one day to find from four to five feet of water in the hold of the ship. The pumps were set in motion and the Chinamen were put in order with buckets, and all worked hard for a long time. Finally it was discovered that the kingbolt of the center-board had worked out, where the water was now coming in, and they had a hard time to get the leak stopped, as the vessel was so well packed with freight that it was only with difficulty that they could get at the leak. The voyage from San Francisco to Bristol Bay lasted forty-six days.

When they were on Behring Sea and neared Bristol Bay, they found that the ice was not yet broken in the bay and on the river; so they had to wait there nearly a month before they could get to Nushagak with their vessel. In previous years the vessels went to these different places in Northwestern Alaska, and generally found the waters open. The Captain and the fishermen were greatly surprised that the vessel was not crushed to pieces by the ice, for when the ice began to break up it came down in great masses, and very thick. The vessel was several times completely hemmed in by cakes of ice. Some of the ice which was washed ashore in the bay was found to be fifteen feet thick, and much of the ice coming down from the Nushagak River was about eight feet thick. The report in general was that the last Winter in Alaska was an unusually hard one. It took only seventeen days for this vessel to make her return trip to San Francisco, there being no trade-winds to contend with.

After the return of this vessel there was considerable delay before a suitable ship could be found ready to be chartered. Finally, on the 4th of July, the *Sadie F. Caller* lay ready at the dock to receive our lumber and such freight as was ready to go to Nushagak.

My delay of two months at San Francisco proved a very pleasant one, for which I am especially indebted to Mr. and Mrs. James Roberts,

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hopkins and Mr. and Mrs. Ewer; also to Miss Maria Harbaugh (who was for many years nurse at the Young Ladies' Seminary at Bethlehem, Pa.), together with her brother and aged mother. These last-mentioned, as well as Mrs. Hopkins, are Moravians.

Mr. James Roberts is a very active member of the Presbyterian Church. He also formed the acquaintance of our missionaries who went up to Alaska last year, and assisted them very much in making their purchases in San Francisco. He is an active missionary at home, becomes acquainted with a great many ministers at home as well as with many missionaries who cross the ocean to go to foreign heathen lands. I was always welcome at his office, and especially so when I needed advice or help in anything. When I set out to make my purchases he often went with me and introduced me to Christian business men, explaining to them the cause for which I wanted to buy, which often made a great difference in the prices of articles particularly so in the line.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

doors being of double thickness. The windows are also made of double thickness of sash and glass, with a solid shutter on the outside. The inside and outside casing on both doors and windows were put on, the inside ones being only tacked lightly, so that they could readily be taken off, in order to put the frame in place. The windows, with all the glass in, and the doors were well packed with rough lumber for shipping; and when we had the windows put into the house we found that not a pane of glass was even cracked. My carpenter at San Francisco cut and framed everything for the buildings that could possibly be done before the lumber was taken aboard the vessel. The studding, plates, etc., were all sized at the mill; and I marked and numbered every piece, and studied the building material well, so that I could tell where the pieces belonged as soon as I saw them. My carpenter took the pains to go over my lists of the materials, hardware, etc., and went with me to see that the right things were procured; so when I came to building I found everything there, and all fitted well when I and everything there, and all fitted well when I

20
account of the extreme cold weather, I was advised to make the buildings only one story high. This, of course, necessitated more ground-room and roof. The size of the school-house is 16x22x9, a plain building, with one door and four windows. The dwelling is 24x38x9, with an addition of

12x12 for the store-room. The divisions of the house are a kitchen and pantry, two bed-rooms, a sitting-room and a study. For chimneys we took the terra-cotta pipe specially made for this purpose, and surrounded by a zinc pipe to make it fire-proof. This was the easiest way of making the chimneys, as there are no stones or brick and lime to be had. The house is made of a "balloon frame." First, on the outside of the studding is put a tongue-and-grooved pine flooring, No. 2. Over the outside of this is put asphaltum paper, and onto this is put the shiplap, or "rustic" as it is called. It is an inch board, grooved so as to make the boards lap over each other, taking the place of our "siding" here in the East. These outside boards are California redwood, which does not decay very easily, and does not shrink sideways, but has the peculiarity of shrinking a little endways. On the inside of the house there is put, first, on the studding a resin-faced paper especially adapted to keep out dampness. Next to this, there is again put tongue-and-grooved pine flooring, No. 2. The ceiling is made of narrow redwood boards. These board walls are covered with some light muslin lining, only fastened at the top and bottom, then wet with some solution to make it shrink; and then, when stretched as tight as possible, the wall-paper is pasted on. Our object was to make the walls and floor air-tight. So strips were nailed along the lower edge of the lower joist, and a drop-floor put in, which I covered with dry sand about an inch or so deep, that will not allow the air to come through. The floor itself is double, with asphaltum paper between. The roof is of "third-pitch" roof-boards, laid close, with asphaltum paper over them, covered with good redwood shingles. The doors and window-sashes I had made to order at a factory in San Francisco. Mr. James Roberts recommended to me a carpenter, whom I found to be a good and reliable man, who went with me to the factory and helped me to order what I wanted and to find good and well-seasoned lumber. The frames for the windows and doors were also made here, and then were fitted and hung in their frames, with locks on and everything completely finished before they left the factory, the outside

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., JANUARY 19, 1887.

Leaves from Bro. Wolff's Diary.

[CONTINUED.]

EN ROUTE FOR NUSHAGAK.

Everything was ready and waiting, when on the 14th of July I received notice to get all aboard the ship as soon as possible. By Friday noon, July 16, I had everything aboard the vessel which I wanted to take with me to Nushagak. I was very busy towards the last, as I did not pay any of my bills till everything was safely delivered on the vessel.

Bidding my friends at San Francisco and Alameda good-bye, I went aboard the vessel on Saturday morning at 11 o'clock and began, in the name of the Lord, my long voyage to Nushagak, Alaska. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock we were towed out to sea. At 5 o'clock the tug-boat left us to take care of ourselves. While were going through the bay and the Golden Gate there was a heavy breeze; but when we were fairly out at sea there was but very little breeze, and our sails were soon all set. Owing to the contrary wind, however, we were obliged to sail south-west instead of north-west. In the evening it grew very misty, and as we were still near land where steamers and vessels are constantly passing in and out to the city, one of the sailors had to stand on the bow of the vessel and blow the horn. I was determined not to get sea-sick if I could help it, so I sat down with the rest and ate a pretty hearty supper, and retired about 10 o'clock. It was a strange feeling which took possession of me as I realized for the first time I was out upon the ocean.

Our vessel, the *Sadie F. Caller*, was a three-masted schooner, 131 feet long, 32 feet wide, and with 15 feet depth in the hold. Her masts were all the same height, about 135 feet. She carried about 650 tons. The Captain in charge of the vessel was L. P. Larsen, who had with him eight men as sailors. Captain Larsen had been to Nushagak, Alaska, with this same vessel two years ago.

Sunday, July 18 (first day, 70 miles). This morning, when I went on deck, I found we were not sailing very fast and it was foggy. When the breakfast-bell rang I went down, but found it hard work to eat, as I began to feel somewhat dizzy and sick. The vessel was tossed only by an occasional deep-rolling wave. When dinner-time came I did not care for anything to eat. We had sailed 75

100
miles since we started—we counted our days from noon to noon. I stayed on deck as much as possible. In the afternoon we saw three or four vessels at a great distance. The beginning of our long voyage was very slow, and as I was feeling somewhat sick it seemed to me as though we would never get over the great distance before us. It was Sunday, and I could not help thinking of the dear friends at home who were able to go to church and attend the various services during the day. As sea-sickness was mastering me, I lacked the energy to read or do anything else. The evening again brought a heavy mist.

July 19 (second day, 22 miles). Rested pretty well during the night, but felt sick when I got up this morning. I felt best when lying down, so I remained in that position almost all day. The Captain told me early in the morning if I would come on deck I could see some rocks. We passed quite near some rocks standing high out of the ocean. It was still very misty and calm. When the Captain made his observations and reckonings we found that we had only sailed 22 miles in the last 24 hours. There was still no breeze, and the vessel was rolled by an occasional deep wave, just making enough motion to keep up my sea-sickness.

July 20 (third day, 27 miles). After taking a little breakfast I went on deck and remained there most of the time, because I felt best in the open air. Amused myself a while by feeding some large birds which were always following the vessel. The sailors called them "goonies." The fog began to disappear in the forenoon, and a strong breeze arose from the north-west, which made me feel better. The observations showed that we had only made 27 miles since yesterday noon. This afternoon, however, we made 7, 8, and 9 miles an hour, and the breeze was steady, the vessel inclining to one side, but sliding along fast.

July 21 (fourth day, 179 miles). The vessel, under a stiff breeze, made good headway all night and all day to-day. There was no fog, but some clouds. The observations showed that we had sailed 179 miles in the last 24 hours, in the north-west direction. We all felt greatly encouraged, and I began to figure out how soon we would get to Alaska at this rate, although the Captain told me afterwards I might be greatly mistaken in my figuring. Felt much better to-day and could read a little, and walked on deck a great deal. The sailors greased the high masts from the very top to the bottom, in spite of the strong wind, with the vessel swinging from side to side, and the waves sometimes splashing clear over the deck. It looked very dangerous to me, but they did not seem to think so; they felt as easy about it as any

man working on dry land.

July 22 (fifth day, 158 miles). The vessel was still moving along at a good speed this morning, and continued so throughout the day. The observations showed that we had sailed 158 miles. In the evening the Captain showed me some curiosities which he had collected when at Nushagak two years ago. Among these were a spear, watch-chain, snuff-box, ink-well, buttons, etc., which proved to me that the natives were quite ingenious, and encouraged me to believe that something could be done to improve their destitute condition. He also told me about the Company's fishing place and the kind of fish, of which the king salmon is the largest and best, often weighing fifty pounds and more.

July 23 (sixth day, 108 miles). We had a good wind all night till 4 o'clock this morning; then came a calm, and we only moved at certain intervals, when occasional puffs of wind arose.

July 24 (seventh day, 54 miles). This morning there was very little breeze. Between 8 and 9 A.M. there was a large shark near the stern of the vessel. He occasionally frightened the goonies. The steward saw him first, and he quickly got a piece of chain about 4 feet long, with a hook, which he fastened to a long rope. Having baited it with a piece of meat, he let it over the stern of the vessel. The shark, however, left the vessel and was quite a distance behind us. The steward, having his duties to attend to, laid the hook aside. I watched the shark for some time, and when he came near the vessel again I put out the bait. He came and took a good look at the chain, and after biting into it and giving it a good pull he let go, and soon followed the bait and took the hook. When he was about to swallow it I gave it a good pull and ran the hook fast into his mouth. It took four men to pull him on board ship. He measured 9 feet and had fins 2 feet long. The steward killed him and fed portions of him to the goonies.

Spent part of the day down in the hold on the "between-decks," beginning to fix up my tools for use. Made a case for the whetstone. The sunset this evening was very pleasant.

July 25 (eighth day, 80 miles). This was a most beautiful day, the vessel moving about three knots an hour. In the morning I looked over some papers and gave them to the Captain and sailors to read when they were at leisure; but they seldom seem to have any leisure, as they were always busy at something, on Sundays as well as

Made two trestles to-day.

July 31 (fourteenth day, 124 miles).

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., JANUARY 26, 1887.

OFFICIAL ITEMS.

REPORTED BY THE PROVINCIAL BOARD.

THE ALASKA MISSION.—A brief report of this Mission has been issued by the Society for Propagating the Gospel. Copies of this report will be sent to all our ministers and we request them to distribute it among the members of their churches.

Leaves from Bro. Wolff's Diary.

[CONTINUED.]

ARRIVED AT NUSHAGAK.

August 8 (twenty-second day, 66 miles). The captain said last night we should be able to see land by morning; so I got up earlier than usual. Sure enough, the first thing I saw when I reached the deck was the volcano Shishaldin, 8,953 feet high, and also two other mountain peaks to the right of it. They were nearly one hundred miles distant. We were sailing very slow all the day. In the afternoon a number of other mountains on the islands which we were now nearing, made their appearance. These high mountains were covered with snow, and the volcano sent forth volumes of smoke. It made me feel quite cheerful to see land again, after being three weeks out of its sight.

August 9 (twenty-third day, 25 miles). We were now near Ounimak Pass, through which we were to pass from the Pacific Ocean over into Behring Sea. We could not do any sailing to-day, as it was calm; so we spent our time catching cod fish in fifty fathoms of water, and had cod-fish tongue for breakfast. It was a clear and warm day, and the surrounding islands and high mountains were a grand sight to behold, especially at sunset.

August 10 (twenty-fourth day, 15 miles). To-day we had head-wind, and gradually beat our way up to the Pass. About 10 o'clock in the morning, however, a heavy fog set in, so that we could see but a very short distance from the vessel. We were now in great danger of running into the small islands lying in the Pass. At 12 o'clock we were so near one of them that we could hear the waters break on the rocks quite plainly. So the captain allowed the vessel to drift, although we did not know which way the current was flowing. These were very anxious hours for us, and we felt thankful to the Lord when we found that the cur-

rent had taken us away from the islands.

August 11 (twenty-fifth day, 25 miles). This morning we found that the vessel had drifted quite a way out of the Pass again. The fog disappeared about 8.30. We again made an effort to beat through, and had passed the most dangerous places when in the afternoon a heavy fog again settled upon us. Our progress was very slow, as we were having head-winds all the time. This kind of sailing in the fog is similar to a man walking blind-folded.

August 12 (twenty-sixth day, 25 miles) We were now bound for Ounalaska, but having head-wind we sailed for some distance out into Behring Sea, in hopes of getting near Ounalaska Bay on our return. But just as we had tacked ship the wind changed and cut us off, and we returned the same way we had come, finding ourselves farther away from Ounalaska in the evening than we were in the morning. The sea became quite wild from the heavy wind, and I began to feel the old enemy, sea-sickness, again.

August 13 (twenty-seventh day, 30 miles). The wind had not yet changed this morning, and so we beat from side to side, and sailed hundreds of miles in this way in order to make a little progress nearer our destination. We had a wild rolling sea all day, and I was sick most of the time.

August 14 (twenty-eighth day, 20 miles). The captain was up all night, and this morning he told me we were entering Ounalaska Bay, so I got up and finished my letters, which I wanted to mail at Ounalaska. I ate but very little breakfast, and at 8.30 we were ready to leave the vessel and go the rest of the way, about eight miles, in a small boat which was already lowered. The captain and I, with two sailors to row, set out for Ounalaska. It was calm and clear, and a most beautiful morning. The mountains around Ounalaska are a magnificent sight, which can not be described. One high bluff out-reaches the other, with deep ravines, covered with a beautiful green grass, and moss, and an abundance of wild flowers. The tops of the highest mountains are white with snow. Little streams coming down the mountains forming beautiful cascades near the bottom of the slope, where they plunge into the sea below.

A great many birds are seen here, white and black, with red feet and red bills, white and black winged, some quite large and others very small.

Our sailors pulled faithfully at the oars, the perspiration rolling down their cheeks. The little boat went up and down, over the quiet, deep rolling waves, and when we got near the island lying right ahead in the Bay, there all of a sudden appeared five large whales, quite near our boat, the

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

in our favor; it was, however, rather light. rained during the forenoon, but the wind changed August 7 (twenty-first day, 58 miles). It still whales.

cold and disagreeable. Saw quite a number of destination. It rained part of the day, and was had made but little progress toward our point of the last few days, the observations showed that we was still ahead, and while we sailed many miles August 6 (twentieth day, 82 miles). The wind cold, the thermometer standing at 52°.

with beating against it. To-day was cloudy and again had head-wind, and had to content ourselves the night the wind died out. This morning we August 5 (nineteenth day, 66 miles). During

and we were sailing in nearly direct course again. In the afternoon the wind changed to the north, "Sea-Sickness" began to edge in on my side again. was wild all forenoon. Our unwelcome friend morning we had a strong head-wind. The sea August 4 (eighteenth day, 65 miles). This up a west wind and we had some rain.

several hours, and during which time there came my turn at the wheel this afternoon, where I spent sake of something new, the Captain said it was Time begins to hang heavily on me. For the morning we had fine weather, but still calm. August 3 (seventeenth day, 55 miles). This We had to be content with a calm.

a great deal if he could have made the wind blow. felt discouraged. The Captain would have given August 2 (sixteenth day, 41 miles). To-day we

wind to-day. Spent the day reading. August 1 (fifteenth day, 108 miles). Very little

other days. The evening was a most beautiful one, the sunset glorious.

July 26 (ninth day, 82 miles). This morning there was a delightful breeze, growing stronger all the time, and we sailed 9 and 10 knots an hour all day long. The white-capped waves showed the angry motion of the water, and the sly waves coming over the deck gave me a good wetting several times. Spent part of the day putting my planes in order, and began a frame for the grindstone. In the afternoon the motion of the vessel became so great that I had to give up all work. So for a pastime I stood and watched the vessel contend with the angry waves.

July 27 (tenth day, 144 miles). The vessel went in a direct course all day under a fair south-west wind, the sky being overcast most of the time. I finished the frame for the grindstone. Had a very good appetite, and felt as good as I possibly could. In the evening we were enveloped in a very heavy fog, and a man had to be on the lookout blowing the horn.

July 28 (eleventh day, 190 miles). The wind was fair and we made good progress; the sky was overcast.

July 29 (twelfth day, 200 miles). To-day we had storms and rain almost all day, the wind being from the south-west. The vessel was gliding fast over these blue waters, which was a great satisfaction to me. No observation could be taken to-day. The log showed that we had made 200 knots the last 24 hours. Worked at my tools and put handles into two axes, grubbing-hoe, pick, and adz.

July 30 (thirteenth day, 118 miles). The rain we had during the night was over, but a heavy mist filled the air all day. Our progress was slow. Made two trestles to-day.

July 31 (fourteenth day, 124 miles).

100 miles since we started—we counted our days from noon to noon. I stayed on deck as much as possible. In the afternoon we saw three or four vessels at a great distance. The beginning of our long voyage was very slow, and as I was feeling somewhat sick it seemed to me as though we would never get over the great distance before us. It was Sunday, and I could not help thinking of the dear friends at home who were able to go to church and attend the various services during the day. As sea-sickness was mastering me, I lacked the energy to read or do anything else. The evening again brought a heavy mist.

July 19 (second day, 22 miles). Rested pretty well during the night, but felt sick when I got up this morning. I felt best when lying down, so I remained in that position almost all day. The Captain told me early in the morning if I would come on deck I could see some rocks. We passed quite near some rocks standing high out of the ocean. It was still very misty and calm. When the Captain made his observations and reckonings we found that we had only sailed 22 miles in the last 24 hours. There was still no breeze, and the vessel was rolled by an occasional deep wave, just making enough motion to keep up my sea-sickness.

July 20 (third day, 27 miles). After taking a little breakfast I went on deck and remained there most of the time, because I felt best in the open air. Amused myself a while by feeding some large birds which were always following the vessel. The sailors called them "goonies." The fog began to disappear in the forenoon, and a strong breeze arose from the north-west, which made me feel better. The observations showed that we had only made 27 miles since yesterday noon. This afternoon, however, we made 7, 8, and 9 miles an hour, and the breeze was steady, the vessel inclining to one side, but sliding along fast.

July 21 (fourth day, 179 miles). The vessel, under a stiff breeze, made good headway all night and all day to-day. There was no fog, but some clouds. The observations showed that we had sailed 179 miles in the last 24 hours, in the north-west direction. We all felt greatly encouraged, and I began to figure out how soon we would get to Alaska at this rate, although the Captain told me afterwards I might be greatly mistaken in my figuring. Felt much better to-day and could read a little, and walked on deck a great deal. The sailors greased the high masts from the very top to the bottom, in spite of the strong wind, with the vessel swinging from side to side, and the waves sometimes splashing clear over the deck. It looked very dangerous to me, but they did not seem to think so; they felt as easy about it as any

nearest one being only a few hundred yards off, puffing away at a great rate, as though they wanted to race with us. They were all near together, and often blowing the water up into the air for some time, they turned their course slightly away from us, and went down together. We could not see Ounalaska until we were within a few miles from it, as it lies hid among the mountain's cliffs, at a most beautiful little harbor. The houses are small with the roofs painted brown. We landed opposite to the Greek Church. A number of government officials and others who were standing on the shore, greeted us. The Revenue Cutter *Corwin* was there, having captured four vessels, three of which were English and one American, who were catching seal in Behring Sea. One of them had been sent away to Sitka, Alaska, where the parties were to be tried. The captain of our vessel went with the government officials to have his papers attended to. Meanwhile I was taken to the office of the Alaska Commercial Company, where I was introduced to their agent, Mr. Newman, and others. I was questioned concerning my work at Nushagak, etc. I inquired when their steamer, the *St. Paul*, would make her first trip from San Francisco to Ounalaska next Spring. They said she would probably make her first trip in March, and a second one in May. The *Dora* will then about the first of June sail for Nushagak, from Ounalaska.

The public school at Ounalaska seems not to be flourishing, all the pupils having left except one. The Greek priest is undoubtedly at the bottom of it, telling the people that the teachers are frauds, and as they are not over-anxious to study, they are easily persuaded to stay away.

We were ashore about three-quarters of an hour. On our way back to the vessel, the captain and I landed on a small island in the Bay, picked some flowers and gathered some shells. The grass on this island was very tall.

It was 2.30 P. M. when we got back to the vessel. Soon after a breeze came up so that we could sail right out of the Bay, and we expected to get clear of the islands before night, but towards evening a calm set in again, and we were left right at the head of a small pass leading out to the Pacific Ocean, the tide following out, and the swell of the ocean drifting us toward an island from which we were not very far distant. The captain had grown quite impatient and felt very anxious for the night. I retired while he was watching, as we were getting nearer and nearer the island. When we were almost in a critical place a light breeze came up, just enough to start the vessel

away from the island, but we kept on drifting out through the pass, and the captain feared by morning we would be out in the Pacific Ocean again and would then take us another week again to get around in through the Ounimak Pass. Another island lying ahead of us on to which we were fast drifting, when just in due time the Lord sent us wind, which took us safely out into Behring Sea.

August 15 (twenty-ninth day, 30 miles). It took six hours' sailing to bring us where we were last evening when we began to drift. Toward noon the breeze became quite strong, and we were making good headway toward Nushagak.

August 16 (thirtieth day, 178 miles). We made good progress all night with a fair wind. Toward noon it slacked up and changed from west to south-east, growing stronger again toward evening. Later in the evening it turned cold, and we had rain and sleet.

August 17 (thirty-first day, 131 miles). This morning it still rained, and we had only eight fathoms of water, we knew that we were near some land. The atmosphere being as thick as "mush," to use the captain's expression, hindered us from seeing anything. So he left the vessel drift. It remained so all day, and we could do nothing but catch cod-fish as a pastime.

August 18 (thirty-second day, 60 miles). By this morning it had cleared up, and we found ourselves near the Walrus Islands, and knew now which direction we should take in order to get clear of Cape Constantine. The wind being strong, we soon rounded the Cape, and at 3 P. M. the sails were lowered and the anchor dropped. We were now waiting for a native guide to come and pilot us up the bay. This was the first time we anchored since we left San Francisco, and thanked God that we were now in sight of Alaskan shores. The doctrinal text for to-day read as follows: "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one Shepherd." John 10: 16.

August 19 (thirty-third day, at anchor). A strong gale of wind prevailed all day which blew terrific, and we were glad and thankful that we lay safely anchored back of the Cape where the sea could not harm us.

August 20 (thirty-fourth day, 116 miles). The storm being over, we patiently waited for our native guide, who generally stations himself near the Cape when a vessel is expected. He, however, not making his appearance, the captain and two sailors rowed ashore to find him. While the cap-

tain was returning to the vessel our expected native came from Yekook, which lies in the opposite direction, where he had his home and whence he saw our vessel the previous day. The captain and the native arrived at the vessel at the same time. Anchors were at once hoisted, and as there was no wind we began to drift up the bay with the tide. Coming to a certain place where the water was too shallow, we had to anchor again, and wait until the tide rose high enough to let us pass over this shallow place. In the evening when the tide was done, we again anchored. About 11 o'clock we were awakened by some men from the cannery of the Arctic Fishing Company, who came aboard the vessel. They kept us awake the remainder of the night, telling us of their success and the work that had to be done yet before we would return to San Francisco.

August 21 (thirty-fifth day, journey's end). Early this morning we hoisted anchor and began to drift up toward Nushagak with the tide, there being no wind. But we did not get quite to Nushagak before the tide began to ebb, and therefore had to anchor again. At 4 P. M. our vessel was safely anchored about three miles out in the bay alongside of the *Matthew Turner*, a vessel of the Alaska Commercial Company. Several men from the cannery came down with small boats. At 5 o'clock I safely landed at the village of Kanulik, where the Arctic Fishing Company have their cannery, which is about three miles from the village of Nushagak or Fort Alexander.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., FEBRUARY 2, 1887.

Leaves from Bro. Wolff's Diary.

[CONCLUDED.]

AT NUSHAGAK, AND THE RETURN.

Mr. Jensen, the Superintendent of the Cannery, whose acquaintance I had made the evening before, welcomed me, and took me to "Hungry Man's Home," as the boarding house which the Company has erected for the fishermen is styled. He took me to his own room, telling me that he would share it with me, although the accommodations were very poor. It remained daylight until about 8 o'clock. In the evening, Captain Larsen and Mr. Jensen went with me to take a look at the village and the surrounding locality. Upon inquiring, I found that there are four villages on this side of the bay and river, of which Nushagak

and Kanulik are the largest, and lie in the middle. I decided to build at Kanulik, as I was assured by a number of persons that it was the best and the most desirable place for miles around

August 22. This morning I arose early, it being bright daylight at five o'clock. At six o'clock I drove a stake at the place where I thought it would be the best for us to build. Once more asking the Lord to help and direct me. I again studied the place and surroundings carefully, and came to the conclusion that the spot which I had marked was the most suitable. At nine o'clock I began in the name of the Lord to stake out the ground for our house.

The natives are an innocent looking people, and seem very friendly when one meets them, greeting one with the word *schamai*. They came and curiously watched me, my work and movements being a mystery to them. When I motioned to them to hand me something I wanted, they would quickly do so.

August 23. I went to work early this morning to cut away the sod to prepare for the foundation of our house, some of the natives helping me. The wind was blowing so hard that the small boat could not be taken out to bring the lumber ashore. So I selected a place for the school-house, and began to prepare the ground for it. I put up the tent, and placed some of my tools in it for convenience' sake.

August 24. The ground for the foundation for the house and school-house being finished, and having nothing further to do, because the lumber could not be brought ashore yet, I made an examination of the soil and grasses, and came to the conclusion that we could keep a cow, as there is plenty of good grass. The soil also is of such a nature that we will probably be able to raise some vegetables, especially such as are of a quick growth. The ground at the top is black and of a sandy nature, well woven together with small roots of the grass. Lower down the sand is very fine and light in color. There are no stones here. At some places along the beach gravel and small stones are found, but on the high land not a stone appeared as far as I could see. To improve all my time as profitably as possible, I began to build a sod house for a cow, in case the Mission Board should see fit to allow us to take one along. "Chris," one of the fishermen, helped me to look for water, but we did not find any near the house, as we generally struck frost. At one place we went down three feet, at another five feet, before we struck frost. We tried still another place,

104 where we had good hopes of getting water, and bored down eight feet; but our auger not being any longer, we were obliged to give up our search. At this place we did not find any frost.

This evening some of the lumber was brought ashore, and I made a contract with "Lyng," a Chinaman who was overseer of the gang of Chinese employed by the fishing company, to carry my lumber up to the place of building, which is about four hundred yards from where it was landed near the cannery. He agreed to do it for \$23.00, which I was very willing to pay, there being 31,000 feet of lumber, 20,000 shingles, besides doors and windows.

August 25. This morning ten Chinamen were at work carrying lumber all day. This evening "Lyng," the overseer, came and told me that the men would not carry all this lumber for \$23.00, and that they wanted \$10.00 more; so I agreed to give it to them. Just before I retired, however, "Lyng" came again, saying the Chinese wanted to be hired by the day, to which I would not agree. I told him if they would not do it for the terms we had agreed upon, I would hire natives.

To-day we laid part of the mud-sills, but could not do much, because the lumber we needed first was not ashore yet.

August 26. Early this morning I went with "Chris" up to the village and aroused the natives. We crawled into hole after hole, and got the men to work for me. I succeeded in getting six, and they worked faithfully all day. In the evening I paid them each fifty cents, and the Fishing Company gave them their meals gratuitously. To-day we laid the rest of the mud-sills, laid the sills of the house, and put in the under-pinning, and laid the floor joist.

"Chris" and I worked all day, but the carpenter worked only till noon, as one of the Chinemen died, and he was obliged to make the coffin, for which I gave the boards. The funeral was held this afternoon at a late hour, and they had a great time. They burnt up all that belonged to the man, blankets, clothes, money, and in short everything. They brought him a bottle of gin, some pork, and various kinds of eatables, which together with a teapot were placed upon the grave.

For the last three days we have had most beautiful weather. I forgot to note yesterday that the Greek priest from Fort Alexander came up to Kanulik, and I became acquainted with him. He came for whisky. He is the priest, who is reported to have said "wine is good for the church, but whisky for the priest."

August 27. To-day we put up the sheds and

plates, and boarded the two sides. We had a very fine day, the weather being very warm. We were assailed by sand flies and mosquitoes.

August 28. This morning we put on the ceiling joist, and put up the rafters and end-studding, and began to board the ends. In the afternoon the wind blew and it rained; but we kept right on with our work.

At noon, while at dinner, I overheard that a vessel of the Bristol Bay Fishing Company on the other side of the Bay was going to sail for San Francisco. I had only a few minutes time to write a letter yet to my dear family, the men who were to take it across the Bay standing and waiting while I wrote.

In the evening, I was in my tent oiling my tools, when two native boys came with a note from Mr. Clark, at Nushagak, which said that a native would start with mail for the Kuskokwim River early to-morrow morning, and if I had any letters to send he would take them along. So I kept the boys waiting, and hurriedly wrote a letter to the Brethren and Sisters at Bethel, and sent it with two other letters and a large pack of papers, which had been sent with me from San Francisco. The wind blew, and it rained and was very dark. Some of the fishermen wrapped my bundle of mail in an oiled cloth, and dressed the boys as well as they could in old oiled clothes, one receiving the coat and the other the pants.

August 30. This morning we went to work with a good will, and finished the south side and gable ends of the house. It was a very warm day to-day. Nine native men and four boys carried lumber; they got it almost all up.

August 31. To-day we finished the north side of the house and the addition.

September 1. Two men put on the cornice and the other put in the lower or drop floor, which the natives covered with dry sand. I shot two wild geese near the house.

September 2. Two men still continue to work at the cornice. The other man and I put on the roof boards. The weather has been very fine and warm all week.

September 3. Rain. We could do but very little work to-day.

September 4. To-day we shingled the greater part of the north side of the house and addition. The Superintendent of the Cannery took the carpenter away for three days, to make bunks aboard the vessel, for the men to sleep in. I worked alone with the rest of the force of men, and did the work as well as we knew how. The captain said they would now soon be ready to sail homeward again.

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September 6. To-day we had squally weather. Still we worked all day, and got the roof finished. The Superintendent of the Cannery said if all went well everything would be on board the vessel by to-morrow night. The natives carried the greater part of the remaining lumber into the house.

September 7. To-day the carpenter returned to help me put on the doors and windows. Sunshine and rain followed each other. I worked hard all day, as we had to close up and get everything inside the house, and to clean and oil all my tools. Besides, I wished to go to Nushagak and bid Mr. Clark good-bye. Two of the natives helped me to the very last, and it was late before we finished. It rained, and stormed in the evening, so I postponed my going to Nushagak until the next morning. The men of the cannery all went on board the vessel at 2 o'clock in the night.

I went up to my house, and there put up my cot bed, and slept in the house for the first time. I was thankful to the Lord that all was so far finished; to Him be all the praise and glory.

The house was all closed up and every thing safely inside, and my things packed for my homeward journey. Leaving the house in the care of one of the fishermen who remains there all Winter to take charge of the buildings of the Arctic Fishing Company. I also told the chief of the village to watch it.

September 8. This morning the storm was over, and the weather mild and pleasant. I slept very well in our new house. After thanking God for His loving-kindness, I went to the "Tyoon's" (chief) hut, and bade him good-bye, and told him once more to watch my house, he giving me to understand he would. He was very friendly, and seemed glad that I was coming back to teach their children. He, with his family, were evidently at breakfast when I called. A few short boards placed on the floor, or ground, answered as table, upon which were placed some fancy cups and saucers; of eatables I saw none. Three or four persons sat around this table upon the ground. After bidding them all good-bye, I looked for a boy to carry my bundle to Nushagak, about three miles down the Bay. I soon found one, and in the name of the Lord I locked the house, trusting He will watch over it until we shall return next Summer, if it be His will.

We soon got to Mr. Clark's, who welcomed me very heartily. He gave me breakfast as I had had nothing to eat that morning. It consisted mainly of game. He is indeed glad to have some one come to live near him, so it will not seem so lonely to him. He took me to the store of the

Alaska Commercial Company, showing me some of the valuable furs of Alaska. He then took me to the Greek Church, the priest being away, the deacon showed us all that was to be seen. Mr. Jensen came ashore with a small boat, with which I went on board the vessel, leaving Alaskan shores on our homeward voyage.

The texts for to-day were very cheering, "Thy loving-kindness is before mine eyes: and I have walked in Thy truth." Ps. 26: 3. "Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." Mark 5: 19. As we had head-wind we could not leave our anchorage and had to wait patiently until the next day.

September 9. The wind still being contrary, we drifted down the Bay with the tide, and when it was done anchored near Yekook.

September 10. This morning we had fair wind, and set out with good speed on our homeward voyage. We discharged our native pilot at noon off Cape Constantine. Our homeward journey was a fast one. The wind was fair almost all the way, with the exception of a few days near Ounimak Pass, where we lost some time.

The Arctic Fishing Company had two vessels to leave Nushagak at the same time. These two vessels were in sight of each other till we had come through the Pass into the Pacific Ocean, where we lost sight of each other. But at San Francisco the two vessels arrived only a few hours apart. The wind being fair and strong, we generally sailed two hundred miles a day, and the entire voyage was made in seventeen days, the ship arriving at San Francisco September 27.

After attending to some business and calling on my friends, who were very glad to welcome me back, I took the train on Monday, October 4, which was to take me back to my friends and dear ones, on the other side of the Continent. The journey was a safe and pleasant one. I arrived at Bethlehem on Monday, October 11. The next morning I proceeded to Hopedale, Pa., where I found my family all well, and very happy to welcome me back.

My journey was now at an end. Thanks and praise be to the Lord for all His loving-kindness and tender mercies.

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., FEBRUARY 16, 1887.

OFFICIAL ITEMS.

REPORTED BY THE PROVINCIAL BOARD.

WHO WILL GO TO ALASKA?—The Provincial Board is constrained to issue another call for a missionary to Alaska.

The sister who had intended to accompany, as an assistant missionary, the Rev. F. E. Wolff and wife to Nushagak, finds it impossible to leave home this Spring. She has by no means given up her intention of devoting herself to missionary and school work at that station, and, the Lord permitting, will go out as soon as the circumstances that now detain her no longer exist. Meanwhile, however, it is evident that some other zealous woman must, at least temporarily, take her place. Is there any one, either unmarried or a widow, in the American Province of our Church, who for the Lord's sake and in view of the importance of the cause will come forward and offer herself as an assistant missionary at Nushagak? The engagement need not be a permanent one. We ask for one or two years' service only.

In case any friend of the cause knows of a suitable person who may not see this call, or who may lack courage to come forward of her own accord, we request that the name of such a person may be sent to us.

A speedy response is necessary. The missionary party will have to leave for San Francisco in the month of April next.

By order of the Board.

EDMUND DE SCHWEINITZ, President.
Bethlehem, Pa., February 11, 1887.

The Moravian
Feb 23. 1887.

NUSHAGAK, ALASKA. — It gives us much pleasure to announce that in response to our appeal, published two weeks ago, for a female Assistant Missionary to go to Nushagak, we have received no less than five offers. One of these is from Miss Mary Huber, a member of the church at Lititz. She has been appointed and is earnestly commended to the prayers of the churches.

THE MORAVIAN MISSIONARY REPORTER.

One Penny per copy. One Shilling per annum. Post free, Inland, One Shilling and Sixpence per annum. Post free, abroad, Two Shillings per annum. One dozen copies, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, One Shilling and Threepence.

All communications for the Editor to be addressed to 29, Ely Place, London, E.C. All communications for the Publisher to be addressed to 32, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.

FAR NORTH-WEST. November 1886.

FURTHER NEWS FROM THE FAR NORTH-WEST.

[Do you remember that in September we gave you the first part of a cheery letter from Br. Weinland, written at Bethel, Alaska, on May 27th, 1886, and sent to the *Little Missionary*? And have you forgotten that we promised to give you the last part in October, but could not keep our promise, because we had not yet received it from America? Since then, however, the looked-for ending to the letter has come to hand, and we are now glad to give you "further news from the far North-West".]

THAT our motives have been greatly misunderstood, and that we have been slandered beyond all telling, is not to be wondered at; for the people are living in gross darkness and sin, and cannot comprehend that we are in any sense different from themselves.

I cannot imagine people in greater need of light and guidance than the Eskimoes. They are sluggish and indolent living in misery and filth, while the worst vices are but too common among them.

Several cases have come to our notice lately which show that husbands are often very cruel towards their wives. In one instance the husband demanded that his wife should keep him supplied with tobacco; and when she was unable to do so, he first beat her unmercifully and then drove her from the house, compelling her to spend the night, which was bitterly cold, without any shelter. The second instance happened still more recently. Not very far from here lives a family who are natives of a place further down the river. The husband wished to return to that village, but his wife refused to accompany him on the ground that, as he was too lazy to work, she would be sure to starve if she left their present home, where she has been able to earn a living for herself and family. He threatened all manner of vengeance if she would not accompany him, but to no purpose. At last, in his rage, he broke all the pots, pans, and dishes in their possession, yet still she refused to go. He then threatened to kill her and the children; but again she held out, and remains where she is.

But what of missionary work? What has been done to better the condition of these people? We have endeavoured to tell them the story of the cross of Christ; but oh, this strange language still perplexes us. How stammering are our tongues! While we have improved in our knowledge of Eskimo, we cannot yet speak fluently enough to make ourselves thoroughly understood, and hence our words seem almost lost on the people. We are trying to live the Gospel of Christ, so that we may exert an influence upon the lives of the Eskimoes by our example, even before we can make ourselves thoroughly understood by them.

Last summer the Lord sent a young native to us, Kubesbuck by name, who was very helpful in guiding us up and down the river, when bringing up our goods. Early in summer we

noticed that he was spitting blood. He complained of pain on the chest. We gave him medicine, and he returned to his village; but during the winter he sent a message that he was worse, and requested that we would send him more medicine. On February 12th, he was brought to us on a dog-sledge, being too far gone in consumption, and too weak to walk any distance. We did our best to relieve his sufferings; and at times he seemed to be recovering rapidly. But the damp, chilly air in March had a very bad effect on him, and he resolved to return to his village. No amount of talking would convince him that he was too weak to undertake the journey. Go he would, and go he did, saying, as he left, "Toi nun-ri-took." "We shall see each other again." We have not heard of him since, and fear that the lack of food from which the natives have suffered this spring, added to his disease, has ended his young life. While he was with us he frequently attended our daily evening prayers, the nature and object of which we endeavoured to explain to him. Taking some pictures of the birth, crucifixion, and resurrection of our Lord and Saviour, we tried to explain their meaning to him. At first he nodded his head and said, "Yes, I know all that." Then, as we went on to tell of Christ's love for us, his eyes filled with wonder, and he remained mute. Kneeling beside his bed in the garret, we prayed in broken Eskimo, that he might be cleansed from all evil through the blood of Jesus. Whether he understood fully what we meant to express to him, we have no means of judging.

Dear children, we ask you to continue your prayers for these natives, that God may have mercy upon them and reveal Himself to them. And we ask further that you would pray for us also, that we may ever be faithful labourers in the Lord's vineyard.

Your loving Friend and Brother,

WILLIAM H. WEINLAND.

Moravian Missionary Reporter
London England

14 *December 1886. ALASKA ESKIMO BEL.*

ALASKA ESKIMO BELIEFS AND CUSTOMS.

THE name of these people, as used by themselves, is "Inuit" [people], the term "Eskimo" being one of approach given them by their neighbours, meaning raw fish eaters. The appearance of the uncivilised Eskimos is not repelling, as they neither wash themselves nor comb their hair. Their features are not amiss; a good many have thin mustaches, and rosy, well-shaped cheeks. They are of a lively temperament, always smiling when spoken to, and are fond of sports and games. They shoot large quantities of ducks, geese, and other water-fowls, and bring in numbers of eggs. They consider the raw blubber of the white whale a delicacy. Their usual dress is made of the skins of animals, and sometimes of the breasts of birds; but where they have access to the stores of traders they buy ready-made clothing.

The residences in which they dwell have the outward appearance of circular mounds of earth covered with grass, with small openings at the top for the escape of smoke. The entrance to each is by a small door, and narrow passage to the main room, which is from twelve to twenty feet in diameter; it is without light or ventilation.

In some parts the uncivilised natives are accustomed to herd in large houses; with several families occupying the same

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room, and cooking around a common fire. The children grow up amid filth and uncleanness, and are systematically taught to lie and steal. To them there seems to be no wrong or disgrace in it. It is only disgraceful when they are caught, as that reflects upon their skill.

The religious belief of the Eskimos is quite indefinite. In a general way they believe in a power that rewards the good and punishes the bad, by sending them to different places after death. These people know when they are doing wrong. They do not believe in a good spirit, though they conceive the existence of an evil one. They think that such natural phenomena as thunder and lightning are due to the agency of some superior being. Any one carried off by sickness is said to die a natural death, whilst all cases of sudden disease are attributed to the direct influence of medicine men or Shamans, supposed to be endowed by the evil spirit with supernatural powers. The healing of a sick man, or the performance of some extraordinary feat, insures recognition as a Shaman. The Shaman, they say, can kill an Eskimo, but not a white man.

In their burial customs, they evince to a certain extent a belief in a life beyond the grave. When one of their number dies he is buried above ground. The dead body is laid in a rude box made of logs of drift-wood, raised by other logs to a height of two or three feet above the ground, and covered with the same material to protect the remains from the dogs. All that belonged to the deceased is placed on or around his coffin, as the natives believe that if they keep any of the property of the departed they will be haunted by his spirit.

The Rev. W. H. Weinland, Moravian missionary in Alaska, thus describes a funeral that passed while their party were preparing supper on one occasion:

"We observed a funeral procession making its way towards the place of burial. Some men carrying a rude coffin headed the humble cortege; then came others bearing the dead body wrapped in fur. The remains of the departed were followed by the bereaved widow and children, and by other persons carrying the personal property of the deceased. After the body had been placed in the coffin, the latter was raised upon logs so as to be out of the reach of animals, and surrounded by all the belongings of the departed one. Oh, how we longed to tell these poor people of the Lord Jesus, who is the Resurrection and the Life. May they soon learn to know Him!"

The Eskimos have but a low idea of marriage, and the marriage-tie lacks permanence. If a man tires of his wife, he leaves her and marries again. The women are very intelligent, and those living at the stations have learned to perform the various household duties, and to practise personal neatness and cleanliness.

May the day soon come when these interesting people shall be brought to the knowledge of the Saviour, and hearts be made warm with love to Him in the midst of this cold region. To this end we rejoice in the efforts now being put forth by the Moravian missionaries, to spread the glad tidings of the Gospel among the Eskimos of Alaska.

NOTE.—For the facts contained in the above article we are indebted to the "Report on Education in Alaska" (1886), by Dr. Sheldon Jackson.

TWO BABY MISSIONARIES IN ALASKA.

IN our September number we told you that a dear little girl, Elizabeth Louisa Weinland, had been born January 10th, in far-off Alaska. The following short letter from some namesakes of wee Bessie's to our good friend, the *Little Missionary*, shows what interest this news has excited amongst young folks in America.

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"YORK, AUGUST 21, 1886.

"DEAR BROTHER: Please find enclosed a Ten Dollar gold piece for the little Alaska daughter of Brother and Sister Weinland. It comes from the baptized *Louisas* and *Elizabeths* of the York congregation, and is an expression of the kindly interest they feel in their far-away little namesake.

"Fraternally,

"E. W. SHIELDS."

On July 15th another little baby girl was born to Br. and Sr. Kilbuck. She too is strong, healthy and good, and a great delight to her parents. She was baptized on August 1st, and received the names of Kate Margaret. We don't know yet whether she is to be Katie or Maggie, or something else "for short."

God bless these two wee ladies, and give them both useful and happy lives. They are doing missionary work already, for they are objects of great curiosity to the Eskimoes, and the fame of the first white babies ever seen in that district has spread far and wide. The result is that many natives come long distances to see them and to bring them little presents, and so are brought into friendly connection with their parents.

Of course the babies make extra labour for all hands, from father and mother down to the native boy who assists in the house work. Our cheery Sr. Weinland tells very amusingly how Abraham, as they have called this lad, found this out, and how it damped, yet by no means extinguished, his joy. "Abraham was delighted with the new baby. Every now and then he would exclaim: '*More baby—good!*'" Last Monday, however, he had to help me wash. We had almost finished, when he said: '*Baby—plenty!*'" On Wednesday we were compelled to wash again, and he had about the same amount of work. He was rather unwilling to begin, but finally he became more cheerful and helped nicely, declaring, however, that it was: '*Baby—too much!*'"

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., FEBRUARY 23, 1887.

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Life in Alaska.

Brother Joseph Romig, the father of Sister Kilbuck, has forwarded us the following interesting letter written to the Woman's Foreign Mission Society of the M. E. Church, at Independence, Kansas:

BETHEL, KUSKOKWIM RIVER, }
ALASKA, July 13, 1886. }

To the W. F. M. S., M. E. Church,
Independence, Kan.

DEAR SISTERS:

This letter should have been written long ago and sent by the Spring mail to you, but as it was not done I must try to give you the excuse for my seeming neglect. How often I have thought of you I can not tell; and it was my full intention to write this letter during last Fall and Winter. I will not fill up my letter with excuses, but will write them on a slip of paper and you can then read them or not, as you choose. Excuses are not always welcome, yet I am sure that the woman's heart in each of you will understand and sympathize with me in most of them. Leav-

ing these to be written some other time, I will proceed with my letter, and, late as it is, I will commence where I had intended to and give you a brief sketch of our first year in Alaska, the work we have been able to do, and some of our experience among the uncivilized Eskimoes of this place.

On the 24th of March my husband and I left Independence for Ottawa, Kansas, where we spent four weeks with my husband's people and at the Mission. April 20 we left Ottawa for San Francisco, and were joined at Omaha by Brother Torgerson, one of our missionary party. We arrived at San Francisco April 25, where we met Brother and Sister Weinland, who were also of our party. On the following Monday we commenced purchasing the necessary articles and materials for founding the Mission in Alaska, and for at least one year to come. We spent three very busy weeks in this way. I don't think I ever worked harder or was any more worn out than at the end of those three weeks. We were constantly on our feet, either in some large store selecting and purchasing goods or walking the hard pavements and climbing stairs. Our rooms were on the third floor of a large building and we took our meals at quite another place. Often when evening came we would be too tired to climb the stairs and then come down to supper, so we would buy a cold bite and eat it in our rooms, then retire as soon as possible so that on the morrow we could go on with our work. California seemed to be all in bloom, and we longed to have time for enjoying some of the beautiful sights. Sister Weinland and I spent one day at Belmont Park, at a Sunday-school picnic, and Brother Kilbuck and I were over night at San Rafael. These were both beautiful places and we enjoyed the trips very much. These, however, were the only

exceptions to our every-day work. Our minds were constantly taxed for fear of forgetting some of the most necessary things. I often wonder that we got through as well as we did. One laughable mistake occurred which I must tell you of. In copying off the grocery list the brothers asked us why we needed so many hops. We told them we must have them to make good yeast; so when they came to "yeast" they silently crossed it out, concluding that if we could make good yeast from the hops they need not buy us any. We first knew of this when we had been out on the Ocean for a week. At the time we wondered what we would do, but when we needed yeast the trader at this place was able to give us a start. We were still buying, up to within ten minutes of leaving the city. On the 18th of May, 1885, at 4 o'clock P. M., we set sail for Alaska. Tired and foot-sore we boarded the *Lizzie Merrill*, the little schooner that we chartered for our voyage. Quite a crowd of our friends stood on the wharf to see us pass out the bay. Many kindly and cheering words were spoken at the last moment. As long as we were in sight we could see waving hats and fluttering handkerchiefs from the little group on shore. On board there were ten souls in all—our missionary party of five, the captain, mate, steward and two sailors. We were all on deck for

about an hour, and then as we passed out of sight of our friends we went to the cabin and in prayer committed ourselves to the keeping of the Lord. We tried to go back on deck, but could not stay very long. The sea was rough, and soon, yes, all too soon, we began to feel the motion of the vessel was more than we could stand. In half an hour's time we were all seasick as it is possible to be. We were very much worn out and weak already, and this was too much. I thought the night would never pass. I don't think any one who has never experience this can know what a deathly sick feeling is felt. The steward insisted on pouring whisky down my throat, very much against my will, and it only increased my suffering. After that night I felt much better and on the third day was able to be on deck part of the day. I enjoyed the voyage and spent most of every day after that on deck, watching the blue waters and rolling waves. As we neared the Alaska shores we could see some animals, such as seals, sea-lions, and I saw one large whale about eighty feet in length. It looked very large to me, but the sailors said it was only medium sized. We were on the water for thirty-two long days, yet we did not have a single storm or any bad weather.

On the 19th of June we landed at the mouth of the Kuskokwim River, Alaska. The natives crowded around us by the dozens, examining everthing and looking with wonderment at the first white woman they had ever seen. At last they pronounced us "very nice," and if we were still anywhere they would station themselves in a row in front of us, and when we looked up they would grin appreciatingly and nod their heads. They certainly are the dirtiest, best-natured people I ever saw. We pitched our tent and began to unload the cargo. They helped unload and then stood around the tent door to comment upon what they saw. They manifested great pleasure at hearing the melodeon, and it was a wonder to them all. Sometimes they thought the music came from the fingers and sometimes that it came from the feet. They would sit on the floor and watch the instrument, intent upon finding out why it would not work for them. One old man declared his feet were bad—that it would make no music for him. Some of them were talking to us nearly all the time, and to be sure that we would understand, some would talk very plain and slow, while others would yell at the top of their voices. We soon learned a few of their words, but their talk was a perfect confusion. The place where we landed was a green, grassy slope, dotted with lakes and ponds; with the snow-capped mountains to the left and the Kuskokwim to the right. The grass was filled with dainty flowers and mosses of numerous varieties, while beautiful white swans were playing on the lakes and many other birds of the North were around.

We could look for many miles out into the bay, and when the tide was low we would see the immense sand banks where our little vessel sat more than once at low tide. It was a beautiful, but lonely place. It looked so wild and free. The only signs that any one had ever lived there were the scattered Eskimo graves, and one or two of

the low mud mounds that the native calls a house. These were deserted and tumbled down, making a dreary-looking place.

On the fourth day after we landed the *Lizzie Merrill* left us for San Francisco—I will here add that since that time the *Lizzie Merrill* has been lost at sea with not a single soul left to tell the sad story of the wreck. The body of the same captain was found washed on the sand along the Pacific coast. Whether the sailors were the same or not I do not know. How safely the same little vessel bore us to the Mission-field, and on her next trip she was lost. As she sailed from us the last sight of civilization was lost to us. Five in number, we were now alone on the vast waste of the Alaska plains, and about seventy-five miles from our last stopping place. Our own little sailing vessel, the *Bethel Star*, was then loaded, and two of the brethren started up the river with her. On the eighth day after, they returned to us with the news that the Eskimo trader of that place had died during the Winter, and a white man, Mr. Lind by name, was there now. We were glad to have a white neighbor, and it was more than we looked for, for years to come. Again the *Star* was loaded, and on the evening of the 3d of July we all started up the river. We filled her pretty full, expecting to be on the way not more than three days, but we were caught in a storm and kept out for three days. At low tide we would be on dry sand, and more than once built fire along side the boat and cooked a meal. At high tide we were stretching the anchor ropes, and the dashing waves were throwing the foaming spray over the deck and cabin, while the wind was wailing and whistling through the rigging. Once or twice the wind became too strong for us and drove us along, dragging both anchors after us, and refusing to be managed in any other way. On the 13th of July we came in sight of the trading post, where Mr. Lind had raised a large American flag to greet us. Never was the "red, white and blue" so welcome or so beautiful to me as then. This was the end of our long, tiresome journey, and to be met and welcomed in this unexpected and clever way was more than we at first could realize. Mr. Lind met us on the beach, and kindly offered to entertain us for a few days until we were able to make ourselves comfortable. The trading post is merely the store, a dwelling, and a house, with a native house close by.—*Independence Argus, Kansas.*

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., MARCH 2, 1887.

Life in Alaska.

[CONCLUDED.]

BETHEL, KUSKOKWIM RIVER, }
ALASKA, July 13, 1886. }

To the W. F. M. S., M. E. Church,

Independence, Kan.

DEAR SISTERS: - Mr. Lind's wife is a native woman and can only speak the native and Russian

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languages, so we were unable to talk to her. She is very neat, and was much pleased to have us there. On the same day of our landing at this place we selected the ground for our Mission station, about half a mile west of the trading post and on the north bank of the river. North of us is a vast rolling prairie, north-east and east is a pine forest, east and south are the mountains, and west is a prairie. The river supplies us with good water all the year around and is close to the house. Islands, from a half to several miles in length, are in the river close by us, and, in fact, all up and down the river. Even at this distance from the coast we have two tides a day.

After we had our tent up and the goods unloaded, Brother Torgersen and a bright young native made another trip down the river for our other goods. They returned on the 5th day, and the next week Brother Torgersen and my husband started after the last load. Again they were caught in a terrible storm which broke the big anchor and wrenched the rudder from its fastenings. Their provisions ran so low that for three days they had but one scant meal a day. Whenever they could, they would sail a short distance, and on the twelfth day they were in sight of home, when they had a perfect calm and were unable to reach home for several days. On Saturday we sent them some provisions, and on Monday they attempted to come on home with a slight breeze that had sprung up. At this last effort to reach home a very sad accident occurred. Brother Torgersen, our carpenter, accidentally fell overboard, and being very heavily dressed, sank almost instantly and could be seen no more. My husband was quite alone to manage the boat and do what he could to save our brother. As the rudder was broken and the current strong she refused to be guided and he was almost helpless. The wind soon died out, and he had to anchor the boat. Not a single native was near and he said the hours seemed dreary ages to him, all alone after witnessing this sad event. As soon as any one came in sight he sent them to us with a note asking Brother Weinland to come to him, but Brother Weinland was sick in bed at the time, so we sent him word to drop both anchors and come home, which he did. He was almost blind with sore eyes, which had given him much trouble on that trip, and the excitement was making them worse.

This was a terrible blow and you can imagine how we all felt with Winter so near at hand, no house, and our carpenter lying beneath the waves of the Kuskokwim. The Heavenly Father was our Comforter in this sad hour and in a wonderful way did He manifest Himself unto us. Each day as wisdom and strength were needed and sought they were supplied, and, trusting in Him, we endeavored to make ourselves a comfortable shelter for the Winter. Without knowledge or experience, but with earnestness and faith, the brothers commenced work in our house August 10. We then had the tent and a small shop to live in, and though much crowded, we managed to get along very well, and all kept in remarkably good health, and it was a surprise to me, for the building was mostly done in the dripping rain.

On the 10th of October, during very rough weather, we moved in the house. It is 12x38 feet in dimensions and has four good rooms and a roomy garret. It surely is a miracle of the grace of God that we were able to have so comfortable a place to live. We had a special day of thanksgiving after we were in the house, and have never ceased to be thankful since.

Natives were around us all Summer and we made fair progress at learning their language. We know about 200 words and can talk without an interpreter to them. We made some laughable blunders in learning some of the words. I must tell you of one: We tried to explain to an old man that we intended to cover the inside and outside of our frame for the house with felting paper. We showed him the paper and asked him what it was. He said, "noth-lar-ka." Then we, thinking that we had learned the native name for the paper, told him how we intended putting this "noth-lar-ka" on the house. He did not seem to understand us and said he thought we were making a very curious house. We agreed with him when we afterwards learned that the word "noth-lar-ka" meant "I don't know."

The natives call our place "sick town" or "the village of the sick." We have had some sick person with us almost constantly, and often more than one. Others only came for medicine. They are mostly afflicted with lung and scrofulous diseases. We have had some very bad ulcers and sores to dress and care-for, besides sore eyes, dog bites, frozen feet, and the like. We have been giving the people medicine with fair success, and the Greek priest from the Yukon river, with many of the natives have received medicine from us.

The natives bring all their troubles to us, whether it be sickness, an old broken ax or a canoe to be mended. They think if any one can help them out, we can. It is hard to permanently

cure them of any disease, for they live so carelessly that it soon comes back to them. A low, damp mud mound is where they live, with little light and no ventilation at all. Often six or seven families are crowded into one of these small places. In Winter time the men go to the mountains to trap for furs, and sleep out on the snow with no protection but the long fur coats they wear. I wonder that they live through one such a trip. We see more and more of how these people live every day, and it often seems very discouraging when we see how spiritless, careless and dirty they are. I can not tell you how dirty they are, as only those who see can really know, and I think it would be wrong to write or tell any one what we must see every day. How sadly they need the light of the Gospel and of civilization amongst them.

The Winter was long and very cold and Spring was very late. The ice did not break up and leave the river until the 28th of May. On the 19th of June the fish first came into the river and before this the poor people almost starved. Some ate the bitter willow bark until they were sick. Several of them were caught in a storm this Winter and frozen to death, and nine others were camping near the foot of the mountains this Spring when a

volcanic eruption occurred near them, sending forth streams of water and stone into the air which killed them, the place is now marked by a quiet lake. Other eruptions have been known in this vicinity, but not of late years.

During the Winter it was often as cold as 50 and 52 degrees below zero, but most of the time not lower than 30 degrees. The wind blew from twenty-five to forty-eight miles per hour, mostly from the north. During the Winter months we enjoy fresh venison constantly, besides elk, bear, beaver, rabbit, quail and fish and in the Fall and Spring ducks and geese. All these are very plentiful. In Spring we buy goose and duck eggs by the gross of the natives, while in the Summer time the river is full of many kinds of fish. In the Fall the prairies are covered with cranberries and huckleberries. We also have some currants and salmon berries which are very nice. We have the common wild rose on the prairies and some fine specimens of the lily family grow near the ponds. I would often go out to see the flowers, but the mosquitoes are too bad to venture out. These and the sand flies are a perfect plague to us in Summer. My face and hands look as though I had been poisoned when I am out for a while.

We have all kept in good health until this last March, when we had colds. Mine was very severe and I was down with it about three weeks.

In January a little daughter was born to Brother and Sister Weinland. A very sweet and healthy child. She was such a bright bit of sunshine in our home, and is very bright and smart.

This Summer we will try to complete two log buildings, one for a school-house and one for a dwelling. The Summer has been very dry for Alaska and the work goes on nicely.

I learned from Sister Dewey's letter that you intended to write letters to me last Spring, but as I received none I have concluded that you mailed them too late. I will look for them this Fall. I hope this may be of interest to you, and by next Spring I will try and write a better letter. Your letters will all interest me and each year I will look for them with eagerness.

Assuring you of my interest in you and your work, and with prayers for both, I will close with Christian love to all.

Your Sister,
EDITH M. KILBUCK.

ALASKA, July 21, 1886.

DEAR SISTERS:—I will add a few lines to my letter to-night. * * * The day after I wrote your letter I became mother to a sweet little girl baby. It has pleased the Lord to restore me to my usual good health and my baby is well and strong. * * *

Your Friend and Sister,
E. M. K.

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., MARCH 9, 1887.

NUSHAGAK, ALASKA.—If the Lord permits the Missionary party for Nushagak, consisting of the Rev. F. E. Wolff and family, and Miss Mary

Huber, will leave for San Francisco on the 21st inst. In the evening of the 20th there will be a Missionary meeting at Bethlehem, on which occasion the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., the Agent of Education in Alaska, expects to be present.

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., MARCH 16, 1887.

SUNDAY, MARCH THE TWENTIETH.—Next Lord's day, D.V., the farewell meeting for the band of missionaries about to depart for Alaska will take place at Bethlehem. We bespeak the prayers of our people all through the country for them on that day.

And let us remember that this year the demands of the Mission on our support are greater than ever. Let us be equal to the occasion of the occupying of the second station, so that the year may close without debt.

4 Philadelphia, just The Inquirer.

MONDAY, MARCH 21, 1887.

MORAVIAN MISSIONS.

Departure of Three Missionaries for the Wilds of Alaska.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., March 20.—Two thousand people gathered in the Moravian Church this evening to bid farewell to the missionaries, Rev. F. E. Wolff, of Hopedale, Pa., his wife, and Miss Mary Huber, of Lititz, who start on Wednesday for a missionary station which was founded by Rev. Mr. Wolff at Nushagak, in Western Alaska, about six months ago. This is the second station started in Alaska under the auspices of the Moravian Church, the first being at Bethel, on the Kuskokwim, where there are two missionaries, Rev. Messrs. Kilbuck and Weinland.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the United States agent of education in Alaska, who has just returned from a long sojourn in that Territory, was present, and delivered a most interesting missionary address, reciting the hardships and difficulties in the way, the course which the government is now taking to aid all mission enterprises, a history of the missions under the charge of the Episcopal, Methodist and Presbyterian denominations, and the obstacles which are thrown out by the Greek Church in the southern part of Alaska, where it has a very strong foothold, having been planted by the Russian Government so many years ago.

The missions under the care of the Moravian Church are among the Eskimo population, three of the other denominations being among the Aleutians, who are semi-civilized, and the Indians. The Moravian Foreign Missionary Society expect to follow up this second establishment with a third one in the course of a year, and will continue the work until the entire field in Western and Middle Alaska is covered.

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., MARCH 23, 1887.

NUSHAGAK, ALASKA.—The Rev. F. E. Wolff and wife and two children, together with Miss Mary Huber, expect to leave Bethlehem for San Francisco to-day, March 23. They hope to sail from that port about the 1st of May. Last Sunday evening a missionary and farewell service was held at Bethlehem, at which the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., the General Agent of Education in Alaska, delivered a stirring address, and the Rev. F. E. Wolff, in a few touching words, took leave of the congregation. We commend the missionary party to the prayers of the brethren.

THE AMERICAN PROVINCE.

CANAAN, DAK.—The undersigned thankfully acknowledges the receipt of \$10.00 from the Ministers' Aid Society of the First Church, Phila.

WM. STROHMEIER.

BETHLEHEM, PA.—Marion and Ray thankfully acknowledge the box of playthings sent from Philadelphia by Willie D. V.

Affectionately,
F. E. WOLFF.

March 19, 1887.

BETHLEHEM, PA.—The Missionary Meeting held last Sunday evening was attended by a congregation that filled every part of the church-edifice, a proof of the interest that the members take in our Alaskan Mission. The service was opened by an anthem by the choir, "How beautiful upon the mountains," etc. (Richter), which was followed by the Liturgical service for the season of Lent. Bro. M. W. Leibert then read the forty-sixth Psalm, and the congregation united in singing one verse of Hymn No. 590. Bro. Leibert then introduced the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., the Agent of Education in Alaska. By the aid of a large map of Alaska, Dr. Jackson explained briefly the location of the different tribes inhabiting that country, and the positions of the various missionary stations and schools already established by other denominations along the coast; after which he spoke more particularly of his special field of work in the neighborhood of Sitka in South-eastern Alaska. Most entertainingly did the speaker relate the facts connected with a special work of grace that took place in the Sitka school, by which many heathen, both old and young, were brought to Christ; and in conclusion he earnestly exhorted the congregation to pray for the missionaries, who, in their hours of loneliness and depression, would be comforted and upheld by the knowledge that at home Christian hearts were interceding in their behalf. After the third verse of hymn No. 679 had been sung, Brother Wolff very briefly thanked the congregation for the many acts of kindness shown him and his family during the

past year, and spoke a few farewell words. The missionary party were commended to the Lord by singing hymn No. 730, verses 1 and 2, after which Bro. C. B. Shultz offered prayer in their behalf. During the singing of the closing hymn, No. 716, the collection for the Nushagak Mission was taken up. The benediction was pronounced by Dr. Jackson. While the audience was dispersing, the choir sang (without the organ accompaniment) the hymn No. 828.

Though the service lasted nearly two hours, the interest of the large congregation was visibly sustained to the very close, and many of the members lingered to bid Bro. Wolff and family God-speed. They expect, God willing, to leave Bethlehem for Alaska on Wednesday, March 23.

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., MARCH 30, 1887.

OFFICIAL ITEMS.

REPORTED BY THE PROVINCIAL BOARD.

THE PARTY FOR NUSHAGAK, ALASKA.—We have received a letter from the Rev. F. E. Wolff, written on board of the cars as he and his party were approaching Chicago. They were all well and in good spirits. The journey was a pleasant one, although the weather, on the first day, as far as Buffalo, was cold and a good deal of snow fell. At Wyalusing, the station near which stands the monument erected by the Moravian Historical Society a number of years ago, to mark the site of Friendenshütten, the Moravian Indian town of the last century, the Rev. D. Craft, who discovered that site, got on board of the train and traveled with the party as far as Elmira. They expected to reach San Francisco about the 2d of April.

Daily  **Times.**

MONDAY, MARCH 21, 1887.

The Missionary Meeting in the Moravian Church.

An interesting missionary meeting took place last evening at the Moravian Church, which was crowded to its utmost capacity. Rev. Morris W. Leibert, one of the pastors, presided, and after a grand anthem, by Richter, "How beautiful are the feet of the messengers of peace," had been sung by the choir, led in the liturgical service appointed for the season of Lent, and read the lessons for the evening. He then introduced Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., the general agent of education in Alaska, who delivered an address on the schools and the missionary work established and carried on in that

Territory. He began by giving a brief description of its vast area; then spoke of the three races that inhabit it—the Indian, the Tunnist and the Esquimaux; next referred to the missions that have been inaugurated by the Presbyterians, the Moravians, the Episcopalians, the Methodists, and the Baptists, which do not in any way interfere with one another, each mission being in a different part of the immense territory; gave some account of his official visits, last autumn, to many points on the coast and many islands off the coast; introduced a number of thrilling incidents showing the power of the Gospel in the conversion of the natives; described the efforts of the former United States officials at Sitka, the capitol, to counteract the influence of the schools and Gospel, until they were removed by the President; and closed with an eloquent appeal to the congregation to support, in every way, its two missions in Alaska. Dr. Jackson spoke for about an hour, but held the closest attention of the audience throughout. At the conclusion of this address, Mr. Leibert announced the departure, in the course of the week, of Rev. F. E. Wolff and party for Nushagak, the second station begun in Alaska by the Moravian Church. Thereupon Mr. Wolff came forward and in a few words thanked the congregation for the kindness shown to him and family during their stay at Bethlehem, commended himself and his party to their intercessions, and bade them farewell. A fervent prayer by Rev. Charles B. Shultz followed; and during the singing of the Missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," a collection was taken up, which, we understand, proved to be a very liberal one. While the congregation was slowly dispersing, the choir sang a beautiful evening chant, "The Night is come, Wherein at last we Rest," the music of which was composed by our townsman, Mr. Robert Rau. We are sure that the entire community of Bethlehem will wish Mr. Wolff and his party a prosperous journey to San Francisco and voyage to Alaska, and much success in his field of labor.

Daily  **Times.**

TUESDAY, MARCH 22, 1887.

A FAREWELL VISIT.—Rev. Frank E. Wolff, missionary to Alaska, on Sunday afternoon paid a farewell visit to the Moravian Sunday school. Rev. C. B. Shultz, superintendent, and the teachers and scholars, received the missionary in a very affectionate manner. A missionary box, containing \$25, was presented to Rev. Mr. Wolff as a donation by the Sunday school to the new mission of Nushagak, Alaska. The missionary also received a number of useful and pretty gifts, in the shape of books and pictures, from the different classes, which will be attractive gifts for distribution among the natives of Alaska. The class of boys taught by Miss Mamie Clauder presented the missionary with a number of pretty scrap books containing beautiful pictures and cards. This labor of love was accomplished by the class of boys after school hours, and under the superintendence of Miss Clauder.

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., APRIL 6, 1887.

THE MISSIONARY PARTY FOR NUSHAGAK.—Another letter from the Rev. F. E. Wolff reports the well-being of this party while on their way from Omaha to San Francisco, where they expected to arrive last Saturday. At the former place they rested for the greater part of a day, and Bro. Jacob Blickensderfer, Consulting Engineer of the Union Pacific Railroad, showed them great kindness.

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., APRIL 13, 1887.

OFFICIAL ITEMS.

REPORTED BY THE PROVINCIAL BOARD.

REPORT ON THE ALASKA SCHOOLS.—A number of copies of the second edition of the Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson's Report on the Schools in Alaska has been purchased by the Society for Propagating the Gospel. This Report contains much that is of interest to the friends of the Alaska Mission; it is illustrated with a number of cuts, many of them taken from the photographs of the Rev. A. Hartmann, among these cuts being his own portrait; and there is appended a map of Alaska. As an Appendix is given the entire journal of the exploratory tour of the Brethren Hartmann and Weinland. The Report is neatly bound and will be sent to any address, postage prepaid, for seventy-five cents. It is sold for the benefit of the Alaska Mission, and can be had at the Moravian Bookstores, Bethlehem, Pa.

THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

AN ANGLER.

NUMBER 11, VOL. XI.

THE GREAT KUSKOKVIM RIVER.

I have been reading with absorbing interest a recital of the adventures of Messrs. Hartmann and Weinland, Moravian missionaries, in western Alaska last year, whose objective purpose was to establish a station on the Kuskokvim River, which flows into Behring Sea north of the Aleutian Peninsula. This mighty river and bay constitute the phenomenal counterpart on the Pacific of the Bay of Fundy and the river Petecodiac on the Atlantic, though the Kuskokvim is beyond comparison the larger river of the two. It is so

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Peep at Alaska.

FROM MRS. WEINLAND'S LETTER OF FEB. 16, 1886.

(Continued.)

AFTER dinner Brother Weinland had an errand at the traders, and also wanted to look after his patients at the barabara. So he proposed to take me with him on a borrowed sled, belonging to a native who is staying here at present.

Let me give a brief description of this barabara. Imagine a space 20 by 20 feet occupied by fifteen people. From the outside this remarkable tenement appears like two semi-spherical mounds of earth. The one in front is much smaller than the other which is the real habitation; the lesser one covering the entrance and passage-way to the barabara.

Arrived at the smaller mound, you have first of all to step down about four feet, and then to creep, and crawl through a passage-way about three feet high, three feet wide, and six feet long, before you come into the building. The entrance is always on the South side, which is more sheltered. There is not a window within, nor any opening except at the top, where you see a little square hole covered over with fish-skin.

In this barabara Brother Weinland has two patients. One of them is a young girl whose foot was frozen; the other is a little child. The girl froze her foot by breaking through the ice, and getting wet. We did not hear of it until five days after the occurrence, when mortification had already set in. We could do nothing but poultice the limb with flaxseed, meal and charcoal. This was continued by Brother Weinland for several weeks, and finally every other day. By Christmas all the toes had dropped off, when the foot itself began to heal nicely. It is nearly well now.

The filth in these barabaras is astounding, and the atmosphere fearful. I was in one of them last November; but had to beat a retreat as quickly as possible; for I came near fainting. To creep through the passage-way is quite enough, without further experience.

Having finished the visit at the barabara, we called at the trader's house to ask the loan of his sled and dogs to haul wood from the Island to-morrow. Then we returned; two additional dogs having been hitched on, — quite in state, wasn't it, — with a native running ahead, and six dogs skipping at our side as our escort.

There is a dark side, of course, to the character of these poor people, we discover more and more; but not everything is repulsive. They are very eager to learn, and are grateful for every little kindness shown. We are always glad to see Dumlamacheck. Not that he was specially prepossessing when we first became acquainted with him, or that he is a beauty now. He has a great shaggy head of hair. Formerly, it was all matted, and looked like a buffalo's head-gear. His face was dirty, his parka worn, tattered and filthy. Now he looks very much more respectable. He has had his

hair cut, and wears decent clothing. He is a remarkably faithful worker. His extra-repulsive appearance was what first drew our attention to him; but we soon found that among all the natives who helped to unload the "*Lizzie Merrill*" none excelled or came up to him. This Spring he intends to move to this place, and will be, therefore, one of the first native inhabitants of Bethel. He expects to bring his family with him. He seems to have an idea of the meaning of our services, and whenever present, always kneels with us in prayer; remaining silent and respectful during the whole time of worship. When at work here, he takes his meals with us; not commencing to eat until we do, and bowing his head reverentially while grace is said.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

work. No sooner did they need heavy logs for the foundation of the house than the river suddenly and unexpectedly rose and drifted lumber to our very door. In bringing the logs up the bank much strength was required, and when those we had hired refused to work and went home, leaving us entirely helpless, other willing hands came in a very short time, and we were not delayed at all. Since that time we have had all the help we needed.

Mr. Lind was very obliging in allowing us to dry our lumber in his *kashima*, and while the brethren were both helpless he kept up the fire and chopped the wood for the same.

The trader from Kolmakoffsky was down, and they took supper with us. This was our first company in Alaska, and we were very glad to have the visitors. Our scow lay anchored close by on the same day, and as the wind and current were very strong, we saw her dragging both anchors and going out of sight very fast. We were not a little worried, but Mr. Lind ran home and sent three natives to stop her. I looked out of the door after our meal was over, and what should I see but the scow sailing back to us as safely as she went out. Both sails were up, and the natives were managing her nicely. When she left the sails were down. They felt very proud of their success and so did we.

* * * * *

I wish you could see the brethren working and planning, working until they walk lame and tired. I never saw them any way but dressed up until we came here, and now they either have yellow oil-suits on or blue overalls and blouses.

Yesterday I shingled two little Eskimoes. Their hair was so long and clotted and so full of life that the blades of my scissors became quite slippery. It was the most disagreeable task I ever performed. They were two bright little boys of about twelve years, and they looked quite respectable when their hair was shorn. I scrubbed their hands and necks with soap and rubbed them with a coarse towel. They said it felt good to be clean, and that they would wash every day if they had soap. They hugged each other when they were through and shook hands with me five or six times, and said "Thank you."

I have been teaching them some few words, and when they went home in the evening they said "Goo-by, goo-by." I scattered insect powder on the clothes I had on and on the floor where they sat.

August 31.—Yesterday a family came here with a little boy who had a very swollen arm. He said we could make it well. We dressed it and it very soon relieved him. His parents were very thankful. We told them to come again in the morning, and very early this morning his mother was here with a basket of berries, saying it was a present for me and that they had brought the little boy. He is a good, patient little fellow. It is a terrible arm, and he has a pained expression; but when he was told it would be better by and by, he smiled for the first time in my presence. His parents are both good-looking, and his little sister is a real beauty.

The mosquitoes are gone, the air is pure and clear, and I have not yet seen a housefly in Alaska. We have some fine berries: first, the *salmon* berries; then any amount of huckleberries, of which we have made some fine jellies and jam; but best and nicest of all are the cranberries, that are all over the prairies in great abundance. I have gathered some of the nicest Autumn leaves in August. Who, in Kansas, would think of gathering Autumn leaves in August? We have had frost and the geese are flying south.

It still seems strange to me to see both men and women with their long, loose garments reaching nearly to the floor. They are perfectly at home on the water, both young and old. If the next village is in sight, they never think of walking to it. They always go in their kayacks or birch canoes. All the villages and trading-posts are on the river-bank, so that they need to do but very little walking. It is a fine sight to see thirty or forty kayacks and canoes on the quiet waters, spearing the white whale or merely playing with their spears. The women have bidarras or open boats for their use, and generally half the women of a village can get into one of them.

MORAVIAN MISSIONS.

Departure of Three Missionaries for the Wilds of Alaska.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., March 20.—Two thousand people gathered in the Moravian Church this evening to bid farewell to the missionaries, Rev. F. E. Wolff, of Hopedale, Pa., his wife, and Miss Mary Huber, of Lititz, who start on Wednesday for a missionary station which was founded by Rev. Mr. Wolff at Nushagak, in Western Alaska, about six months ago. This is the second station started in Alaska under the auspices of the Moravian Church, the first being at Bethel, on the Kuskokarin, where there are two missionaries, Rev. Messrs. Killbuck and Weiland.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the United States agent of education in Alaska, who has just returned from a long sojourn in that Territory, was present, and delivered a most interesting missionary address, reciting the hardships and difficulties in the way, the course which the government is now taking to aid all mission enterprises, a history of the missions under the charge of the Episcopal, Methodist and Presbyterian denominations, and the obstacles which are thrown out by the Greek Church in the southern part of Alaska, where it has a very strong foothold, having been planted by the Russian Government so many years ago.

The missions under the care of the Moravian Church are among the Eskimo population, three of the other denominations being among the Aleutians, who are semi-civilized, and the Indians. The Moravian Foreign Missionary Society expect to follow up this second establishment with a third one in the course of a year, and will continue the work until the entire field in Western and Middle Alaska is covered.

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., APRIL 20, 1887.

OFFICIAL ITEMS.

REPORTED BY THE PROVINCIAL BOARD.

THE PARTY FOR NUSHAGAK, ALASKA.—We have received a letter from the Rev. F. E. Wolff announcing the safe arrival of the Missionary party at San Francisco, April 2. The train on which he traveled from Omaha was cut into two sections at Ogden; and the second section was wrecked. Fortunately the Missionary party was in the other section, but their trunks were considerably damaged.

LETTERS TO BETHEL, ALASKA.—As far as we can, at this time tell, the last day on which letters for the Missionaries at Bethel must be mailed is the 22d instant.

THE MORAVIAN.

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LETTERS TO ALASKA.—Since publishing our item last week, we have heard from San Francisco that the steamer of the Alaska Commercial Company will not sail until the 10th of May. Hence, letters for Bethel may be mailed as late as the 2d of that month.

The Little Missionary.

BETHLEHEM, PA., MAY, 1887.

"To Do Good—Forget Not."
(Hebrews 13:16)



OUR mail-bag so far this month, has only yielded us two letters. The one is from our dear friends in Moorestown, whom we have not forgotten, and from whom we are always very glad to hear, and so this time also. How very pleasant it is to receive just a short note from our young friends.

We sent our mail about two weeks ago to Nushagak by a native. I tried to write a cheerful letter home, but the last was very sad. We did not wish you to worry, or we might have written thus: The weather was rainy and stormy and our lumber was all wet; Bro. Weinland was on his back with heavy chills and fever; John could not see for sore eyes; Bro. Torgerson was at the bottom of the river, and our house not yet commenced, while time was flying and Winter fast approaching. This was how it looked to me. Mr. Lind, the trader, thought it would be impossible to build a frame house this Fall, and the brethren both felt very helpless and anxious. However, we were not at all gloomy, but prayed earnestly and trusted the Lord for all we would need. After this time everything seemed to work together for our benefit. Bro. Weinland was well and strong in a short time; John's eyes got better, and they commenced

BETHEL, Alaska, Aug. 22, 1885.
 Writing:
 Speaking of the death of Bro. Torgerson, she arrived.
 1885, but not received until the mail of June, '86, Kansas, taken from letters and journal, dated to her father, Mr. Joseph Romig, of Independence, Extracts from Letters of Mrs. Kilbuck

of "Chammi," which they were glad to do; and when they were nearly out of sight we could hear across the waters their happy "Goo-bye." The next morning we saw them draw their canoe on the beach, and then they took off their hats and ran to us with their hands out, saying "Goo-bye" over and over again. They are as gay as ever boys are.

RUTH.

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The Inquirer.

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING (EXCEPT SUNDAY) BY

WILLIAM W. HARDING,

INQUIRER BUILDING,

CHESTNUT AND TENTH STREETS,

Is served to subscribers at TWELVE CENTS a week, payable to the carrier or agent at the end of the week or month.

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MONDAY, MARCH 31, 1887.

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and to learn from their own words, how much interest they take in one cause of the Lord and another. May this interest grow as you grow, dear young friends; and may you enjoy the divine blessing in like degree.

MOORESTOWN, N. J., March 24, 1887.

DEAR LITTLE MISSIONARY:—Although we are a month behind time, please do not think that your Moorestown friends have forgotten you, the delay was caused by my having been away. But as it is "better late than never," please find enclosed two dollars and fifty cents, (\$2.50) for the Alaska cause. With our best wishes for the success of the new schooner, we are as ever your friends,

WALTER and FRED. THATCHER.

Here is another one, just received:

CANAAN, Dakota, April 12.

DEAR LITTLE MISSIONARY:—Sunday, March 27, was Alaska day in our Sunday-school. Envelopes had been distributed among the scholars previously, in which each scholar was to enclose his gift for the Alaska Mission. On the day mentioned, I related several interesting facts about our missionary work thus far in Alaska both to scholars and the members of the congregation who are mostly present in the Sunday-school sessions, and also showed them several pictures of scenes and Esquimos in Alaska. All were deeply interested. The envelopes, about thirty in number, were found to contain \$12. The collection of the Congregation was \$30. I hope to send in \$50 for Alaska. Our Sunday-school children and also the members of the congregation take a great interest in the Alaska Mission and take pleasure in coming to the parsonage in order to see the photographic pictures of scenes in Alaska. I gave the children several plans of earning money this Summer for Alaska. The boys are to plant potatoes and the girls are to raise chickens. Could not some other children in country congregations try the same plan? Affectionately,

WM. STROHMEIER.

THE MORAVIAN MISSIONARY REPORTER.

One Penny per copy. One Shilling per annum. Post free, Inland, One Shilling and Sixpence per annum. Post free, abroad, Two Shillings per annum. One dozen copies, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom. One Shilling and Threepence.

All communications for the Editor to be addressed to 29, Ely Place, London, E.C. All communications for the Publisher to be addressed to 32, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.

May 1887.
ALASKA.

ANOTHER BAND OF MISSIONARIES.

WE have just received a beautiful and very interesting photograph from America. It was taken at Bethlehem in Pennsylvania, and represents the band of Moravian missionaries, now on their way to Nushagak in N. W. Alaska. The group consists of five persons; two ladies are seated to right and left, two little children between them, and behind these a gentleman is standing. That is Br. F. E. Wolff, who sailed from San Francisco for Nushagak, Alaska, on July 18th of last year, and returned home again in the autumn. You will remember that he went to Alaska in order to select a site for the establishment of a school for Eskimo children. He took with him the 'lumber' for the building. He had only thirteen

days' time in which to build the house; but succeeded in getting the outside of it ready, and in making it storm-proof. Then he was obliged to embark, for the vessel could not delay. The half-finished house was left in charge of the native chief and the caretaker of the Arctic Fishing Company. The natives are very honest. Whilst they were helping him to build they would not even take a small board without asking Br. Wolff's permission.

The lady to his right hand is his wife, and the other is Sr. Huber, their volunteer helper. Between these are the two bright faces of little Marion and Raymond Wolff, who are, we should fancy, about three or four years old. By the bye, we lately saw in the *Moravian* a letter from Br. Wolff,

gratefully acknowledging a box of playthings sent to his little "Marion" and her wee brother "Ray." That was very kind and thoughtful on the part of "Willie D. V." of Philadelphia, for these two children are going to a "great lone land," where there are no such toy "stores" as attract the longing gaze of young Americans in the large cities of the States.

We hope Br. Wolff will find his house just as he left it, and soon have a comfortable home for his wife and children at Nushagak in Bristol Bay. The party intended to spend the month of April at San Francisco, and to sail thence about May 1st. Perhaps among the purchases they make in that city they will not forget to expend the four dollars contributed by the infant class of the Moravian Sunday School at York in Pennsylvania "towards purchasing the cow that Mr. Wolff wishes to take to the new mission in Alaska."

WINTER ON THE KUSKOKWIM.

The following letter, from which the more private portion has been omitted, will richly repay perusal. It was addressed by Br. Weinland to one of the Editors of *The Little Missionary*. We hope that when the coming summer has melted the barrier around that ice-bound coast, and vessels can again go to the Kuskokwim, they will bring back good news and such cheery letters as this one from our brave band at Bethel. Very likely one or another of them may now be writing: "We are anxiously looking forward to spring." At any rate they will feel like that every year after the rigour of a long Alaskan winter.

Bethel, Alaska, March 10th, 1886.

DEAR BROTHER,

To add to the enjoyment of this the first anniversary of our wedding, I have laid all work aside this afternoon to begin an answer to your long and well-appreciated letter of last August.

Our minds have been busy to-day in reviewing the incidents of the tenth of March of last year, and our experiences as well, during this first year of our wedded life. It has been a long, long year, and crowded with events, both interesting and important; but God be praised, our multiplied experiences have brought us naught but blessing. We can plainly see the hand of the Lord in them all; and, whilst passing through them, we felt the nearness of our gracious Lord and Saviour.

* * * * *

Sister Weinland intends to write to you to-day sometime and she will no doubt give you all the household news.¹ I will therefore turn to Mission news, and tell you how the Lord has blessed us in our work. This has been a year of great mercy to us all, during which we have experienced that the grace of God has indeed been sufficient for us.

Let me commence with San Francisco, for there the work began. The Lord so directed us, during our stay in that city, that we not only found a vessel to convey us and our things to the Kuskokwim River, but were enabled also

with the money advanced for the purpose, to purchase everything that we needed for our comfort. That the Lord was with us, we experienced all through our long but safe ocean and river voyages. And, although the first days after Br. Torgersen's death by drowning were days of doubt and uncertainty, yet ever since we have been enabled to see the hand of the Lord in it all. Br. Torgersen being sent along as our builder and carpenter, we depended upon him for the performance of this part of the work, but the Lord would have us place our dependence upon no human being, and taught us that He would be our sufficiency in this work. Neither Br. Kilbuck nor I knew anything about building. But we began the house in the name and in the strength of our God; and, looking to Him daily for guidance and

¹ We hope to give our readers some bright bits from her pen too.

strength, He blessed our labours; until, on the 10th of last October, we were able to move into this house, in which we have been comfortable even in the coldest weather, and of which we feel that we need not be ashamed.

During December the weather was very severe. The coldest day was December 29th, when the mercury sank to fifty and six-tenths degrees below zero. Until the first part of February we had hard work to get a sufficient quantity of firewood. We were at work on the house so late that we could not gather much of a supply before winter set in, and during December and January the days were so short that we could do little else during the day except getting wood, and as it had to be dug out of the snow-banks, and in some cases to be brought a distance of about two miles and a half on a sledge, you can well imagine that this meant work. If this state of things had continued, I am afraid we should have been frozen to death by this time. But the Lord, who has been caring for us most tenderly, and who knows all our wants, helped us out of the difficulty in a most unexpected manner. In order to make the dry pine wood last longer, we mixed with it a quantity of green cotton wood from the island opposite the house. Going to the island one day in February for a load of this cotton wood, I found another kind of wood which, although green, appeared likely to burn without any pine being mixed with it. Upon trial we found that it served our purpose splendidly. After a good bed of live coals had been formed, it burned without any further trouble, and threw out a fine, steady heat. What kind of wood it is, I cannot say. The trees do not grow higher than about twelve feet, the trunks being from one to four inches in diameter. It is easily cut, and our neighbour, Mr. Lind, is glad to favour us occasionally with the loan of his sledge and dogs, which makes getting wood an easy matter, for in one day we have dragged six heavy loads from the island. The weather is not so very cold at present; and if we are not compelled to keep up a strong fire both day and night, we shall have wood enough on hand to last about two months. While I am writing this the wind is howling fearfully. The weather to day has been real Alaskan winter-weather. It has not been snowing, and yet the air is constantly filled with snow, making it impossible to see anything beyond, say, an eighth of a mile distant. The wind was stronger at five o'clock this evening than at any other time during the entire winter. It blew at the rate of forty-six miles an hour, with the temperature one degree above zero.

I am thankful that, although the air is very humid during the summer, it is extremely dry during the winter. Thus, although the cold may be very severe, yet it is neither so biting nor penetrating as it would be were the air damp at the same time. Nevertheless, Br. Kilbuck had his ears, his nose, and his cheeks frozen, while I had the same painful experience with my ears and nose. These slight frostbites, however, are soon forgotten.

We are now anxiously looking forward to spring. Already the days are becoming longer, and the sun at mid-day has quite a power. During the winter we have had quite a variety in our diet—plenty of rabbits, ptarmigans, fish, and also some venison. Next month, or during the early part of May, we hope to secure some geese; and in June salmon will again arrive. We are anticipating a busy summer in the way of work.

INFIDEL
Moravian M
fields where

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., MAY 4, 1887.

THE CENTENNIAL OF THE SOCIETY FOR PROPAGATING THE GOSPEL.—In connection with the sailing of the missionary band for Nushagak, Alaska, from San Francisco, our readers will, no doubt, be glad to be reminded that in August of this year our Society for the Propagation of the Gospel Among the Heathen, which has charge of the new Mission, will (D. V.) complete one hundred years of continuous usefulness.

Its Board of Managers expect shortly to announce some plan by which the event may be fittingly commemorated.

In view of the anniversary, have we not an additional motive for coming forward with abundant gifts for the latest enterprise of our Province? And gifts are still needed. The establishment of the second station in Alaska has proved quite costly. But there is the satisfaction of being able to believe that both the first and the second station have been well founded, so far as human foresight can plan out supplies. It is a pleasure to know that there has been no stinting of means to make the missionary families as comfortable as they can be made in that dreary land, with its inhospitable climate.

God grant also that there may be successful building, in spiritual and educational results!

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., MAY 25, 1887.

THE MISSIONARY PARTY TO NUSHAGAK, ALASKA.—We have received a letter from the Rev. F. E. Wolff, written the day before the starting of the party from San Francisco, the substance of which communication we herewith present. We commend the missionaries most earnestly to the intercession of the churches.

There will be an opportunity of writing to them by the vessel of the Arctic Fishing Company,

which will leave San Francisco about the first of July next. All letters must be addressed to the care of the *Alaska Commercial Company*, 310 Sansom Street, San Francisco, California. Letters to the missionaries at Bethel can be sent at the same time, via Nushagak, as the Rev. T. Kilbuck expects to meet the Rev. F. E. Wolff at that place, or if he should be prevented from coming, the Esquimaux, whom the missionaries will send in Autumn to Nushagak, can carry back the mail.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., May 13, 1887.

DEAR BROTHER DE SCHWEINITZ:—Your kind letters reached us in due time. We are still here in San Francisco. A few days ago we were told that the steamer would not sail until the 14th inst. So we will be off to-morrow at noon. We are ready to go. Our goods are on board. We are all well and cheerful, and glad the time for our departure has come. It will take from ten to twelve days to reach Ounalaska, where we will probably have to wait a week before the *Dora* will sail for Nushagak. There are many passengers.

Dr. Jackson has sent an order for school supplies to Mr. Carsen here, which order has been filled and the supplies shipped both to Nushagak and Bethel.

In making our purchases we exercised as much economy as possible; but the Inter-State Commerce Bill has unfortunately made a great difference in the price of many goods.

Our household goods, which were sent from Greenbay, have gone astray. They were forwarded from that place on the 7th of March and all distinctly marked with large printed labels, to the care of the Humboldt Wharf Ware House at San Francisco. At that ware house they did not appear and upon inquiring at the railroad office, we found that they had reached the city on the 25th of March, but, instead of being delivered at the ware house to which they were addressed, had been shipped by the railroad company on its own responsibility, per steamer to Sitka. The Company acknowledged the mistake and promised to recover the goods and pay all damages. We hope that they will reach San Francisco in time for the ship on the first of July, to be sent by the Arctic Fishing Company. That will be the last opportunity this year to send letters to Nushagak. Letters to Bethel may be sent in the same way. We can forward them by Brother Kilbuck, or by the native that comes from the Kuskokwim with the Fall mail.

The stone for Brother Torgersen's grave is finished and sent to Bethel.

We will write from Ounalaska and Nushagak, and now bid you farewell. We know that your prayers in our behalf will not cease. In the name of our entire missionary party.

Your sincere brother,

FRANK E. WOLFF.

green spot in our memories. Our stay here in San Francisco has been, altogether, very pleasant, and now we are quite ready for our departure to-mor-

row, Saturday, May 14, at 12.30 P.M. And now farewell, dear friends! Cease not to remember us in your intercessions before the throne of grace.

Affectionately yours in the name of our entire party,

M. E. WOLFF.

San Francisco, Cal., May 13, 1887.

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., JUNE 22, 1887.

MONEY NEEDED FOR ALASKA.—The history of the past year, as far as this new Mission field is concerned, has been one of liberal support, a record of which we need not be ashamed. From all sources, about \$5,000—in round numbers—have been received. The year which closes at the end of this month has, however, involved an outlay of more than \$7,000. The bulk of this is owing to the establishment of the new station at Nushagak, and is therefore by no means a reason for discouragement.

While it is not likely that the sum wanting will be made up by voluntary gifts in the remaining days of this month, it would be very gratifying to see the sum raised before the centennial anniversary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Heathen in August. It is exceedingly desirable that none of the customary donations of that Society be lessened; and we hope there will be no need this year.

Extracts from Letters and Journal of Mrs. Kilbuck, Bethel, Alaska.

To a friend she writes:

I would like to give you a description of these people, but it would take me a long time to tell you all about them, and much you would not care to hear. They are a pleasant, good-natured, dirty set of lazy human beings. There is not anything vicious or quarrelsome about them, for they are not energetic enough to do anything that requires an exertion. There is no law amongst them to punish stealing, and they nearly all practice it when opportunity presents itself. They will not take anything large; mostly small things. They will go furthest for tobacco. In trading, they will tell any number of lies to gain something. Besides all this, they are the most filthy people I ever heard of. There is much to root out of them, and it will take years of patient work to make much impression upon them. It will be doing a great work if we can get them to live any cleaner than they now do. This, I hope, will be accomplished soon, and then the rest will seem more possible. It would be a good thing if more workers could be sent here and all over the Territory. Two

missionaries among thousands of these degraded and godless people can not do all the work needed. I could not hold out any inducements but the missionary work itself. The climate is very severe, and one is apt to suffer from the damp in Summer and the sudden changes in Winter.

None of the natives have anything of a religion of their own. If they ever had, it is fast disappearing, and few of the young people know anything about it. They have many superstitions, pertaining mostly, in one way or another, to death and the future life. Like the North American Indians, they have a belief that there is an after-life and a happy home for all of them when they are once purified by thorough washing. This land lies beyond the confines of some great river, and that river is the River of Purification, in which they must wash for three days before they can cross over to the other side to live with those who have gone before.

I don't wonder they think they must be cleansed in some way. It would be good if they would make use of the river they have in this life; possibly it would not take so many days to get clean enough for the other shore. I should judge, from the looks of some of them, yes, even the most of them, that they never get any closer to the water than they must. The little children look the most pitiful, but they don't want any pity, but are happy in their dirt. Their bright, black eyes and shining teeth are clean-looking, but their little bodies are fearfully dirty.

Mr. Kilbuck was at the house where one lay sick. They knew he must die, and so they had the logs hewed and measured for his coffin and his burial suit at hand long before he died. With a cup of cold water at hand, they did not wait for his last breath before they began to wash his hands and face and to put on his burial suit. When he was dressed, they tied his knees up to his chin, as they have them when sitting, and leaned him against the wall. Then they all arranged themselves around him, with his mother on one side and another old woman on the other. Now commenced the mourning, and it was more like the howling of dogs than anything else. Some of them shed no tears, but to be in style they made their share of noise. At supper-time they set a dish of fish before him, which some of the other natives ate for him. All that night they wailed and cried. Mr. Kilbuck was obliged to remain, but got no sleep. He had gone there with some medicine, but now that all was over he did not remain for the burial, but came home in the morning.

One ugly-looking old man and his family were moving from up the river to some village near the mouth. He arrived on a cold Sunday afternoon with a sled on which he had piled all his property and children, while his only dog was hitched in front, and he and his wife pushed the sled from behind, and one large boy followed. His property consisted of an old sheet-iron kettle with the bottom out and one good one, a few grass mats, which serve for beds, an armful of dried fish, a small ax and his snow-shoes. Then there were three dirty little youngsters on the sled. When

they arrived it was very cold, and the old man came into the kitchen, but the rest sat out on the woodpile in the wind. One of the brethren went out and asked the boy where he came from, where he was going, and what his name was. To each question he looked blank and drawled out, "Don't know." When evening came they asked no questions, but went up stairs and made their beds. The next morning they went on their way rejoicing—over the bread and coffee they had for breakfast, while we also rejoiced—and went to cleaning house, to rid ourselves of some of the "little wanderers" they so generously left us. The "little wanderers" of this country are far too plenty to be provided with homes, and many are left to wander at large, or to hunt a new home, which they sometimes do. They have not found so warm a place in the hearts of missionaries as might be expected for anything so small and helpless, but still we are forced to look after them once in awhile. We plainly see that Mission-work consists of doing and enduring many unlooked-for things, which are not always the most pleasant; but be it so, if by so doing we may win the hearts of the people and gain one soul for a better life and as an example to others.

The Little Missionary.

BETHLEHEM, PA., JUNE, 1887.

The fourth letter is a very affecting one.

NEW YORK, May 19, 1887.

DEAR LITTLE MISSIONARY:—After our dear pastor had read and prayed yesterday at the bedside of my aunt, who is dying, she asked for her pocket-book, saying that she wished to testify her gratitude to the Lord and to him. When it was opened, she took out, with feeble hand, ten dollars, and said: "This is for Alaska." She did not wish her name to be mentioned, but that it should be given as coming from the Sunday-school. Your friend, MINNIE.

"Blessed" are the dying who "die in the Lord." "Their memorial is come up" before Him. "Their works" shall "follow them." Their names "shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

Our thanks to Minnie. May He who "taketh away"—and who can hinder Him? and who shall say unto Him, "What doest Thou?"—be to her a "very present help," and the "God of all grace and consolation," whose own loving hand, in Jesus, never forgets to wipe away our tears.

The following two letters were received while this issue was being printed:

NORTHFIELD, Rice Co., Minn., May 15, 1887.

DEAR LITTLE MISSIONARY:—Incited by the good words about the Alaskan Mission in your columns, our little Sunday-school, poor and small though it be, made an effort to bring something together for this cause in which we are all interested. Although the amount collected (\$1.55) is small, yet we hope it may help the good work a little, and hope that this first letter may be followed by a larger and more successful one. We will send the money to the Treasurer direct, but would like to see it acknowledged in THE LITTLE MISSIONARY. With kindly greetings to you and all your readers, I remain fraternally, in the name of the Northfield German Moravian Sunday-school,

Yours,

PAUL DE SCHWEINITZ.

wide at its mouth that its shores are invisible from mid-channel, and it is navigable for barges for a distance of 500 miles up. The tide rises *fifty feet*, and when it runs out it exposes a vast area of oozy mud flats (sixty miles wide at the entrance of the river), which are seamed with countless shallow, dirty rivulets flowing seaward. Very different is its physical aspect when it is bank full at flood. "It shimmers then like an inland ocean studded with myriads of mossy islands." The head of the tide is 100 miles up stream at a trading post called Mumtrekhlagamute. Boats ascending the river must wait for the tide, whose flow is irresistible even by steam power, for it rises vertically over eight feet an hour, filling up the vast chasm which forms its bed in the brief space of six hours, though there is an entire absence of anything like a tidal "bore" rolling in and overwhelming everything in its impetuous career. This phenomenal procedure is an old fable which used to be current regarding the Bay of Fundy until people learned differently, and graphic recitals were told of pigs which had been foraging on the flats scampering before the advancing wave and being presently overtaken and engulfed. This tide in the Bay of Fundy is on record as having risen as high as seventy feet at the bend of the Peticodiac.

The missionary explorers whose fortunes we are about to follow were provided with waterproofs, tent and sportsmen's outfit, and spent eight weeks in a three-holed bidarka or skin canoe, taking photographs of trading posts, native villages, scenery and objects of special interest, and covering a fluvial journey of no less than 800 miles. They subsisted chiefly upon the fish and game of the country, which were in great variety and abundance. This printed record would more than fill two full numbers of THE AMERICAN ANGLER, and as the country is altogether new to sportsmen and wholly unknown except to a few traders and prospectors, I have thought that I could offer nothing more acceptable to your readers than a brief synoptical sketch of their adventures and discoveries, the complete success of which, in detail and general scope, was due to the generous coöperation rendered by the Alaska Commercial Company, who are always ready to serve visitors with alacrity, all of which is duly acknowledged by the missionaries in their printed report.

A preliminary sea voyage of 3,200 miles in one of the company's steamers carried them from San Francisco well into the mouth of the Kuskokvim, where they came to anchor seven miles from nearest land. It was in the month of June and salmon fishing was at its height. The entire eastern bank of the lower river was swarming with Innuited fishermen, whose huts are strung along the top of a narrow dyke at high water mark in close continuity for miles, crowding

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THE AMERIC

each other so closely that there is hardly room for more. This dyke is fringed with alders, willow, birch and poplar saplings interspersed, flanked by a vigorous growth of

coarse sedges and bullrushes. Back of the dyke or levee as it would be called in the Southern States, the country is a flat waste, covered with a spongy bed of moss or "tundra," from six inches to a foot deep, and destitute even of shrubs. Great deposits of drift wood from above line the shore and afford fuel for the resident inhabitants, who number several thousands, but whose ranks are swelled in the fishing season by accessions from the Yukon to a total of perhaps seven or eight thousand. There is a portage of sixty miles from the Yukon to the Kuskokvim. The salmon are taken chiefly in dip nets along the banks, and our travelers measured a specimen which weighed 41 lbs. and measured three feet in girth and nearly four feet in length.

Leaving the steamer at the mouth of the river landing stores, they proceeded up the stream in company with four freighting barges destined for upper posts, of which there are three, besides occasional storehouses at eligible points. Their own private conveyances were sealskin canoes decked over, each with three man-holes, the passenger occupying the central hole and the paddlers the end ones. A three hours' sail brought them to one of the storehouses above mentioned, located near the outlet of a small, deep river, it being 11 o'clock at night and still daylight. The weather was clear but head winds detained them for the next five days. Starting on June 18th at 2 o'clock A. M., just before sunrise, they made an eight mile pull to a village of about ten barabaraks or native houses, named Kuskokwagamute (it is well to remember these names), and lying by until 1 o'clock attempted to snooze, but were distressed by ravenous mosquitoes. Then a two hours' paddle found them at 3 o'clock at the village of Apokachamute, numbering about 150 inhabitants, located on a small tributary of the Kuskokvim, where large numbers of beautiful salmon were lying on the bank waiting to be dressed. All the people were dressed in sealskin coats and wore beads and ivory ornaments. Lying by twelve hours, starting again at 3 o'clock in the morning—always waiting for the tide to serve—they arrived at Togiarihazorimute at eight, and after breakfast made a sixty mile run to Lomavigamute (mute means village). Traveling was delightful. A fine breeze kept the mosquitoes off. Point after point was reached and left behind. The skin boats seemed to glide through the water. "As we went on, the river grew narrower, so that the opposite bank became distinctly visible. The river, which had hitherto been an unbroken stream, was now divided by numerous islands into many channels. The shores were lined with a higher growth of underwood, and thickets of small birch trees alternated with grassy or mossy banks. The tide was also sluggish."

[This is not like the pictures which we used to have painted of Alaskan scenery!—Ed.]

The next day, sailing still among enchanting wooded islands, they came to Napahaiagamute, where a lot of Esquimaux were in their kayacles—sealskin boats with a single hole—fishing for salmon with gill nets. Soon they passed

Napahaiagamute, and rounding an island came in view of the important trading station of Mumtrekhlagamute, situated on a high bank, with a background of pine trees and a hill range in the distance. The tide here rises about four feet. The station comprises two large well-built log houses and several smaller ones, and a Russian bath house or kashima, besides the usual annex of native barabarahs. Here the boatmen struck for higher wages, as they always do, but were finally conciliated by the factor of the trading post. The dogs here were numerous and howled so as to disturb the missionary when he was reading the 116th Psalm by daylight at 1 o'clock A. M. The cause proved to be a wrestling match between two rivals for the permanent possession of a woman. The following day they proceeded up a winding channel whose banks were clad with pine trees forty feet high and finally reached Kikkhlagamute, where they counted fifty birch bark canoes, which here begin to replace skin ones. The village contained 216 people, and was situated in low marshy ground with an abundance of mosquitoes. On the 27th of June they stopped at a small Eskimo fishing station, where they met a white mining prospector coming down. The villages of Akiagamute, Iulukiak and Kivigalogamute were afterwards successively passed, and the following day found them at the fishing station of an enterprising half-breed, when rain began to fall, the first of any consequence since leaving Unalashka on the 16th of May. [The interior climate of Alaska is certainly very fine.] Still proceeding up river, more villages—Ugavik, Kalkhagamute, Ookhogamute—were passed, all under the influence and civilization of the Greek church, and at last, after a journey of nine days, the great focal trade centre of this district, Kolmakovsky, was reached. Ranges of snow-covered mountains were visible the day previous, with foothills clad with pine, up whose sombre glens favorable glimpses were had at times. Kolmakovsky consists of seven log buildings, built in the form of a square, including a church, and an hexagonal block house built forty years ago. It stands on a bluff. The country seems much more populous than Alaska had been credited with being. All the white traders whom the missionaries met had adopted native women as partners, who were very decorous in manner and behavior. Their children are of prepossessing appearance, dressed in European fashion and trained in the ways of their white fathers. There are some fifty children at Napaimute, a village ten miles higher up stream. These people know nothing about intoxicating liquors.

Kolmakovsky is 200 miles above the mouth of the Kuskokvim. There is another trading post called Venizali twenty days' journey still farther up. The missionaries retraced their voyage from this point, reaching the mouth of the Kuskokvim on July 17, in nine days' time, while the journey up stream occupied twenty-one. The weather for the previous fortnight had been fickle, sometimes bright and often rainy, warm and cold by turns, and frequently too hot for comfort. Thence they cruised along the sea coast, following its indentations to Good News Bay, a delightful basin ten miles deep surrounded by lofty mountains, and, passing safely through its narrow entrance on the surf of an incoming tide, came to anchor at the head of the bay in front of a village of 150 people of mixed complexion and some of them almost white. By taking a canoe route from there across the neck of a mountainous headland or cape it was possible to reach their place of destination at Togiak Bay and thus avoid a perilous coastwise journey outside,

(Over)

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YORK, Pa, May 26, 1887.
DEAR LITTE MISSIONARY:—Please find enclosed ten dollars (\$10) for the Alaska Mission, from your many little friends of the Alaska Juvenile Missionary Society of the York Moravian Church. We hope to follow with a similar amount very soon. Yours &c.,
JUVENILE COMMITTEE.

Donations.

<i>Received for the New Mission Ship:</i>	
New York (English) "Annie".....	\$2 00
<i>Received for Elizabeth, N. J.:</i>	
New York Boys' and Girls' Missionary Societies.	\$6 50
<i>Received for the Leper Hospital, Jerusalem.</i>	
New York, German Mission, "Helping Hand Circle."	5 00
Egg Harbor, N. J., Sunday-school.....	2 00
	\$7 00
<i>Received for Alaska Mission:</i>	
New York (English) Sunday-school	10 00
Egg Harbor, N. J., Sunday-school.....	2 00
Canal Dover, Ohio, S. S. Easter Offering	20 13
Greenbay, Wis., S. S. Easter Offering.....	6 14
Harmony, Iowa, S. S. Easter Offering.....	3 70
Schoeneck, Pa., Sunday-school.....	5 81
Lititz, Pa., "The Pupils' Orchestral Recital..	30 00
Sharon, O., Sunday-school.. ..	9 13
Canaan, Dakota, Sunday-school.....	12 00
Sturgeon Bay, Wis., Sunday-school.....	3 89
Philadelphia, Second Church, Sunday-school.	11 90
Northfield German Moravian Sunday-school..	1 55
Juvenile Missionary Society, York, Pa.....	10 00
	\$126 25

Peep at Alaska.

FROM MRS. WEINLAND'S LETTER OF FEB. 16, 1886.
(Continued.)



E takes his seat on the floor with his cup of tea alongside of him. This seemed very queer to us at first. It will require time to overcome these habits. Very few of the natives ever occupy the chairs, and when they do, they draw their feet up into the posture shown by the "Water Rat," on one of Brother Hartmann's photographs. The "Water Rat," by the by, paid us a visit some time ago. He came like an avalanche, bringing his whole family. They fairly "overwhelmed" us. When asked where he intended to sleep, he answered "here." And "here" they did sleep. That is native etiquette. They simply "take possession," for the time, of the dwelling. The only place where they have not yet pitched their quarters is in the bed-rooms. It was difficult to get them to comprehend the sanctity of those precincts. Of course we could have insisted on their staying out of the other rooms, or on their remaining but a short time, but without self-denial we cannot hope to gain their hearts, and must submit to this for the present. It is time for me to close, dear friend. We lead such a busy life that time flies rapidly, and often I cannot do what I would, for want of opportunity. How precious has been Romans 8: 28, in every time of trial! Give my love to all the dear Church friends. I often think of you all.
Your loving friend,
C. WEINLAND.

122 Here is a brief extract from Mrs. W.'s letter of June 3, 1886:

"While engaged in writing, Brother W. brought in an old friend to see me, or father for me to see. Can you guess what it was? A 'bumble-bee.' I hailed his lordship. Our native boy was afraid of it. He said it carried a 'mingut' (needle). The river has been clear of ice since May 29, and we are becoming aware of the presence of mosquitoes and flies. They are the advance guard of the Alaska Summer. The moss and cranberries on the tundra are beginning to show green, and presently everything will be fresh and smiling again. . . . Please continue to remember us and our work in your prayers. The assurances which we received with the last mail, that all our friends continually remembered us before the Throne of Grace have already encouraged and helped us. With much love to all, I remain,

Your affectionate friend,

C. WEINLAND.

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., JULY 20, 1887.

OFFICIAL ITEMS.

REPORTED BY THE PROVINCIAL BOARD.

THE ALASKA MISSION.—The following dispatch was received at Bethlehem, Pa., July 19, 1887, dated at San Francisco, Cal., the preceding day:

THE RT. REV. E. DE SCHWEINITZ: I and my family have returned because of sickness. Please provide transportation. Letters mailed. Left Brother Kilbuck in charge and well.

WILLIAM H. WEINLAND.

A telegraphic order for transportation has been sent to the Alaska Commercial Company. The letters will be printed as soon as received.

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., JULY 27, 1887.

EDITORIALS.

THE ALASKA MISSION.—We print as a supplement to this issue of *THE MORAVIAN* letters from Bro. Weinland and Bro. Kilbuck, explaining Bro. Weinland's return from the Alaska Mission, and one from Bro. Wolff announcing his safe arrival at Nushagak. In next week's paper we will present further and more extended accounts of the history of the Mission station at Bethel during the past year and also a letter from Bro. Wolff, dated at Ounalaska.

THE ALASKA MISSION.

We present to our readers the following letters from the Brethren Weinland, Kilbuck and Wolff, addressed to the Provincial Elders' Conference:

I.—A Letter from Bro. W. H. Weinland.

BETHEL, Alaska, May 30, 1887.

To the Provincial Elders' Conference:

DEAR BRETHREN: By the time you receive this, you will have received my telegram from San Francisco, announcing our arrival in that city, and it is necessary that I should give you my reasons for leaving my post of duty.

First, we leave here because of our daughter Bessie's ill-health. She was taken sick last October with what at first seemed to be only a heavy cold. In our endeavors to break up this cold we used the best means at our command, but everything which we could do proved unavailing, and she gradually grew worse. The symptoms changed from time to time, so that, although we studied the case carefully and prayerfully, yet we are unable to name the disease from which she suffered. In our distress we turned to the Great Physician, who has been very near to us during this trial, guiding and sustaining us with love and mercy. Until Christmas every movement gave her pain, but she was still able to sit up and to use her hands. During January, however, she became so weak that she was entirely helpless, being unable to move either hands or feet. In February a slow, nervous fever set in, and, as she gradually grew worse, we felt the necessity of preparing for the worst. Hard as it was to think of parting with our treasure, the Lord had answered our prayers for grace and strength, and we were able say "Thy will be done" when, on April 7, the crisis was reached and she began to improve slowly. Since that day she has improved and grown worse according to the changes in the weather, being worse whenever the weather became cooler or damper, and better whenever we could take her into the open air.

Already in March Bro. Kilbuck said he thought it our duty to take her to the States and place her under medical care. At first we entertained no thought of doing so, for we hoped that by this time she would be so much better that there would be no necessity for leaving here. This hope has not been fulfilled, however, for she is still helpless and needs much care and attention. Seeing that the Lord has, for the second time, entrusted her to us, we feel it our duty to do our part in order that her health may be restored, and believing that she is strong enough to bear the discomforts of traveling,

provided the journey be made in stages, and believing, furthermore, that she would not last long in this climate, we have decided to leave here and return to the States.

In the second place, the state of my own health has prevented me from doing my full share of the work during the past year, my old complaint, weak lungs, having again asserted itself. During part of last Summer I was quite free from this trouble, but during the Autumn it became worse. I taught school during the Winter, but was compelled to leave all other work to Bro. Kilbuck's oversight. The dampness during this past Spring has been very hard on me, causing me a great deal of pain, and I have expectorated some blood. Spitting of blood, and in fact lung diseases generally, are very common among the natives, and frequently run a very short course. Since the snow is all gone and warm weather has made its appearance, I have had less pain and feel generally better. But in such a new country, where no reliable workmen can be secured, one is compelled to work along in order to have the work make any progress, and for such heavy work I am not strong enough. When the Spring work began I requested Bro. Kilbuck to make such plans and arrangements for the Summer's work as he should deem the best. He has made such rapid progress during the past year, both in the language and in the ways of the country, that I feel confident that under his management the work will, with the blessing of the Lord, make good progress. As I expressed myself to him last week, when we once more reviewed all the arguments for and against our leaving, if I should remain another year I would send you my resignation this Summer and remain only to second his efforts and labors.

It is not willingly that I leave my post of duty without having first learned your decision and receiving your permission; but as you well know, there has been no possibility of communicating with you before this. Neither is it willingly that we leave Bro. Kilbuck and his family alone. And yet they do not regard themselves as left alone, for Mr. Lind has proved himself a good, kind neighbor. Besides this, I being unable to do my share of the work, and my wife having the sick child and a baby to care for, they feel that if they remain well, as they now are, they can work to better advantage if alone than if we remain. We have sought by earnest prayer to know the Lord's will and to follow His leadings. The manner in which I was led to offer myself to the work of Foreign Missions showed me clearly that it was the hand of the Lord that was guiding me. His hand also led us to this place and to this work, and in our present circumstances we also feel that, for some

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purpose as yet hidden from us, He is also leading us back. I feel that my mission here is at an end and that the Lord has something else for me to do in another part of His vineyard. My experiences here may have been intended to fit me more thoroughly for this future work than any other experience could have done.

As regards our plans, we do not wish to remain in San Francisco longer than is absolutely necessary. As soon as you can secure transportation for us, we wish to go out to Blairstown, and remain there for a few weeks before coming on to Bethlehem. What shall we do with our goods—books, clothing, bedding, etc., etc.? Shall we send them to Bethlehem by freight, or leave them in a warehouse at San Francisco for the present? It would be cheapest if they could be sent directly to our future field of labor, and as I now feel I think we will be able to go to work again by October.

As regards the school, I labored under many difficulties, but managed to teach thirty-two weeks, with an average of nine scholars for the entire time. The largest number on the rolls at any one time was in January, when my little school numbered thirteen scholars—nine boys and four girls. I have sent a report of the school to Dr. Jackson.

We hope to start from here in a few days, and if Bessie can stand the fatigue of an unbroken journey, we will go right on to San Francisco; if not, we must remain at Ounalaska for a short time and go down on a later vessel.

We have received no mail from Bethlehem since last June. We looked for a mail during the Winter, but, although, a messenger from Nushagak did arrive, there was no mail for us.

Affectionately your brother,
WILLIAM H. WEINLAND.

II.—A Letter from Bro. Kilbuck.

BETHEL, KUSKOKWIM RIVER, ALASKA. }
May 31, 1887. }

To the Provincial Elders' Conference:

DEAR BRETHREN: Before you will receive this letter you probably will hear of the return of Bro. Weinland and family, and although you may have been startled at first I think that you, who knew him, will not fail to come to the conclusion that he has returned on account of ill-health.

It was only after a long and severe struggle that he could be convinced that it was best for him to leave this climate for one that will not tax his weak lungs too heavily. We have all prayed earnestly over the matter, and although the decision was trying to our faith, we finally decided that it was in accordance with the Lord's will that

124 the mission party should be reduced in numbers still more. We accept this decision with sorrow, but we seek earnestly for strength to bear this parting.

For a time last Summer Bro. Weinland was not troubled with his lungs so much, but the exposure to all sorts of weather soon made itself felt. During the Winter he felt he was getting weaker and had constant pain in his chest. He managed to keep the school, but it was his strength of will that bore him up. In the Spring he expectorated some blood, but later this has ceased. He is unable to do much manual work, and there is hardly a time when he is altogether free from pain.

Knowing that his lungs have troubled him for years, and especially as such diseases run a very brief course in this country of dampness, I, therefore, advised him, on February 5 last, to go down to the States for the sake of his own health, and that of his little Bessie. This little girl has been sick since last November. Her strength gradually failed until all her limbs were perfectly helpless. Some time in April she was at death's door, but the Lord spared her, and since then she has slowly improved. To-day she is somewhat stronger, but is far from perfect restoration to health. On her account, also, the return is necessary.

As Bro. Weinland said, we are too few and the work too urgent to permit any but strong workmen to be on the field. I think he is right, and we, therefore, think it best for the work here that our sick should return to the States, where they can be better and more easily cared for.

While Bro. Weinland had charge of the school he assigned to me all the other work; but, owing to the sickness mentioned, we both were more or less hindered. From lack of efficient help in and out of the house, we brethren supplied with our own hands whatever help was needed in the kitchen, besides attending to our own chores.

As soon as Bro. Weinland decided to return to the States he turned over to me the superintendence of the Mission. I told him I would take it for the time, but would await your decision. I informed him that I did not consider myself a candidate for the position. I state the fact that you may know that I have not overlooked this point.

We rely upon the Lord for wisdom and grace to help us in our work.

Fraternally yours,

JOHN H. KILBUCK.

III.—A Letter from Bro. Wolff.

NUSHAGAK, June 15, 1887.

DEAR BRO. DE SCHWEINITZ: It has pleased the Lord to bring us safely to Nushagak on Saturday noon, June 11. Our voyage from Ounalaska was

very pleasant, but I cannot write much at present as the steamer is ready to sail. We found our house as I had left it last Fall. Our goods are all safely landed, and stored in the ware-house of the Arctic Fishing Co., where we can keep them for a short time.

Yesterday and to-day we were very busy taking lumber out of the house, and arranging it for us to live in, so we need not live in a tent, but manage to get along nicely in the house immediately. I will finish the house as soon as possible; but must do most all the work myself, as all the white men are engaged in fishing, and the natives are not able to work much at present, as there has been an epidemic of pneumonia amongst them this Spring. Quite a number died, and many are still sick. The Winter was very severe, but now everything is beginning to be pleasant and green though there is considerable rain at times. We are all well, and getting along nicely, and you need not worry about us. The steamer is to sail within half an hour. Word has just been brought us. I am sorry I am obliged to close so abruptly; but will write more fully concerning all our work in Fall, also for THE MORAVIAN. I could not possibly find time for much writing these first few days. Our entire party send love to you and all inquiring friends

Affectionately yours,

F. E. WOLFF.

Suffering of the Alaska Moravians.

BETHLEHEM, July 26, 1887.—A letter received here to-day from Moravian missionaries of Bethel Station, Alaska, tells of great sufferings among missionaries and natives. The winter has been a dreadful one, and some natives along the coast have starved. Everybody felt pangs of hunger during the spring. On May 28 fish were caught and poor children and parents were relieved from starvation's dreadful death.

THE MORAVIAN MISSIONARY REPORTER.

July — 1887.

One Penny per copy. One Shilling per annum. Post free, Inland, One Shilling and Sixpence per annum. Post free, abroad, Two Shillings per annum. One dozen copies, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, One Shilling and Threepence.

All communications for the Editor to be addressed to 29, Ely Place, London, E.C. All communications for the Publisher to be addressed to 32, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.

MISSIONARIES FOR ALASKA.

IN the *Illustrated Missionary News*, October, 1886, was an article on Alaska and Mission work there, at the end of which reference was made to the School about to be com-

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menced at Nushagak, and the volunteers who had been chosen for the work. We now have pleasure in presenting our readers with the portraits of the Rev. F. E. Wolff, Mrs. Wolff, and two of their children, also a volunteer lady helper, Miss Mary Huber, all being now on their way to Nushagak in Bristol Bay, Alaska.

The Rev. F. E. Wolff sailed from San Francisco, for Nushagak, on the 18th of July last year, in order to select a site for the establishment of a School, as a base for missionary operations, carrying with him "lumber," for a missionary dwelling. He had but thirteen days in which to build the house, but succeeded in getting the outside of it ready, and making it storm-proof. Then as the vessel could no longer delay, he had

to re-embark, returning home in the autumn. The half-finished house was left in charge of the native chief, and the caretaker of the Arctic Fishing Company. The natives are very honest; while they were helping the missionary to build they would not take even a small board without asking his permission.

It is to be hoped that the Rev. F. E. Wolff and his companions will find the house just as he left it, and that he will soon have a comfortable home for his wife and children at Nushagak. The party spent the month of April at San Francisco, and left that place for Nushagak on the 14th of May. At one of the stations on the Union Pacific Railway the train by which they were travelling was divided into two

parts. These were proceeding separately, when an accident befell one of the sections, happily not that in which our travellers were.

These dispatches excited intense interest and anxiety. What might be their full import? It takes from seven to eight days for a letter to reach the far East, and patience—never too plentiful in hearts like ours—was in demand.

This morning, as the paper is about to go to press, the mystery has been solved. A letter has reached us from Brother Weinland. It states that both he and little Bessie have been in such miserable health that a return to San Francisco and home became



Mrs. Wolff. Rev. F. E. Wolff. Marion and Raymond. Miss Mary Huber.
THE MISSIONARY PARTY FOR NUSHAGAK.

The Little Missionary.

BETHLEHEM, PA., AUGUST, 1887.

News from Alaska.

IN the 19th of July the following startling dispatch reached New York from San Francisco, addressed by Brother Weinland of Alaska to Sister Weinland's friends in this city:

"DEAR PAPA:—I and my family have reached here safely; letters mailed."

A day or two later, in reply to inquiry from New York, a second dispatch said:

"Remain here for the present—Bessie better."

The same week the *Moravian* announced the following:

"I and my family have returned because of sickness. Please provide transportation. Letters mailed. Left Brother Kilbuck in charge and well."

imperative. Sister Weinland has borne up bravely, but she too, we trust, will be benefited by the change of climate. They have our heartfelt sympathy and prayers.

We have time only for the following extract; and until next issue, must refer our readers to the *Moravian* for fuller news. The letter is dated May 19, 1887.

Brother Weinland says about himself:

"My health has not held out. I am not sick in the sense of being absolutely laid up; but last Summer I was unable to do my full share of the work, and am less able to do so now than at that time. My lungs have been weak from the first; and the dampness of the climate has gradually increased this ailment. It is the exposure to rain and all sorts of weather, and to hard manual labor which I find myself not strong enough to endure, that oblige my return."

About Bessie he says:

"She was taken sick last October; and although, at first her symptoms indicated nothing more than a heavy cold, yet all our efforts to give her relief seemed unavailing. Evidently acute rheumatism had set in; for every time she was moved in the least, she cried out with pain. At

Christmas time she was able to sit on her chair, and play with her blocks; but soon after this she lost all muscular power, and was finally unable to sit up at all. During the latter part of January a low, nervous fever set in which seemed to take away every bit of strength she had left. We feared the worst; but later rallied to some extent.

"The crisis came during the Passion Week, when she was lower than ever; but the Lord helped us, and again she began to improve. She is still almost helpless, and seems to be exceedingly weak. She is unable to raise her head from the pillow; while her right hand hangs by her side like a dead weight and her sleep at night is greatly broken. Her left hand, however, is no longer lifeless as before, and she can raise it to her mouth. There is a swelling on the right hand which seems to be a growth on the bone, and there are large swellings on the ankles." * * *

"When during the early part of March Brother Kilbuck suggested the advisability of returning, I fought against the idea, for I could not see that it would be right for me to go and leave them alone. For a long while we were in doubt; but the Lord heard our prayers, and has given us the desired light.

"Brother and Sister Kilbuck are equal to the occasion, and if they remain well will be able to carry on the work alone for a year. They are strong and practical, and have made good progress with the language, and in the ways of the country generally." * * *

"Brother and Sister Kilbuck look forward to the future with faith and trust. Mr. Lind and his family are good neighbors, and hardly a day passes without one of them being over; and thus mutual benefit ensues. Mr. Lind has been in Alaska for about fifteen years, and perfectly understands the ways of the country. He is able to suggest many useful hints. He has attended all our services, and is trying to live a Christian life."

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., AUGUST 3, 1887.

3 BETHEL, ALASKA. 1887.

It is with sincerest regret that we received the tidings printed in our Supplement of last week. The news came too late for comment in our last issue.

That the trouble is a grave one every friend of the Mission must admit. Bethel left short-handed, means an anxious time for Brother and Sister Kilbuck. May the Lord, in His overruling providence, bring them safely through.

And yet it would seem, that, not only for their own sake, but also for the sake of the Mission, Brother and Sister Weinland have done the best thing that could be done, in returning. For themselves, it would have been worse than useless to remain in a country where pulmonary diseases mean a speedy carrying off. And for the Mission, it would have meant the severest sort of a check to the work of the

school and the general activity of Brother Kilbuck if his time had to be given up to the care of a sick companion. Far better to have to labor alone, unhampered, than to have the companionship of one whose crippled condition would render him a cause of constant anxiety and a drain on the time and strength of the one able-bodied missionary.

In view of all these things, we can not but believe that the return to the States of the invalids was a wise move.

Whether the Governing Board will take steps at once to endeavor to secure a substitute for Brother Weinland, we do not know. Most likely, it is quite too late this year to send any one to Bethel, there not being sufficient time to make proper preparations, before the last steamer for Ounalaska will leave San Francisco.

If we are right in this idea, in one way the position of Brother and Sister Kilbuck, this Winter, will be peculiarly trying, in view of their isolation, and will appeal to the prayers of all sympathizing friends. And yet there are crumbs of comfort even here. It is a mercy that within easy reach of them is a friendly trader, Mr. Lind, so that they are not absolutely cut off from intelligent help. And again, we may be sure that the supply of provisions will be so overabundant, enough having been sent out for both families, that the difficulty of keeping the school in view of getting food for the native boys will be most materially lessened. That Brother and Sister Kilbuck themselves see the situation in this light is evident from their letter, so full of unshaken cheerful Christian trust.

What then is incumbent on us at home? To think that the missionaries should be recalled from Bethel?

By no means.

In the first place, it is too late to recall them this year, in any case. Furthermore, there are other than dark sides to the Mission. The climate is severe, to be sure; and the missionaries must undergo great hardship—their Christian heroism is not to be underestimated. But has not the pioneer work of Missions and of civilization always been attended with just such personal risk? When our forefathers took their long solitary foot-journeys through the pathless wilds of Pennsylvania and Ohio, in danger alike from the hostile redskin and wild beast and poisonous reptile, with no certain depot of supplies, depending on Providence for

provisions as well as protection, was there not just such risk? When Schmidt carried the work into South Africa, in the days when dog was a synonym for Hottentot, was not failure, utter and complete, the seeming result at first? And yet things were not what they seemed, as our present Missions in Cape Colony testify, in the estimation of civil authorities as well as of Christian workers. When Dober and Nitschmann went, in the Spirit of Christ, to the slaves in St. Thomas, what foolishness their Mission seemed to the world. Yet who can now deny that there "the foolish things of the world have confounded the things that are mighty," and that the message of the brethren in the West Indies has proved to be "Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God."

Moreover, it must be borne in mind that while the climate of Alaska is severe, it is not counted too severe for men to go there for commercial purposes. White men are able to live there, when it comes to making money by trade in furs. The Alaska Commercial Company find that it pays to give the Government quite a handsome subsidy for the privilege of a monopoly of trade in the very parts where our missionaries are at work. If white men heard that gold were discovered on the banks of the Kuskokwim River, (and we hope that they never will,) we may be sure white men in thousands would find it worth while to risk the severe climate. What men may do for the sake of money, Christian missionaries may surely do for the sake of souls for which Christ did not disdain to die.

And yet one more thought. The work thus far has not been all in vain, by any means. The school has been steadily held now for an entire season. An impression has been made on young minds. Brother Kilbuck is acquiring the language, and is winning the confidence of the natives. Recall him now? That would be treason to the cause of Christ.

So long as missionaries are willing to sacrifice what they have to sacrifice in going to Bethel, the least we at home can do is to sustain them to the best of our ability with our gifts and our prayers.

We venture to predict from what we know of the spirit of our people, much the same yet as when Zinzendorf expressed his admiration in the phrase "*gens aeterna diese Mähren*," (an everlasting race—these Moravians), that the

drawbacks to the Alaska Mission will by no means deter its zealous prosecution.

Whether the Governing Board will deem it wise to continue just the same methods, sending out young couples, is of course quite another thing. We know nothing of their plans. But this we feel sure of, that, with the Lord's blessing, Brother and Sister Kilbuck will receive re-enforcements as soon as possible, and that the work begun in earnest will be prosecuted in a spirit of steadfast faith which the Lord will own and bless.

Meanwhile the prayers of the Church will go up constantly, for the recovery of those whom ill-health has incapacitated, and for the divine protection and benediction upon those who still labor in the icy North.

THE ALASKA MISSION.

Second Annual Report.

BETHEL, KUSKOKWIM RIVER, ALASKA. }
May 31, 1887.

To the Provincial Elders' Conference:

DEAR BRETHREN: By the grace of God we can once more send you a cheerful report, and this in spite of the trials and hinderances, which beset our way throughout this past year. Our Saviour was very gracious unto us, increasing our faith, so that we were able to endure, "as seeing Him who is invisible." The progress in our work is marked with ups and downs, but for all that we can see we have pressed forward and upward. We have not gained ground by strides, but rather inch by inch, and on this day we have reason to praise our Master for the favor He has shown to us.

Before entering upon a somewhat detailed account of our work, we would briefly state that which we have accomplished. In September 8, a school was opened with six scholars. On the following Sunday, a Sabbath-school was opened. These two branches of work have been maintained throughout the Winter. Besides, the Lord has permitted us to see a few of the fruits which resulted from our presence in this country, and among these people. These fruits are the result, not so much from our preaching, as from our example. Our Mission is no longer a matter of doubt to the people, and although some would prefer that we came as traders, yet there are others who are eagerly waiting for the time when we can speak to them of better things. Furthermore we believe that the relation between the traders on this river and the natives, has under-

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gone a change for the better. Have we not, therefore, cause for our rejoicing? Do you, likewise, rejoice with us, and let us pray, that the Lord may continue to bless our efforts. He has graciously heard not only our prayers, but also the prayers of our brethren at home. Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of Grace.

As it has already been mentioned, we have had grievous trials and hinderances. Our greatest trial has been the sickness in Bro. Weinland's family, and his own ill health. Early last Autumn little Bessie became sick. This sickness was beyond our skill, and although we tried to restore her to health, our efforts were in vain. She continued to fail slowly but surely, until she became perfectly helpless, her limbs seeming to be palsied. The crisis was reached last April, when she was at the point of death. The Lord, however, heard our prayers and spared her unto us. Since then she has slowly improved; she has now control over her limbs. This brings joy to our hearts, and we entertain good hopes of her complete restoration to health.

Bro. Weinland has been troubled with his weak lungs. This weakness has been aggravated by the damp climate, to such an extent, that at this date, he has constant pain in his chest, preventing him from taking an active part in the work. Under the circumstances, after much prayer, we all have decided that it would be best for Bro. Weinland and family to return to the States. It cost us a painful struggle, to acquiesce to the decision, but we did so in the name of the Lord, and we look to Him for cheer and comfort.

Another matter, which has had an important bearing upon our work, is the scarcity of food for two consecutive years. In the Spring of 1886, there was quite a dearth of food, and much suffering was the result. The people anxiously waiting for the salmon, their staple food, resolved to lay up a good supply for the following Winter. But the Summer catch of salmon was far short of the usual amount, although the people fished longer than common. In this country a meager harvest of fish means starvation before the next "run" of salmon, unless the people put forth extra efforts to get other food. On this account the more provident, and therefore the best workers, left the river earlier than usual, repairing to the mountains or the tundra. This fact hindered us from accomplishing all that we had planned. It was impossible to get active, reliable workmen either for rafting or hewing logs. One or the other of us, therefore, had to go up the river after logs. Here at home we had only one workman from the middle of June until August. This man

came from the Yukon, being one of the two men hired by Bro. Weinland. He was a good carpenter, but lacked steady application. As long as I worked with him, the work of hewing went on rapidly, but I had the misfortune to cut my foot with the ax, which disabled me for several weeks. The man tired of the work because it did not go on as well as it might, and he dallied considerably. If we had been able to get a good substitute we would have discharged him, but this we could not do, so we were compelled to keep him. Mr. Lind informed us that this was a common experience, and he has the same difficulty with his workmen. It is certainly hardly to be expected that these

people should work as steadily as the laborers of civilized countries, seeing that they do not know what it is to work year in and year out, from morning until night. The work necessary for their way of living is very little and is of a spasmodic character. This characteristic often proves trying and inconvenient. To have anything done quickly and thoroughly we must be on the spot, otherwise a small job will drag out beyond our patience. The result of our last Summer's work amounts to this: the raising of one log house 28 feet by 24 feet. All the material used was rafted down from above. Four different trips were made, the last one extended almost to Kolmakoffski. Besides, the logs we collected ourselves. Mr. Sipray helped us, by sending down two rafts, one of nineteen and the other of twenty-five logs. The fishing we could not attend to properly, as this is a Summer's work in itself, and our force was too small, to divide. We however caught enough fish to last us until end of December. We had eight natives and eight dogs to feed. As soon as it was possible to travel with dog-teams, we began to make trips to different villages buying fish. In this way ten different villages were visited. Most of these villages were on the "Big Lake," about twenty miles to the Northwest. The people there do not differ from the people on the river. Their villages are however more unclean and dilapidated.

As regards the school, we take pleasure in being able to say, that here our efforts have resulted in giving us courage and hope. The progress the scholars have made in their studies is surprising, and this although the teacher and scholars were not conversant with a common language. We have every evidence that these people are teachable, and therefore firmly believe that as soon as we can talk to them the work of winning their souls for Christ, will not be so difficult. Bro. Weinland, who has had charge of the school, will give a more detailed report. I will add, however, that the boys who stayed with us, were of great

help, thus partly paying for their board. The boys who remain with us are, at present, all away catching smelts with a dip-net. They will assist in fishing for salmon and white fish during the Summer.

In September a Sunday-school was opened, which has been maintained throughout the Winter. The Sunday-school has mainly consisted of our boarders, but it is not uncommon to have quite a room full of native visitors, children and adults. I have had charge of this department, and I find my greatest hinderance to be my ignorance of their language. For a time the lessons were translated, but this method was far from satisfactory. The lessons were at first put into the simplest English and then Mr. Lind would translate it into the simplest Russian to his interpreter who, in turn, would translate into the Eskimo language. Somehow we could not get the idea of translating into the head of the native interpreter, and frequently we spent a whole evening over a few short sentences. Often the work of one evening had to be revised, as Mr. Lind's woman would declare that Fœtka's translation was not correct. So I never was entirely certain that my lessons were entirely correct. Mr. Lind thought that Fœtka had been instructed by the Greek priest to mislead us if we required his services in studying the language of this country. In this way I have managed to tell the boys the story of Christ's birth, and at Christmas they were able to take part in the exercises quite intelligently. The Christmas-tree, lighted up with candles and adorned with bright ornaments and presents, was a treat which caused their eyes to open in astonishment. The presents consisted of cards, cakes, prunes and a bright yarn scarf for each boy. It did our hearts good to hear young, native voices singing "Glory to God," and their "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." We have had no trouble to teach the children to sing, as they are very fond of singing and have pretty correct ear for music. Our children have learned quite a number of hymns, among them being "Jesus makes my heart rejoice." Besides the Sunday-school session, one service was held every morning in the school-house until the weather was too cold and Bessie too sick, when we held our services in the dwelling-house. There have been but few Sundays when visitors were not present, some coming for the purpose of attending the services. In this way the people have learned to recognize our mission, and more than one native has expressed a desire to know more of our teachings and are looking forward to the time when our tongues will be "light." They say that to-day our tongues are too heavy, and

therefore they can not understand us. In September a man brought his little girl to us to be baptized. As far as we could see, there was no other object in this request than to have the girl possess a name given by us—the priests. The people here think that the only functions of a priest are to give, by baptism, Cossack names to their children and to administer the communion. We explained to the father that at present we could not baptize his child, as we were unable to explain to him the meaning of the rite. The school is gaining favor with the people, especially up the river. On one of my trips up the river I received several applications for admission into the school. One man, living near Kolmakoffski, said that the Greek priest on the Yukon wanted his little boy to come to the school on that river, but he preferred to send the boy down here.

These are small signs of progress in our real work, but they bring comfort to us when we are discouraged at our seeming inactivity in sowing the seeds of salvation by preaching. At present the lessons are drawn more from our daily lives than from our precepts. We are still very deficient in the language, but we can see that we are making rapid progress. We are able to express a few of the principles of Christ's kingdom, and although they are hardly grasped, yet we believe that these shadows of things to come are held tenaciously by those who have heard and long for them.

Since our last report two children were born, one to Sister Kilbuck and the other to Sister Weinland. Kate Margaret Kilbuck was born July 15, 1886, and baptized August 1. Caroline Sarah Weinland was born February 11, 1887, and baptized March 6. The two little ones have been well and continue to be hale and hearty. During the year we received three mails, one in June by the steamer *Dora*. The second was only a few letters that were intended for the June mail, but mailed a little too late. These came by the way of St. Michael's, and did not reach us until September 24. In August we dispatched a messenger to Nushagak with mail. He returned September 28, having been gone fifty-two days. This year we may not be able to get a messenger, so if you do not hear of us again until next year do not be alarmed. We expected another mail during the Winter from Nushagak, but although a mail did come, there was none for us.

Bro. Weinland has prepared a series of papers on the characteristics of the country, the customs and habits of the people and some legends. These he intends to publish in *THE MORAVIAN*. Therefore this report is brief, being only the report of the work.

130 The Winter has been long, but not quite so cold as the first. The mercury did not go down lower than 44 degrees. We have, however, had more snow and wind. The velocity of the wind has been as high as 52.1 miles per hour. The river was not clear of ice until May 28. On the 8th of May it was 8 degrees and on the 31st it was + 60 degrees.

And now, commending the work and ourselves to the intercessions of our brethren, we would take leave of you.

THE MISSIONARIES.

J. H. KILBUCK, *Secretary*.

A Letter from Bro. Wolff.

OONALASKA, June 6, 1887.

DEAR BRO. DE SCHWEINITZ: We sailed from San Francisco on May 14 at 12.15 P.M., and arrived safely at Ounalaska on Wednesday noon, May 25. The beginning of our voyage was not very pleasant; it was rather stormy, and the result was, we all became seasick. Miss Huber, or Aunt Mary, as we call her, and the children, were soon over it. Mrs. Wolff and myself were quite sick for several days, till the weather became more settled. Mrs. Wolff, Aunt Mary and the children occupied one cabin, and I was in the cabin with the Rev. J. W. Chapman, directly opposite the ladies' cabin. We had very close quarters, but got along well. We had a very kind and good-natured waiter, who brought the meals up on deck while we were sick. The board was very good and everything very neat.

On Sunday, May 22, the Rev. Chapman and myself kept a service on deck, and many on board the vessel attended.

Here in Ounalaska we are living in a house furnished us by the Alaska Commercial Company. It has only two bedsteads, two stoves, a washbowl and pitcher, and a few other little things. There are no chairs, and the bedding is very scant; but we managed to get along very well with a few chairs of our own and a little bedding. We do our own cooking, the Alaska Commercial Company furnish us with bread and milk from their own kitchen, and we can get from their store fruit, crackers, sugar, tea and such things as we absolutely need. We have had plenty of fresh fish and some game that we killed. We have been keeping house here for ten days, and to-morrow morning the *Dora* will sail for Nushagak.

We saw the supplies for Bethel unloaded from the steamer *St. Paul* on to the schooner *Pearl*, and she sailed for the Kuskokwim last Monday, May 30. I sent a letter to the brethren telling them that we are on our way to Nushagak.

We found our sleds and cart all safe here at Ounalaska. There are two young men traveling

with us who are going to St. Michael's as missionaries. The one is the Rev. J. W. Chapman, sent by the Episcopal Church, who is to join Mr. Parker and family, who went up last year. The other is the Rev. Karlson, from Sweden. Some years ago a Norwegian traveled through Alaska, who afterwards wrote a book on his travels and set forth the state of the people in Alaska, especially those at St. Michael's. This book got to Sweden, and, as I understand, the Swedish Reformed Church sent two young men from Sweden last August to go to St. Michael's as missionaries. They heard of our being in San Francisco, on our way to Alaska, and called to see us. They can not speak English very well, only enough to get along.

When they found that there was a missionary at St. Michael's already and another going, they thought it advisable to separate. So one of the Swedish men went to Cook's Inlet and Kanai, upon the advice of the Alaska Commercial Company, and the other will proceed to St. Michael's. Whether they will stay at these places or not I do not know. They seem to be nice and energetic young men. They both had been missionaries in Russia among the Tartars, where they were taken prisoners for the Gospel's sake. Mr. Karlson was in prison two months, till the King of Sweden had them released.

The arch-priest of the Greek Church from San Francisco is also here in Ounalaska, and will go with us to Nushagak, and from there to the Kuskokwim River, and from there on to St. Michael's. He will probably stir up their priest and people to more active work in Alaska.

While at San Francisco I received a letter from Dr. Jackson, in which he said he had ordered some school supplies from Samuel Corson & Co., in San Francisco, and that I should go to him and let him know the time of the sailing of our vessel. So I went to Mr. Corson and found that he had received the order.

We have a great deal of rain here at Ounalaska. The high mountains that surround this place are all covered white with snow, but down in the valleys everything begins to look nice and green. It is not cold here, but windy at times. We can get plenty of fresh codfish and salmon trout, also some birds, which we enjoy very much.

I must close for this time. We are all well and happy, and are looking forward to the pleasure of soon being in our new home in Alaska. I will write you another letter when we get to Nushagak, the Lord willing. We hope to hear from you by the vessel in July, and then not again till next Spring. We will have an opportunity to write once more in the Fall, when the fishing vessels return to San Francisco. Our whole party joins me

in best regards to you and to all inquiring friends.

Affectionately your friend and brother,

F. E. WOLFF.

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., AUGUST 10, 1887.

THE ALASKA MISSION.

FOR THE MORAVIAN.

Extracts from Private Letters from Miss Mary Huber, Missionary to Alaska.

OONALASKA, May 26-June 23, 1887.

We left our boarding-house in San Francisco between 10 and 11 o'clock A.M. on Saturday, May 12, rode in the street-cars to the wharf, and went on board the *St. Paul*. Mr. Herbach, from Alameda, came soon after to bid us good-by. We had quite a long talk with him. Mr. Roberts came, too, just a little while before we sailed. He is such a kind, hearty, old man, just like an old friend. When the vessel was ready to sail, George, one of the waiters, walked over the deck, sounding a gong as a signal for the friends to go on land. Our two friends bade us good-by and stood on the shore, watching and waving their handkerchiefs until we were out of sight.

We sat on deck and watched as long as we could see. Then we were introduced to many of the passengers. We were hungry, and expected to get dinner on the vessel, but did not until half-past 4. Then Mrs. Wolff was sick already, and I did not feel very well. The cabin was very small and had an ugly smell. It was about two yards long, broad and high, perhaps rather less. Mr. Wolff's cabin was on the other side of the deck, he sharing his quarters with the Rev. Mr. Chapman. The children and I recovered first, but Mrs. Wolff did not get up on deck till Tuesday. Mr. Wolff was sick the longest.

When we heard the whistle blow and were told we were in Ounalaska, we went up on deck as soon as possible and watched how we were drawn along the dock. Ounalaska is a very small village. The Alaska Commercial Company have a boarding-house here, an office and a number of small brown houses. Some natives have sod huts. There is only a very narrow strip of level land; the rest is all mountain and water. There is also a Greek church, and the priest has a nice frame house. That is all there is of Ounalaska.

When we came around the island and the natives saw the ship coming, all the men and boys came to the wharf to meet us, even the priest and his little boy. Three men got into a small boat, seized one of the ropes from our ship, and boys and men hitched on to it to help to draw us in. When we got a little nearer, the sailors threw ropes over, and at last we were drawn alongside of the wharf. We went to our cabin, for it was raining all the time. Mr. Wolff told us we had better stay on board awhile, as all the people in the employ of the company would have to be accommodated first, and as we were dependent on the company, we must try to keep on their good side.

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Last evening the cattle and sheep were unloaded. The natives took the sheep by the legs and by the head and laid them on the wharf, and there they lay like bundles. After awhile they were lifted on a small boat and taken away.

Some one told us we will have to wait ten days before the *Dora* comes.

We were on the beach awhile this morning with our rubber shoes and coats on, for it is raining, and we gathered some shells. I will put a few small ones in this letter.

Mr. Wolff and Mr. Chapman went over the mountain that has no snow on it, yesterday afternoon. People who had been here before told us

the mountains in the sea (for the islands are like mountains) are covered with grass and flowers in Summer. We saw cattle grazing on the side of the mountain, and to-day we saw a few chickens and some pigs, and so we may be able to get a cow here. I wish we could get one yet this Fall. The condensed milk that we have on the vessel does not agree with me. I drink water, although that is rather warm, coming from San Francisco.

The Indian chief is out on the wharf now. He was here during the unloading, and told the native men and boys what to do. They all worked with a will. The natives stand and watch us when we walk past their homes, bid us "Good-day," and are pleased; the little boys even lift their hats.

We are living in a one-story frame house. When we first went to see it last Friday I felt almost discouraged, it was so dirty! We stayed on board the *St. Paul* until Saturday morning; then we took our things and went to the house, but could do nothing, as we had no broom, brush or rag. The *St. Paul* was going to leave at 2 o'clock that afternoon. Mr. Wolff told us we should go back to the ship for dinner. We felt ashamed to go, but had nothing to eat and nothing to eat from, so we all went. Mr. Chapman, the Episcopal, and Mr. Charlson, the Methodist missionary, have a room in the same house, up stairs. We stayed on board till the vessel moved out. The passengers going to the seal islands bade us good-by. Then the vessel sailed out into the bay, the passengers expecting to get to the islands on Monday morning. We went back to the house and stopped with our fellow-passengers, Mr. and Mrs. Greenfield, who have a house, too, and are trying to get along until the *St. Paul* comes back; then they go with her to St. Michael's. He is to be the trader there. They lived there once before, six years ago. They have with them a little half-breed Indian girl from St. Michael's, named Sophie, who had been brought down to San Francisco last year with Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, who had been traders there for many years, and who had intended to raise and educate her. But Mr. Lawrence died, and now Sophie was being sent back with Mr. Greenfield to her father. It seemed a pity that she should go back again. She speaks English quite well already, is thirteen years old, is quiet, well-behaved, neat and kind to the children. We will take her with us if we can get her. She has no mother, and Mrs. Greenfield said she thought her father, who is a Russian, would rather have her stay with somebody than come home again.

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The three ministers went out fishing this afternoon. Yesterday Messrs. Charlson and Chapman did not get up early. They went to bed late, and thinking that because breakfast would be early at the company's house, they would wait until dinner. When they got there they found no dinner; they had had a late instead of an early breakfast, and were to have supper at about 4 o'clock or later. That was too long to wait, and so we invited them to dinner. For lack of dishes, one of us went to the beach in front of the house and got some sea shells, and after they had been cleaned we ate our canned grapes from them for a dessert. We have used them at every meal since, and will take them with us to Nushagak.

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., AUGUST 17, 1887.

THE ALASKA MISSION. — When the news reached Bethlehem that the Rev. W. H. Weinland had come back from Alaska, the Provincial Board was scattered and could take no action in the case. Last Monday, however, the Rev. Augustus Schultze having returned from the West, a full meeting was held, and the subject of the Alaska Mission was at once taken up.

In joyful reliance upon the Lord and the continued intercessions and financial aid of the churches, it was resolved to push forward the Mission at Bethel with all the resources at our command; to send an assistant, or assistants, to that station, next Spring, as soon as navigation will be open, it being impossible to do so prior to that time; and, by these lines, to appeal to our churches not to grow weary in well-doing, but to go on supporting this cause with even greater zeal and liberality than has thus far been shown.

From an official letter of the Rev. J. H. Kilbuck to the Board, which letter is not meant for publication, it is evident, that he is full of hope and courage; that he proposes to do all in his power to develop the school, especially in industrial respects; and that he richly deserves the support of the churches at home.

In this connection we deem it proper to say, that when the Rev. W. H. Weinland offered to go to Alaska as a missionary, we did not know that his lungs were weak. Had we known this, we would not have given him the appointment.

LETTERS ON ALASKA.

BY THE REV. W. H. WEINLAND.

Letter First.

INTRODUCTION.

BETHEL, ALASKA, January 20, 1887.

DEAR BRETHREN: The articles on Alaska published in THE MORAVIAN after the exploratory expedition, were through press of other work, necessarily left incomplete. Believing you to be thoroughly interested in Alaska generally, and especially in our section of the country, I have planned to supplement my unfinished work by preparing a few short articles on subjects of special interest. This task is all the more inviting, since, after residing in the country for almost two years, I can deal with the subject from personal knowledge, which is more satisfactory than to give impressions after having taken only a hasty survey.

Of the great size of the territory of Alaska you are already informed. But in this connection, let me warn my readers against one danger into which others have fallen. Much is written and printed concerning Alaska, and you may be led to apply to this northwestern section what is truthfully said of the southeastern part. No more can the facts concerning Sitka and adjoining regions be applied to the Kuskokwim district, than the facts concerning Florida, its climate, products, etc., can be applied to Pennsylvania or New York. The climate is different, the natural features of the country are different, the character and status of the inhabitants are different,—in fact, to be informed concerning this district, you must receive the facts from this district itself, and I will endeavor to give you as much information in as few words as possible.

THE KUSKOKWIM DISTRICT FROM A BUSINESS STAND-POINT.

The business of this entire district consists of the fur trade, and is practically in the hands of one man, Mr. R. Sipary, who is agent for the Alaska Commercial Company. He is a Russian Fin, and has in his employ two white men, the one also a Russian Fin, the other a Russian. Mr. Sipary has three stations, where trading with the natives is carried on. The first is here at Mumtrekhlagamute, the second at Kolmakovsky, several hundred miles farther up the Kuskokwim, the third at Nesale, near the headwaters of the river. The Alaska Commercial Company owns the real estate connected with these stations, having purchased the same from the old Russian Company when Alaska was purchased by the United States. It is valued at three thousand dollars. Mr. Sipary's trade is exclusively in furs, for which he pays in general merchandise. He receives yearly general merchandise to the value of about \$5500.00, which figure includes the twenty-five per cent. charged by the company for transportation. His exports vary from year to year, according to the abundance or scarcity of the various kinds of furs. The following list gives average amounts at the average price which Mr. Sipary receives from the company:

Mink	3,000	@ \$0 40
Fox.....	1,000	@ 1 00
Land Otter.....	350	@ 2 50
Black Bear.....	175	@ 3 00
Beaver.....	1,000	@ 2 00
Marten.....	1,500	@ 1 25
Muskrat.....	10,000	@ 0 05

After paying the wages of his two undertraders, Mr. Sipary has a net surplus of about \$2,000, which is clear gain, being over and above his living and other expenses. I give these figures in order that you may see for yourselves that, although there is a good margin of profit, yet the natives are dealt with honestly and fairly. The list of articles most in demand under general merchandise will assist us in gaining an insight into their tastes and of their degree of civilization. For this part of the river the list is headed by tobacco, while farther up tea is foremost in demand. Here every native, man and woman, boy and girl, chews tobacco and not a single article will they buy of the traders, until they have secured a good supply of the weed. The next in demand are products of the country, consisting of

seal oil, squirrel skins for clothing, hair-seal skins for boots, and another variety of seal skins for boot soles. Then follow drilling, used for undergarments, tents, etc., ammunition, hardware, fish-net twine, sugar, tea and last of all, flour.

The trading business was greatly spoiled some years ago by there being another company trading in opposition to the present company. Each, eager to secure the furs at any price, allowed the natives to go into debt, and to-day, after the most strenuous efforts to bring the business back to a cash basis, the majority of the natives are still in debt. These debts do not average more than two fox skins to each man. But, since the yearly yield of all skins, reducing all furs to fox skins as the standard of value, does not average more, for this part of the river, than three foxes to each man, if a native once falls back in his accounts, it is difficult for him to regain his lost ground, even if he tries to do so. There is a general tendency to beg and tease, until, upon the payment of two skins on the old debt, they are given goods to the value of five or six skins. To say the least, the trading business is extremely aggravating, and if a man is not very liberal and does not accede to all their demands, he receives the name of being a very hard man. The natives will travel long distances if they think they can do better with some distant trader. Upon our arrival in the Summer of 1885, the news spread that we were traders, and many brought their furs to us to sell. We endeavored to give them a better insight into our Mission, but last February a party arrived from a distance of six hundred miles. They had started with a large lot of furs, but had sold most of them on the way for food, and when they arrived at Mumtrekhlagamute, they had only furs enough remaining to buy to joints of stove-pipe. The return journey proved fatal to two of the party—the one froze to death, the other took sick and died. Farther inland the furs taken are of more valuable kinds, and hence reduced to the standard of the fox skin, the average per hunter is greater. At Kolmakovsky it is about eight, at Nesale it is about fifty-four per year to each hunter.

Judging from the large amount of timber in the southeastern portion of Alaska, various writers have predicted that the future lumber supply of the United States will come from Alaska. Would that this northwestern part were also heavily timbered, for if this were the case, many of our greatest difficulties would not exist. In fact, the good and accessible timber may be said to come to an end at Kodiak. The Aleutian islands and the Aliaska peninsula are barren wastes, the people at Nushagak are dependent for the most part on drift-wood for their fuel, while here at Bethel we look to the same source for both our fuel and building logs, and last Summer a logging expedition of two hundred miles up the Kuskokwim proved to be an almost fruitless search. The islands in the Kuskokwim are but lightly wooded, and the spruce found here is so small and scrubby that it is practically worthless. That the north-eastern part of Alaska is heavily wooded is shown by the large logs which are brought down the rivers at the time of the Spring freshets, but the interior is inaccessible.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., AUGUST 24, 1887.

LETTERS ON ALASKA.

BY THE REV. W. H. WEINLAND.

Letter Second.

BETHEL, ALASKA, January 20, 1887.

GOLD AND SILVER.

The gold and silver beds in the southeast of Alaska furnish another source of wealth, but, although the Kuskokwim district has frequently been visited by prospectors, nothing has yet been found which promises a paying investment. Several years ago Mr. Sipary endeavored to develop a quick-silver mine near Kolmakovsky, but he only succeeded in sinking several thousand dollars in the enterprise.

It is reported that last Summer twenty-five miners secured gold on the Yukon River to the value of \$26,000.¹

THE SALMON FISHERIES.

Salmon fishing promises to become an important business in this part of Alaska. Columbia River salmon are no doubt good, but the fact remains nevertheless, that the salmon caught in the cooler waters of the more northern rivers are far better. Recognizing this fact, San Francisco capital is rapidly being invested farther and farther North. Cooks Inlet boasts of several canneries, Kodiak is likewise held by several companies, while Nushagak, which, three years ago was held by one company, now boasts of two canneries, and a third company, with a capital of \$100,000, expects to begin canning operations during this coming Summer. There is usually an abundance of salmon in the Kuskokwim River, but as yet there is no cannery here. There being no accessible harbor on this river, and the sand-

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bars and ever-shifting channels in its mouth, rendering navigation dangerous, undoubtedly present difficulties to the development of these fisheries, but we do not believe that these difficulties are insurmountable. The salmon caught on the Yukon are excellent, there is no canning establishment there either. This may also be caused by difficulties which nature has placed in the way. For, although the Yukon River is said to have a mouth seventy miles in width, yet this mouth consists of small, shallow channels, affording no entrance to any vessel.

CHARACTER OF THE NATIVES.

After living amongst these people for nearly two years, it may be in order to express an opinion concerning their character. But, in order to prevent future misunderstandings, I must make a distinction. The inhabitants all along this north-western coast are commonly called Eskimoes. There are, however, several distinct tribes, or, I might almost say, races of people amongst them, having distinct languages, customs and manners. Those about Nushagak and Bethel call themselves "Yuutes;" those above the Yukon are the Mahlemutes, while in the interior live the Ingalikks, Kaltehanese, etc. We have seen specimens of all these tribes, but we have only to do with the Yuutes, and of them only will I speak.

Taken as a class, the Yuutes are decidedly phlegmatic in temperament, and are content to take things as they come. Be it sickness or starvation or intense cold, all seem to be regarded as so many phases of life which must necessarily be experienced, and to try to alleviate their sufferings by judicious living, they scarcely dream of. To them life is one prolonged series of sufferings, such as but few else could endure; and yet suicide is unheard of amongst them.

They are deeply rooted in their habits and manner of living, and it is a difficult matter to get them to adopt even the most striking and most evidently necessary changes. White men have been living in their midst for half a century, and yet to-day their mode of living is rude and extremely filthy.

They are dishonest, thievish, and their word can not be trusted. In trade they will rarely acknowledge their debts, and it seems to be their highest ambition to defraud the traders. They can not be called robbers, for they are too cowardly to steal any large article or any large amounts; but pilfering under circumstances where detection is difficult, this is common, and to be found out appears to be a greater disgrace than the wrong-doing itself.

But there is a better side to their character, as you would soon see for yourself if you could look

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It is also reported that last Summer a very rich gold mine was opened on Unga Island, one of the Aleutian group, near Ounalaska.

in upon our home and observe the natives about us. We have found them all to be friendly, but some have been specially drawn to us, through sickness and our endeavors to alleviate their sufferings, through timely aid given when they were in great need, and in many other ways. They soon forget injuries, but kindness produces genuine, lasting gratitude. Differences of opinion are common amongst them, but quarrels are unknown, for great deference is shown to the opinions of older people. This deference to their elders is their principle of government, for they have no chiefs and no councils. Each community resolves itself into many small companies according to tastes and affinity of dispositions, in each of which the word of the eldest is law.

The above applies to the Yuutes generally. A distinction must be made, however, between those living on the low flats towards the mouth of the river and those living nearer the mountains in the interior. The former, living on the products of their fish traps and fish nets, requiring no special exercise of ingenuity and but little work to gain a livelihood, are sluggish, dull, and filthy, while the latter, living in great measure upon the chase, are quick in judgment and execution, keen in comprehension, and breathing the free mountain air produces in them a freshness and boldness of manner, thus presenting a delightful contrast to their kindred down the river, who are stupid and listless.

THEIR GENERAL HEALTH.

A visitor to any village is at once struck by the large number of children under twelve years of age, compared to the number of grown people. Amongst the children, many are found to be deformed or badly crippled in one way or another. Exposed as they constantly are to dampness, destitute of all comfort, their parents unable to care for them properly in case of sickness, it is a great wonder that any grow to manhood and womanhood. "The survival of the fittest" seems to explain the principle of their existence. And indeed, those who grow up, seem capable of enduring an almost unlimited amount of hardships.

As regards the diseases found amongst them, those of the lungs are most general. Many of the young men begin with spitting of blood and a tight, hacking cough, such as would lead one to suppose the person to be in an incurable consumptive. But these symptoms often continue in more or less aggravated forms for many years, and the man will cough to his grave at a ripe old age.

Dropsy, apparently connected with heart-disease is frequently found amongst them, and generally proves fatal. Scrofulous diseases are not only common, but general. Of medicines they possess none, their only source of relief in case of sickness being the "shaman" or medicine-man, who generally informs them that they are under the influence of some other "shaman," but cure the disease itself he can not. They frequently come to us with their ailments, and gladly take whatever we give them. Under the blessing of the Lord, *and that only*, we have been able to assist them in some cases. But I feel convinced that we can not do justice to this important part of the work. An intelligent attention to their diseases and ailments on the part of one who understands medicine, would be of inestimable value in winning their confidence, thus paving the way to their accepting our faith and doctrines. That any Mission-station, so far removed from medical assistance, should be without a thoroughly competent physician, is unwise, to say the least. If these lines should fall before the eyes of any member of the Brethren's Church who is a student of medicine or who has the medical profession in view, let me say to you that a most important work awaits you if you find it in your heart to consecrate to the Lord and to His service the natural bent of your inclinations, and come to Alaska! We feel that this is an important adjunct to the all-important work of caring for the souls of these neglected people, and that its needs should be attended to at once. Under the blessing of the Lord we have been able to accomplish something in this line. Hence I call upon my readers to join us in rendering unto Him thanksgiving and praise, and at the same time, to pray with us that what we have necessarily left undone through want of medical training, may not reflect discredit upon, and be a hinderance to the cause of Christ in this field.

POSITION OF WOMAN.

Among the Yuutes woman is not a slave to her husband, but to her children. Very rarely does the father assist in their care. That a mother who is left to care for a large family of children is thus bound down, you will readily believe when I tell you that the child is never punished for any misdemeanor. The will of the child is supreme, and it naturally becomes a willful, tantalizing torment.

LETTERS ON ALASKA.

BY THE REV. W. H. WEINLAND.

Alaskan Sept 7, 1887.

Letter Third.

BETHEL, ALASKA, January 20, 1887.

LEGENDS.

The traveler who sleeps in the kashima is apt to be disturbed somewhat by the constant talking of the native appointed to this task for the night. Sometimes the narrator rehearses incidents in his own life, sometimes the history of the country is gone over, sometimes their legends are repeated. In these recitals the older men of the village generally assist by prompting and correcting the narrator whenever necessary. Many of their legends are obscene; but here is one, the facts of which I learned from Mr. Clark at Nushagak, and which Brother Kilbuck saw represented in a play at Nepaskiamute.

THE ORIGIN OF THE BEAR.

Ages ago, there lived a man with his family at a beautiful spot near the sea coast. Husband and wife being happy in their married life, provisions and hunting good, there was not even the slightest cloud to mar the peace and happiness prevailing in this family.

But finally there came a change, almost imperceptible at first, but none the less gradual, until a faint mist on the horizon gave place to heavens black and threatening. The husband was a valiant hunter, and, as the fur-seal were abundant along the coast, the harvest of fine furs which he gathered each season was always large. During these seasons his trusted canoe bore him on daily excursions to the retreat of the lamb-like diver of the deep. At first the only change that could be noticed in his actions was, that he absented himself from home for a longer time than usual. Then he brought home less furs, and finally he seemed to lose all interest in his home-life, all love for his family. His wife, remembering the happy days of the past, grieved sadly over the changes which even her children could not help seeing in their father's manner. When, for the first time, their provisions failed, her husband not having been seen in many weeks, she started from the house with a heavy heart, and began picking berries as a scant meal for her children, who were now her sole comfort. As she knelt on the moss and gathered the berries, each berry as it fell into the pail, registered a tear. Suddenly, the cheering note of a bird was heard near by. She stopped, looked up, and the bird perching beside her, addressed her thus: "Why those tears? Follow me, and you shall find your husband."

Begging the bird to accompany her, the mother returned to her home and prepared the berries she had gathered to allay the children's pangs of hunger. Then she told the bird to lead on and she would follow. Towards night they began to ascend a steep mountain-side. The bird continued its flight, singing lustily in order to cheer the poor woman, while the moon shone brighter than usual, enabling her to pick her path over the rugged rocks. Reaching the summit of the mountain,

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she beheld in the plain opposite, an immense silvery sheet of water, with which she had hitherto been unacquainted. The bird flew on, descending from the mountain, and going no faster than the weak woman's strength would allow. Finally she saw a column of smoke curling heaven-ward in the quiet morning air. The bird led the woman to a sheltered spot, where, unseen, she could observe everything that should transpire at or near the house. The house was neat but small, surrounded by a beautiful flower-garden. Scarcely had she observed all this, when she heard the familiar voice of her husband singing the songs of their courtship. The singing became louder, when there appeared at the door of the house two beautiful maidens. As her husband's canoe touched the shore, the maidens emerged from the doorway and danced to his singing. Oh, how her heart bled as she beheld him whom she loved embrace the maidens and disappear with them into the house. The minutes seemed hours and the hours days, but the little bird endeavored to cheer her with its sweetest notes, and, after it had succeeded in diverting her thoughts from her heart's sadness, proceeded to instruct her as to her future actions. Night came on and she slept in her sheltered nook. Early the next morning she saw her husband bid the maidens farewell and start in his canoe across the water. When he had disappeared she entered the house, plead hunger, and was supplied with a sumptuous meal. The maidens entered into conversation with their strange guest, and, seeing that her face bore some fine tattoo marks, begged to be tattooed likewise. The woman agreed to comply with their request, but explained that the operation would necessarily be painful. After boiling some oil she said it would be necessary to put some of the oil on their lips. Thus being given the opportunity, she poured a spoonful of the boiling oil down the throat of each, and, after terrible writhings, both died.

Returning to the nook in which she had found shelter, she changed her clothing for that provided by the bird. Then, placing a stone on each shoulder, she emerged from the hiding place, walking on hands and feet, eating what berries came in her way, but the while she listened for the first sound of her returning husband.

Finally he came in sight, singing as he had done the evening before, vainly looking for the fair maidens to come and dance to his singing. Furious at their non-appearance, he no sooner caught sight of this strange object on the shore, than he grasped his bow and arrow and shot with unerring precision. The arrow struck her shoulder, but the stone underneath her thick coat of fur caused the arrow to rebound and fall to the earth. Baffled in this first attempt, with anger increasing, he aimed his second arrow at the other shoulder, with the same unexpected result. Determined to change his tactics, he reached for his spear, intending to strike it into the breast of this seemingly invulnerable object, when, to his great astonishment, he recognized his wife dressed in this apparel. As he dropped his spear she found her tongue, and, prompted by her sense of having been deceived and wronged, in the stinging, biting words taught her by the bird, she expressed herself in a manner calculated to sear and wither

bars and ever-shifting channels in its mouth, rendering navigation dangerous, undoubtedly present difficulties to the development of these fisheries, but we do not believe that these difficulties are insurmountable. The salmon caught on the Yukon are excellent, there is no canning establishment there either. This may also be caused by difficulties which nature has placed in the way. For, although the Yukon River is said to have a mouth seventy miles in width, yet this mouth consists of small, shallow channels, affording no entrance to any vessel.

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But there is a better side to their character, as you would soon see for yourself if you could look

in upon our home and observe the natives about us. We have found them all to be friendly, but some have been specially drawn to us, through sickness and our endeavors to alleviate their sufferings, through timely aid given when they were in great need, and in many other ways. They soon forget injuries, but kindness produces genuine, lasting gratitude. Differences of opinion are common amongst them, but quarrels are unknown, for great deference is shown to the opinions of older people. This deference to their elders is their principle of government, for they have no chiefs and no councils. Each community resolves itself into many small companies according

The marriage relations of any people may be looked upon as giving a correct insight into their true moral condition. The Yuutes have no marriage ceremony, and, alas, the marriage relation is not held sacred. A man takes to himself a wife, and without further ceremony he casts her off as soon as he becomes tired of her. Neither is there any regard paid to their relative ages. There is one case within our certain knowledge, where a wife, fifteen years of age, has been rejected. One man, also within our positive knowledge, has had three successive wives within the last three years, and now the third wife has left him and he is going back to the first. Strictly speaking this is polygamy, the three wives being still alive, although rejected. We would not be surprised to find cases in which several wives were also acknowledged as such, though we have no positive knowledge of there being any such cases.

One deplorable case came to our notice quite recently. Last Autumn, a family, consisting of an aged man, middle-aged woman and her sixteen-year old daughter by a former husband, moved into our neighborhood, and the girl attended our school as day-scholar. Martha and her mother had come to live with this man when the former was a little more than an infant. Recently this old man conceived the idea of rejecting Martha's mother and taking Martha to be his wife, but a relative interfered and rescued Martha.

Of the school I wish to write later. But let me point to the above case as one evidence of the great need of a native girls' home, where protection can be given to such girls as Martha, and where young women shall receive a good Christian education and training. We have opened a boys' boarding school, to which we have also admitted girls as day-scholars. Situated as we are, with our present small working force and with very many hinderances to contend against, we can not open a girls' boarding school. But brethren, the need is great. First, the moral state of the people demands such an institution to create a better moral sentiment. And the second, but by far not the less weighty reason is that the training of boys for future usefulness, purity and godliness, is a very one-sided work. As these boys grow to manhood, they must be able to find wives from amongst their own people, who are their intellectual and moral equals. Else they will be likely to be dragged back into their former state of heathenism and degradation, or, at the very least, their home-life will be far from being happy.

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136 the stoutest heart, and ended by tearing him limb from limb. Returning to her old home she put an end to the miseries of her poor children in the same frightful manner. And thus originated the bear, dealing death to all human beings unfortunate enough to fall into her way.

RELIGIOUS BELIEFS.

You inquire regarding the religious beliefs of the Yuutes. Did they not originally have a religion of their own, and if so, what was it? Brethren, to learn the true facts requires a better command of the language of the Yuutes than we as yet possess. However, through the priest of the Greek Church at Ikogomute on the Yukon, I have gained some information, which may be trustworthy, and again it may not. Such as it is, I will give it, with this warning, however, that we ourselves hold the matter in doubt until we can gain positive knowledge by personal investigation.

This priest told me that originally the natives had certain religious beliefs of their own, but that the younger generation knew nothing of them, the doctrines of the Greek Church having been instilled into their minds by the efforts of Greek missionaries, extending back over a period of about fifty years. It is only the quite old people who know of this old faith, and even they can only be induced to reveal it by strategy. If taunted concerning it, they will become angry, try to defend it, and thus little by little it can be wormed out of them.

They believed both in a good and in an evil spirit. The evil spirit existed, but they had no name for it and concerned themselves no further about it. They thought that to insure the favor

of the good spirit was all that was necessary for happiness. This good spirit dwelt in the regions where the crow flies, and hence his name, "Crow." This was merely his name, for they had no images or representations of their deity. They did not sacrifice to him or pray to him. They simply possessed an instinctive intuition that there was a higher being who ruled all things. But they taught their children, "Do nothing which is wicked, for 'Crow' sees you."

They did not believe that death put an end to existence, but that there is a life beyond the present. The departed descends to the other world by four stages, each stage being one day's journey. Thus far he still retains his terrestrial nature, and must be fed from this world. At the end of his journey, he comes to a river, where he must spend one day in cleansing himself in its waters. The second day is spent in a similar manner at the second river, and on the third day he reaches a third river. Here, however, he must remain a longer time, cleansing and purifying himself until he becomes transparent, if possible. Finally, his friends who have preceded him, come and examine him, and, if they find him entirely transparent and free from earth-stains, they take him with them to the realms of the happy. If not transparent, he is for ever lost, being left to drift down in the current of the river.

This much we have learned from the priest. For ourselves we have noticed many little things

which lead us to think, that, however, completely these original ideas have been supplanted by the teachings of the Greek Church in the minds of those to whom the Greek Church has given faithful instruction, yet the majority on the lower part of the Kuskokwim still hold to their old faith as expressed above, or to something akin to it. For example, last Winter Brother Kilbuck was present when a young native breathed his last. Scarcely had pulsations ceased, when the corpse was washed, dressed as for a journey with good fur clothing, cap, boots and mittens, and propped to a sitting position in the middle of the mud-hut. This work was done by several of the older men of the village, while his mother and aunt talked to the corpse, telling him that these were the best articles that they could provide, and seemingly explaining what use he should make of them. When meal-time came, a dish of food was placed before him, and eight of his companions came up by twos, each eating a portion of the food.

Furthermore, these provision-dishes are found at all graves, sometimes with traces of food still remaining in them.

Then again, the medicine-man, called by the Yuutes "Tschamanet" or "Shaman," still holds great sway over their minds. In this case his means of working do not consist of herbs or drugs, but huge trickery and shrewd guess-work. For example, fish are scarce, and some shaman is selected who has already gained a good reputation by previous exploits, and he pretends to go to the moon to procure a supply. The man is bound hand and foot, the kashima is darkened, the drums beaten, when a light is brought, and the man is gone. Again the kashima is darkened, when he is supposed to return from his lunar expedition, and, after a certain time, he is found still bound hand and foot. One native, whom we call the "ex-Shaman" told us that there was nothing but trickery and superstition in the whole affair; that he had pretended to go to the moon, and, when the kashima was darkened, had slipped outside and sat in the cold until he nearly froze to death, and then returned to the kashima, saying that he had been to the moon. But the majority believe in the shaman's power, and to the shaman himself this sort of trickery means an easy livelihood, for they are well paid for the good which they are supposed to do.

LETTERS ON ALASKA.

BY THE REV. W. H. WEINLAND.

Letter Fourth.

BETHEL, ALASKA, January 20, 1887.

CLIMATE AND WEATHER.

Let me right here correct a mistake which Bro. Hartmann and I made three years ago while on the exploratory expedition. We then accepted figures as they were given to us by the traders, and later verifications have not always found these correct. For example, with regard to the situation of Bethel. We reported that Muntreklagamute, the nearest native village, was 150 miles from the mouth of the Kuskokwim. Later verifications from maps, etc., reduce this to eighty miles.

Memorandum
Sept 14. 1887

Hence, being so near to the sea, the prevailing weather here at Bethel is, first of all, windy, *very windy*. The country on all sides is low, part of it thinly wooded, part completely bare, and hence the wind has full sweep from all quarters. Summer and Winter we look for two regular wind-storms every lunar month, occurring about the time of new and full-moon. These are often very severe; but the severest storms which we have yet seen visited us during October and November of last year.

On October 17, at 9 P.M., a violent wind began blowing from the southwest; therefore directly from the mouth of the Kuskokwim. We could feel the house shake, the rafters creaked; and, as gust followed gust in increasing severity, we feared that the roof would be blown away. Next morning we found the river higher than during the Spring freshet, the current being completely reversed. Our supply of firewood, heavy pine logs, which had been placed high and dry, was carried up the river, the *Bethel Star* had been washed from her moorings and was butting the bank, our wood-house had been unroofed, while at the trading-post similar damage had been done.

A wind-storm from the southeast visited us from the 5th to the 9th of November, the wind reaching its maximum velocity on Sunday, November 7. At 5.14 P.M. the remarkable fact was disclosed that the average velocity of the wind for the preceding four hours had been 51.2 miles per hour. That this was a severe storm you will readily see from the fact that the average velocity of the wind during all the tornados which visited the United States during the year 1885 was 48 miles per hour. Under the merciful protection of the Lord, the Mission property suffered no damage whatsoever, and we were merely given more work by the unroofing of our wood-house, which we had repaired since the preceding storm. Thus doth the Lord preserve and bless His own. Brethren, we call upon you to join us in renewed thanksgiving and in renewed service to Him.

We suffer most from the wind when the temperature is the lowest, for then even a little wind will

render the cold extremely penetrating and biting. Our house is draughty, and, as is frequently the case, when the mercury stands at 30° below zero, Fahr., and the wind blows at the rate of 25 or 30 miles an hour, it is very difficult to keep the house comfortably warm even during the daytime. It is no unusual thing to find that the water in the barrel standing in the kitchen has frozen almost to a solid mass during the night. We are thankful, however, that this state of affairs is not continuous. The barometer usually rises steadily for about two weeks, during which time the temperature falls. Then the barometer falls steadily, and we experience warmer weather, thus gaining a respite and an opportunity to prepare for the next "cold wave." Thus far, this Winter has not been as severe as last Winter was, the temperature being lowest on the 14th of January, 44° below zero, over against 50.2° on the 29th of December, 1885. Severe as this degree of cold is, nevertheless the hardest part is the great length of Winter. Usually the river begins to freeze over about the last week

of September or the first week of October, and continues frozen until May, and sometimes it is only the last days of May which find open water on the Kuskokwim. The sun remains in the southern heavens so long that he loses all his warming power, causing the temperature of day and night to remain almost equal. Never did I dream that so much vital power was developed in the physical nature of man through the agency of the warmth of the sun, as I have learned to be the case since experiencing the absence of this agent. Man exists through the Winter, but when Spring comes and the days become warmer and brighter, he feels as though he were awaking from a troubled dream, in which he has been vainly wrestling with momentous questions of life, but that until now he has lacked the power of solving these questions, his vision has been blurred, but now all is clear and comprehensible.

But the hardships connected with the climate do not come to an end with the coming of Spring. Hardly is the ice gone, before the mosquitoes make their appearance and remain throughout the Summer in such swarms as to be a constant torture, and if one could follow preference merely, he would remain within doors until cooler weather removes these pests.

Nor must we forget the much rain which usually falls during the Summer. It seldom rains very hard, the rule being a gentle but continuous downfall, rendering the atmosphere damp and penetrating and requiring a constant effort to drive off the "blues," which persist in settling on one in spite of oneself.

I am unable to give figures regarding the amount of the rain and snow-fall, for the reason that although we have the signal service instruments generally used for this purpose, yet they do not seem to be at all adapted to such an open country, where the wind drives both snow and rain to such an extent as to leave the gauges almost empty, or in the case of snow, filling the gauges when there is no precipitation, only the snow being driven before a high wind.

DAILY LIFE AT BETHEL.

It would, no doubt, be interesting to you if you could look in upon us and catch a glimpse of our daily life. But perhaps it is well that this is impossible, for to one who has not had the personal experience it is impossible to know what the cost of living in such a climate is. I do not refer to the cost in dollars and cents, but in constant, hard, never-ending work. Winter-time brings with it the most difficulties, and last Winter, being our first in this country, we managed to live and that was all, having accomplished but very little in the line of true missionary work. Profiting by our last Winter's experience, we are doing a little better this year; but yet many difficulties are unavoidable.

I will endeavor to give you a few points regarding our home-life, but only a few—*verbum sapienti satis est*. With the last mail last Autumn we informed you that the school-house was nearly completed, and that we had hopes of completing a log dwelling before cold weather would set in. In the early part of September, however, our workmen became homesick and finally left us before the

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became homeless, and many of the logs were all hewn. Hence we are still living in the frame-house, 16x38 feet in size.

As regards the housework, the sisters have taken turns, week about. Of course some interruptions have been necessary, but this is the principle adopted from the first. Thus every other week each sister has the opportunity to do sewing and other necessary work; on the other hand neither family need board more than a week at a time, for the following week it is their turn to indulge their own tasks and preferences, the limit of indulgence only being the limit of the larder.

The care of the children, sewing for them, etc., is no small item of work, for it must be remembered that in this line the sisters can obtain no assistance. In addition to the care of her own family, Sister Kilbuck has a family of eight boys in the school to sew for and care for, who in return are at her bidding during their free time, and make themselves useful by washing dishes, running errands and saving her many a step.

I can imagine some of my readers saying as they read this: "I hope the brethren have learned to be helpful in the house, and do not allow the sisters to struggle unassisted with their burdens." I am proud to say that we *have* learned to be helpful, and have added washing, ironing, sweeping, etc., etc., to our list of accomplishments. This, of course, takes from our time of study and direct missionary labor; but until quite recently we failed to secure any reliable assistance from the natives, and therefore it was necessary for us to lend a helping hand to those who have sacrificed so much in order to add to our comfort and happiness.

Recently we secured some good reliable assistance for kitchen and house-hold work generally in the person of a young native woman, who shows great willingness and also great aptitude. As we become more familiar with the native language, we will, no doubt, be able to train suitable helpers for the various branches of work, both in and out of doors.

In one respect, life in this part of Alaska is very lonesome. During this year and a half, our neighbor, Mr. Lind, has been a frequent and very welcome visitor, Mr. Sipary has paid us two visits, and we have had three visits from Russians, with whom we could only converse through an interpreter; but besides these we have not seen the face of a single American. On the other hand, however, many natives stop here, bringing news from both up and down the river, and we have learned to watch for their dog-teams as they travel from village to village and to and from the trading-posts. Naturally, as we learn more of the native language, we become less lonesome.

Difficult as it is to keep the house entirely free from vermin, since the natives are so full of them that they drop from their clothing, yet we have made it a rule never to turn a native out of the house excepting when caught in the act of stealing, and then not until they have been told for what offense they are sent away and the occasion used for dropping some good seed into their hearts. We have endeavored to have the natives about us as much as possible, in order to show

them living examples of Christian walk and conversation, at the same time praying for grace to bear any inconvenience arising from following this course. Our facilities for receiving and sending mail are very poor. We are certain of receiving only one mail each year—that arriving with the Alaska Commercial Company's vessel in June. The Autumn mail by way of Nushagak we can never be sure of, for the coming of a vessel to Nushagak in August depends altogether upon circumstances. On the second of August we sent mail to Nushagak by messenger, who arrived with the return mail on September 28. We were led to expect another mail to arrive soon after, but have been vainly looking for it ever since.

In this connection I am reminded of a question which has repeatedly been asked in letters received, as to how we arrange the time during the short days and long nights. Some seem to be of the opinion that the very long nights afford an excellent opportunity for sleeping. Our experience, however, has been otherwise, for we have found that long nights mean cold house, necessitating early rising on the part of one or another of us, in order to have the house reasonably warm for the children when they awake. During our first Winter we found it necessary to take turns in remaining up and keeping up the fire all night. This Winter a fire at night has only been needed for a short time during sickness.

That early rising is necessary you will readily believe when told that the least possible time required to get a warm breakfast during the coldest weather is two hours. If the tea-kettle was not emptied carefully the evening before, its contents are a solid mass of ice, while not even a kettle-full of water remains in the barrel which last evening was cleaned of ice and filled with water from the Kuskokwim, thus necessitating the melting of ice for coffee-water, and in addition to these inconveniences, the stove is so cold that great patience is required to get the fire to burn at all.

Finally the sitting-room is comfortably warm, swept and dusted, and, while waiting for the first signs of steam from the tea-kettle, we sit down to look over last Summer's newspaper, and wish, as we read of the sweltering heat in the States last July, that some of that superfluous heat could have been sent to Alaska. There, there is steam rising from the tea-kettle, so we call the sister who has the household duties in charge this week, set the table and then be on hand to assist in slicing ham, grinding coffee or some similar work, while the rest of the household are preparing for breakfast.

The household being all gathered together, breakfast is preceded by the reading of the texts for the day, the allotted portion of Scripture and prayer. During the meal there is a general disposition on the part of everyone to be pleasant and cheerful, the work of the day is discussed and ample time taken to enjoy the meal. Now and again during the meal one or another of the boys opens the door and asks whether they (the scholars) can have sugar in their tea, whether they shall have tea or coffee, or whether they may thicken their soup with flour; for although these questions have been determined and explained to

them time and again, yet they persist in coming to us with each individual question as it arises.

After breakfast Bro. Kilbuck calls together his nine dogs, harnesses them to the sled, and, accompanied by a native, starts out for a day's wood-chopping and hauling, the room is warmed sufficiently for the sisters to give the little ones their morning bath, and school-time having arrived, I open the morning session.

At noon there is only a lunch served, after which each again returns to his or her duties, until six o'clock, when the household gathers for dinner. The doings and experiences of the day are discussed, or perhaps one or another relates some incident in his or her life, or again, some literary work is criticised. Perhaps it is mid-Winter and the lamps were lit at three o'clock, the wood-box and water-barrel had to be refilled before dark, the evening meal for the dogs had to be boiled, and thus there is plenty of work to make the day pass quickly. After supper comes "children's hour," when the little ones are given full attention, washed and jumped and romped with, all preparatory to a good night's rest; for it is too cold to take the little ones out of doors, and this is the only way in which they can have exercise.

The little ones having retired, the sisters get their work, and, while fingers are flying rapidly as row after row is added towards completing a warm sock, full attention is given to Bro. Kilbuck who is reading some interesting work for mutual benefit and instruction, while I am holding study hour in the school-house.

Of course, there is variety in our doing from time to time. Perhaps this evening one is busily engaged communicating with some distant friend, said communication to be consummated only next July, while another is lost in the folds of a newspaper, and a third is busily sewing and thinking.

At nine o'clock the boys get ready for bed, the fire in the stove is extinguished, each in turn says "good-night," and this duty is disposed of for this day.

Now follows evening prayer, one brother reading the chapter allotted for the evening, while the other leads in prayer, these duties being exchanged from evening to evening. Thus the day passes, plenty of work having verified the lines:

"Be the day weary, be the day long,
Presently it ringeth to even song."

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., SEPTEMBER 21, 1887.

LETTERS ON ALASKA.

BY THE REV. W. H. WEINLAND.

Letter Fifth.

BETHEL, ALASKA, January 20, 1887.

THE SCHOOL.

We must now give you a view of our little school, and try to give you some insight into our difficulties, disappointments and successes.

I informed you by mail last August that we had good hopes of completing the school-house and having all in readiness to open school by September 1. We were delayed, somewhat, however, and were only ready on September 8. On that day I opened school with six scholars, four boys and two girls. Three of these boys were boarding-scholars, the remainder, day-scholars from the trading-post. The formal opening was held in the presence of the entire Mission party, Mr. Lind and six natives, besides, of course, the six scholars. Your correspondent led the exercises, the programme being as follows:

Office of Worship No. III.

Scripture Reading, Psalm 95, Romans 12: 6-21.

Address by Bro. Weinland.

Hymn No. 296.

Address by Bro. Kilbuck.

Prayer by Bro. Weinland.

Announcements.

Prayer by Bro. Kilbuck.

Doxology.

Thus, in the name of the Lord, and looking to Him for guidance and strength, we opened the school at Bethel. Small though this beginning was, it was and shall remain our prayer that the Bethel school may become a power in the Lord's hands for accomplishing much good. True it is, the number did not remain so small. Ten days later there came to the school a boy with whom we were already acquainted, he having been with us from time to time during the previous Winter. He was bare-footed, his fur-clothing was in tatters, he was one crust of black dirt from head to foot, while his face wore a sad, pained look. He is an orphan, and having no provision for the Winter and no one to care for him, he begged to be admitted to the school. We accepted him at once, scrubbed him thoroughly, dressed him neatly but inexpensively, and a more willing or more obedient boy it would be hard to find even in the States. This boy had been baptized by the Greek priest, and was known by the name of "Augustus," hence we called him Augustus. Thus the number increased from time to time until in January, when I had thirteen on the list, that being the highest number during the year. The migratory habits of the people render it impossible to secure more than a very limited number of day-scholars, and fish have been so scarce on this river that we have been unable to accommodate any larger number of boarders.

Although I encountered many difficulties at first, such as naturally arise when teacher and scholars are but slightly acquainted with each other's language, yet I soon found the children willing and apt scholars, and have been greatly gratified by seeing them progress slowly but none the less surely.

Sister Kilbuck has been Matron of the school, and has also kept the girl's sewing-school. She has looked after the boys' clothing, their meals, etc., not doing more of the work itself than was absolutely necessary, but teaching the boys to do their own washing, ironing and cooking. As soon as a girls' department can be opened, such work will naturally fall to the girls; but until then the boys must be taught to help themselves. Seeing

170 that the children had been accustomed to no restraint whatsoever, I have endeavored to divide their school hours as much as possible. Thus, until the shortness of the days necessitated the holding of but one session of four hours, I held a two hours' session in the forenoon, two in the afternoon, and *at least* one hour was devoted by them to study each evening, while their spare time they employ in sawing and splitting wood, and in making themselves generally useful about the house. So, likewise, instead of having school five afternoons each week, Wednesday afternoon was used by them for washing their clothes, Saturday afternoon for bathing, while six morning sessions were held. In arithmetic, reading and spelling I did not arrange the scholars into classes, but endeavored, as far as practicable, to have each scholar stand on his or her own basis. Most of the children had never heard any English whatsoever, and my acquaintance with the native language being limited, I considered it best to deal with each scholar individually, explaining the lesson to him or her personally day after day, and sometimes week after week, until finally it was fully comprehended. With a large number of scholars this plan of working would have been impracticable; but having a small number, and wishing to gain a good foundation on which to build later, I considered this plan the best; and the result shows that it worked satisfactorily. Three of the oldest scholars became pretty thorough masters of addition, subtraction and multiplication, several of the next in age mastered addition but were still struggling with subtraction, while the girls and several of the younger boys were steadily fighting their way through the difficulties of addition, and the youngest scholars were learning to count and to make figures.

It is a characteristic of the natives that they endeavor to imitate a copy with great exactness, and this has been a great point in the children's favor in writing school; only they should have had perfect copies, not such as your correspondent could set for them. In reading they made good progress, although not such as they probably would have made if they had had suitable primers

and readers. Under the circumstances, having nothing but Barnes' Charts, they did well, got a good start, and will appreciate their books when they come.

During the night of January 18, one of the boys ran away, and on March 12, Abraham, our oldest and farthest advanced boy was expelled from the school. It is my purpose to write a short sketch of each scholar in another connection, but I must state here that, in accordance with the ideas of the natives, Abraham lost no time when school was opened, in asserting his right to tyrannize over those younger than he. I repeatedly explained to him that he must be kind in all his dealings with his fellow-scholars, and that all, he together with the rest, were on an equal footing as brothers and sisters of one family. He ceased to tyrannize openly, but his secret acts at night and during my absence, were none the less cruel. Thus it came about that the runaway on January 18 took place, one of Abraham's victims having determined that he would endure this tyranny no

longer. The punishments and talkings which followed had no effect, others tried to run away and we saw that Abraham was injuring the school and in need of a very severe lesson. Hence, on March 12, we expelled him from the school. Before sending him away I knelt with him in prayer, asking the Lord to go with him, follow him through life, and in His own good time bring Abraham to a full knowledge of salvation as it is in Jesus. The boy took with him his papers received in Sunday-school and his illustrated book of Bible stories, in which he had learned to read quite nicely. Brethren, let us not forget Abraham, but pray that he may yet be saved and be the means of saving many others.

On March 14, a fire broke out in the school-house, which undoubtedly would have destroyed all our buildings, had not the Lord been with us, granting us the most favorable circumstances and blessing our endeavors to extinguish the flames. For the first time in many weeks the prevailing high winds had given place to perfect calm. Our native workmen and those also at the trading-post near by had returned from their day's work, and soon came to our assistance. Besides this, the bitter cold of the previous days had abated sufficiently to allow of our getting water from the river without much difficulty. The fire was extinguished without more damage having been done than the charring of the logs in the ceiling, and the burning of several holes into the roof. Surely the Lord was with us.

It was my object to make the school and the instructions given to the scholars, stepping stones, bringing the children nearer to Jesus. To this morning prayer was held each morning before school, consisting of prayer and singing. Sister Weinland frequently played the organ, thus teaching the boys the music of a new hymn, while the spare moments during the week were used to teach them the words, and thus they learned to sing quite nicely the following list of hymns:

"When He cometh."

"Take my heart, oh Father, take it."

"Saviour like a shepherd lead us."

"Jesus makes my heart rejoice."

Several of the children sing particularly well, while all sing well. Augustus has a very good ear for music. He has picked up many of our Moravian Church-tunes, some of which he has not heard more than once or twice. Under force of circumstances I closed the school on April 30, having taught 32 weeks. The following is the report for the year:

	Total Attendance.	Average Attendance.	Boys.	Girls.	Adults.	Creoles.	Natives.	Half Breeds.
September, '86.	7	7	5	2	0	0	5	2
October, '86.	7	7	5	2	0	0	5	2
November, '86.	11	10	7	4	0	0	9	2
December, '86.	11	10	7	4	0	0	9	2
January, '87.	13	9	9	4	0	0	9	2
February, '87.	12	9	8	4	0	0	10	2
March, '87.	11	8	7	4	0	0	9	2
April, '87.	10	8	6	4	0	0	8	2

It is Bro. Kilbuck's intention to train the boys for a life of usefulness amongst their own people, by teaching them the proper use of tools, and the proper words of trapping, hunting and fishing.

We have in mind the building up of an industrial school, and this is to be the beginning, founded on the peculiarities of the country. We consider it unwise to set up too high a standard at the outset, but think it best to keep the industrial department several paces ahead of the present state of society, and as civilizing influences take effect on the people, gradually raise the standard, until it shall be in keeping with other industrial schools of the same class.

LETTERS ON ALASKA.

BY THE REV. W. H. WEINLAND.

BREAKING UP OF THE ICE ON THE KUSKOKWIM.

This is an interesting spectacle, and a somewhat lengthy description may perhaps prove of interest.

I have been told that the American Indians made the observation that Winter never set in before the rivers and creeks were all full, and my limited observations go to show that this is correct. Last Autumn, and the preceding Autumn also, the Kuskokwim was full "to the brim," when Winter set in. The first formation of ice was thin, soon gave way, and there was a "run" of thin ice lasting several days, when suddenly there came a cold wave, and ice sufficiently strong to hold a man, was formed. About a week later there came another cold wave, which thickened the ice to a foot in depth, about two weeks later six inches of ice were added, and thus throughout the Winter, layer below layer was added, until finally the ice was about five feet and a half in thickness.

Meanwhile the sources of the river had been frozen up, and consequently the volume of water in the river was gradually diminished, the ice at the same time sinking lower and lower into the bed of the river.

Last Spring warm weather arrived on May 9, immediately the snow began to disappear, the water finding its way to the river, and gradually the ice in the deep channels began to rise, while the ice along the sides, which during the low water of Winter had sunk to the bed of the river and had frozen solidly to the sand, was overflowed. During the following week the river rose steadily, and we expected daily to see the final "break up" take place. But we learn that the ice along the sides which lies buried beneath the water, must first break loose from the sand and come to the surface.

We take our station on the high ground along the river and watch these workings of nature, as one large mass after the other, having broken from its moorings of frost, comes to the top, and takes its place in line, ready for the general movement down the stream. There comes a monster! We judge it to be fifty feet long, perhaps fifteen feet wide, and as it comes up edgewise and falls on top of other ice, the water boils and seethes with the commotion. Finally, May 25 has arrived; all the ice along the banks has come to the surface, the river has risen to fifteen feet above mean tide, stretching over miles of low bottom lands, and the naturally wide river appears more

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like a broad sea. We listen breathlessly, expecting every moment to hear the grand crash, and to see this great, white expanse of ice in motion. What is that? some one shouts. "It is coming." There is the report of a gun, another, another, we have our gun at hand and reply. The Eskimos are jubilant, so are the traders, and we join in the general celebration, for the opening of the river means to the Eskimos that their long sustained hunger will soon be relieved by the arrival of fish, to the traders it means the arrival of fresh provisions, while we rejoice at the re-establishment of communication with the outside world—and this is indeed a day to be celebrated. But we expected to see the entire mass of ice move at once and are disappointed, for only a narrow strip, out in the middle of the river, where the deepest channel is found, is in motion. But look, not far from this first moving channel, another parallel channel has begun moving. These parallel moving masses are narrow, reminding one of two long trains of cars, slowly moving through a train yard. There, the ice in the one channel has ceased moving. But it is only for a moment, for the opposing obstacle is lifted bodily into the air, forming an immense tower of pure whiteness, only to crumble into slush, and the long train continues its onward course. Finally, one channel has reached the island, and by a tremendous sub-marine upheaval, immense banks of ice are piled on the island itself, crushing trees and everything before its onward sweep, until a channel is opened along the side of the island. The number of these moving channels increases, now the one ceases moving, and again the other is at rest, and thus the commotion continues for about two days, the low grinding, and scraping of mass against mass sometimes resembling the low mutterings of distant thunder. And, as the ice moves and stops again, we notice that the volume of water rises and falls accordingly, rising whenever the avenues of exit are closed, falling again as soon as they are open. Kolmakovsky is situated on a bank about fifty feet from low water mark, but it has happened several times that ice-gorges formed among the mountains farther down the river, and that the water rose so high as to flood the Station, the trader being able to enter his house in a skin-boat which he paddled through the open window. The high situation of Bethel, however, and the open flat country below it, render it safe from all overflow.

On the third day after the first starting of the ice, there is a general movement perceived across the entire width of the river, and before long the river is open. But it is not safe to venture down the river at once. The traders always wait for the appearance of the balooga, or white whales, which generally reach Bethel about a week after the last ice has left, and their arrival is taken as a sign that the mouth of the river is free from ice. But this does not always hold good. As stated before, last Spring the ice moved from May 25 to 28. When we reached the mouth of the river, however, on June 10, we found that much ice was still being washed backwards and forwards, being carried up the river with the in-flowing tide, and out into the sea again with the

142 outgoing tide. But while we were standing on the bank and watching this interesting spectacle, we noticed that the ice, instead of moving in large masses, as one would naturally expect, was fine, much of it being more like slush than ice. We find, upon closer examination, that it has broken into layers, corresponding to the layers into which it formed during the successive cold waves of Winter. And furthermore these layers have again crumbled into small pieces, resembling sticks of mint candy, and when once in this form, it is rapidly ground up and melts away. As far as we can learn, the scientific explanation in this phenomenon of nature is the following: A piece of ice, if not exposed to external pressure, will melt at a temperature a little below 32° Fahrenheit. But if brought under high pressure, it will melt at from 14° to 16° Fahrenheit. If the ice in our northern rivers had to melt away, without the assistance of pressure and merely by the warmth of the sun, many of them would never be opened, but would remain frozen from one year to the next, the Summer being too short to effect much by warmth. But nature has here brought another and a very powerful agent into play. Instead of the ice at the mouth of the river moving first, and instead of motion being thus communicated farther and farther up the river, that at the head waters moves first, and, as the volume of moving ice gradually increases, the pressure increases proportionately, until it bears everything before it, grinding the thickest masses into snow and slush. Last Spring the ice began to move at Ne-sale, 600 miles from the mouth of the Kuskokwim, on May 14, at Kolmakovsky on May 19, and at Bethel, on May 25. Usually quite an amount of wood is carried along with the moving ice, and this is washed out into the sea. But after the last ice has gone, there follows a run of drift-wood which is brought from the head of the river, this run continuing sometimes for several days, and during this time a strong East or South wind is of great assistance to the missionaries at Bethel, for it brings much of this drift-wood within easy reach.

LETTERS ON ALASKA.

BY THE REV. W. H. WEINLAND.

CONCLUDING LETTER.

The hand of the Lord in the founding of the Mission at Bethel constitutes a chapter in itself. It was His all-wise, guiding hand which brought us together from the north, the east and the west. Through His guiding hand we were led to find able helpers at San Francisco in getting together our cargo and in finding a vessel to take us to our destination, and it was that same all-loving and all-powerful hand which brought us safely to the end of our perilous voyage. What the perils of that voyage were we never knew until we were well out at sea. On the second day, after crossing the bar at Golden Gate, our captain got out his instruments and charts preparatory to taking the usual observations and marking out our course across the Pacific Ocean. To our consternation we learned that he was practically unfamiliar with deep-water navigation, being used only to coast navigation. In his dilemma he turned to his mate

for assistance, but the situation became still more alarming when we learned that he was obstinately stubborn and refused to take the advice of his inferior officer, although he had asked for it. But the hand of the Lord had provided a helper. Before setting sail there staggered on board a shabbily-dressed man, sadly under the influence of liquor, who asked permission to work his way to Alaska. We were informed that he was an unfortunate slave to drink, and that he wished to go to Alaska in order to break from ruining associations, and accordingly, when our consent to take him along as a passenger was asked, we agreed at once to the proposition. Now that our captain was compelled to acknowledge his inability to help himself, McDonald was called from "below," where he had remained hidden for the first few days until the effects of his last debauch should be worn off, and to our great relief we found that he was a competent navigator, and from that day forth he acted as our navigating officer.

Then we also learned from one of the crew that our vessel, the *Lizzie Merrill*, was not provided with rigging of sufficient strength to resist any storm. Very earnestly did we pray that our voyage might be free from storms, and in answer to our and the many other prayers sent up to the throne of grace in our behalf, the hand of the Lord carried us forward gently and safely over quiet waters. And although navigation in Kuskokwim Bay is very difficult by reason of the many sand-bars and mud-banks, yet so carefully did the Lord's almighty hand lead us, that we finally found ourselves alongside of the ware-house, so close to the shore that planks could be laid from the deck of the vessel to the land, a position which no other vessel, either before or since, has been able to reach.

Since then we have learned that the *Lizzie Merrill* has gone to the bottom of the ocean, with all hands lost in the catastrophe. Unto God be praise for overruling all for good during our voyage on this vessel! That hand which imparted blessing was also laid heavily upon us by removing from our midst our dear Brother Torgersen; but while it called him to glory, it did not forsake us in adversity, for we learned as we had never learned before, that "His thoughts are not our thoughts, nor His ways our ways." He removed the human aid, but He proved to us the all-sufficiency of His own almighty aid, and by that, and that alone, we were brought through the perils of our first Winter in that rigid climate.

The subsequent events and our subsequent experiences have, I think, been sufficiently portrayed in the letters written last Winter at Bethel, to show clearly that the hand of the Lord rested upon our work in blessing, giving us a measure of progress and success which alone could have been attained by His divine co-operation. The work was encouraging, for we began to see some fruits from our labors in expressions of gratitude from many, in looks of greater intelligence in the faces of those under our instruction, and in increased willingness to receive the truth which we preached by word and precept. Thus while we rejoiced in the blessings which the Lord imparted to our work, we were also called upon to bear sore afflictions laid upon us by that same gentle hand in the sickness

of myself and mine. All the more painful were these afflictions by reason of the lessons which they brought with them—lessons which we were loath to learn.

Brethren, the situation at Bethel calls for earnest prayer from our entire Church, but it does not call for fear or distrust. The hand of the Lord has done marvelous things for that work already, and "is His hand shortened that it cannot save?" Earnest prayers have ascended to the throne of grace in behalf of that work, and they have been answered—richly answered. It is for us to continue those prayers, and the God of all grace and blessing shall answer them according to His abundant love and mercy.

Let me once more point out and emphasize a suggestion which was made in the body of the preceding letters. I refer to the medical part of the work in Alaska. We came in contact with many and various kinds of diseases amongst the Eskimoes, and having homœopathic remedies, we endeavored to give relief whenever it was sought. But I would be unfaithful to my Master if I did not communicate and strongly urge the impressions which were indelibly stamped upon my mind whilst on the field. While we did all we could to relieve the suffering, yet not having had a medical education, our efforts were frequently of no avail. The need of a thoroughly competent medical missionary is one which should receive the earliest possible attention. Giving a few pellets to a dying man when his disease might have been cured by a competent physician, is very unsatisfactory; nay, more, it is ridiculous. Giving spoonful after spoonful of salt to a man whose lungs bleed by the quarter basinful is not the relief which a Christian Church *can* and *should* send to a people dying from serious lung troubles. Nor were our experiences in this line unique. They have been repeated by Bro. Wolff amongst a people where the much-dreaded pneumonia was doing the fell work of the destroyer almost unhindered. Brethren, the call for missionary labor, for the Gospel of salvation in Alaska, is very great. But the call for medical assistance is almost equally as urgent. And here is another question: Ought we to lose the assistance of so valuable a forerunner to the work of preaching the Gospel as that of a truly devoted medical missionary would afford?

Gracehill, Iowa, October 12, 1887.

The Little Missionary.

BETHLEHEM, PA., SEPTEMBER, 1887.

Alaska.

IT was with sincerest regret that we announced, in our last issue, the return of Brother and Sister Weinland from Alaska. That "Necessity knows no law"—is a proverb which has again found illustration in their case.

Brother Kilbuck in a letter addressed to the Provincial Elders' Conference, under date of May of this year, says: "For a time, last Summer, Brother Weinland was not troubled with his lungs so much; but the exposure to all sorts of weather soon

made itself felt. During the Winter he became conscious of growing weaker and weaker, and had constant pain in his chest. He managed to keep the school, but it was his strength of will that bore him up. In the Spring he expectorated some blood, but this has ceased. He is unable to do much manual work, and there is hardly a time when he is free from pain."

It is very possible that the action of Brother Weinland will be misjudged by more than one, and most probably by those who have never, like this true-hearted brother, borne the burden and heat of the day, nor known an iota of the strain which he has faithfully endured for two years.

Let us not forget his manly self-sacrifice against the severe odds of ill-health and oft discouragement; nor suppose that his labors, and those of his estimable wife, have been in vain. The fact of his inability to continue in Alaska must not cause us to depreciate for a moment his valuable services. By all means give him a very cordial hand; and in so doing, let us join in thanking God that he was permitted to accomplish so much, in companionship with his brave and indefatigable co-workers. For those who are still in Alaska let our prayers ascend more fervently and perseveringly than ever.

Life in North-Western Alaska.

FROM a letter of Mrs. Weinland to friends in New York, under date of September 2, 1886, we cull the following extracts:

"Our School House is finished, and God-willing, we hope to open school on Monday next, September 6. We have five scholars, and expect several more, of whom, however, we are not quite sure. We have three good workmen here at present, and if the weather remains favorable we hope to have the other dwelling up before cold weather sets in.

September 5.—About seven weeks ago Dummelanarchek, a native from a village some distance down the river, came and remained with us several days, during which time he made a fish-trap for us. We now have a fish-frame back of our house, and every day when our man comes back from the trap, a woman from the trader's post is sent for to clean and prepare for drying all the surplus fish not needed for present use.

"Last Sunday we had an applicant for baptism, a man from up the river, who came with his entire family. He is suffering from a very heavy cold, and applies to us daily for medicine. While Brother Weinland was speaking to him last Sunday he asked to have his baby baptized. He had to be refused, because until we can talk intelligently to these people and give them full religious instruction on the subject we can, of course, not administer the sacred ordinance. To the natives baptism is simply a form to which they must submit.

This man very likely also asked Brother Weinland to baptize his child in order to show his gratitude for the interest taken in his case, and for the efforts made to relieve the child. He was evidently under the impression that, like the Greek priests, our special delight was in a superfluity of baptisms.

September 19. — We opened our school on Wednesday, September 8. The trader and a number of natives, besides six scholars were present. Three of the boys are boarders, and one boy and two girls attend as day scholars. The teaching is slow and tedious, but at the same time interesting.

"We keep regular services every Sunday; and next Sunday will formally open a Sunday-school. On Friday, 17th, another new boy came. We have four boarders now. It is a pleasant sight to observe the lads playing about the house, and looking so clean and happy. They all wear white drilling shirts and blue pantaloons. Each boy, as he arrives, is scrubbed, and has his hair cut; after which he is dressed in a clean suit of clothes.

"We will soon be shut in again. Winter is here. The ice on the river is already five inches thick, and the thermometer went down as low as 8° below zero one day last week. The sun sets about four o'clock in the afternoon; and ere long we will have to light the lamps before three o'clock in the afternoon, and keep them burning until nine o'clock in the morning. Our home is warm and comfortable. We have it banked up with sand all around the outside, and have felting under the carpet; besides a plentiful supply of good wood for Winter use.

October 26, 1886. — "It would do your heart good to hear these seven native children (five boys and two little girls) sing. Among the hymns they know are, 'Precious Jewels,'—in the 'Gospel Songs,'—and 'Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us.' They are now learning the hymn 'Take me, O my Father, take me.' (Hymn No. 282, Moravian Hymn Book). They sing it to Tune 16, of our Moravian tunes.

"It is wonderful to mark how the faces of these Eskimo children have brightened and changed since they are at school. Brother Weinland teaches, and is in the school with the boys most of the time, and spends all his evenings with them. I am kept very busy, and find but little time for reading or writing.

"To-day I went out into the kitchen and forgot to close the door. Sister Kilbuck called after me "*By-do-lo-gen!*" Bessie turned, looked at the door, and said, "*By-do-del.*" Abraham, the boy who has been with us since last February, taught her that. He took her in his arms, and, going to the door, opened it; then taking her hand he would close it, saying at the same time "*By-do-lo-gen.*" This he did repeat-

edly until she fully learned the word. When satisfied, after a meal, she pushes away the spoon and says, "*Toi-toi!*" (*Enough*), and if asked whether she wishes anything more, replies: "*Ah-ta-ta.*" (*By and by*). She is a great favorite with the natives here.

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., SEPTEMBER 7, 1887.

JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE

From San Francisco to Nushagak, Alaska, and of the First Weeks of Missionary Life at that Station.

BY MRS. MARY E. WOLFF.

THE VOYAGE FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO OUNALASKA.

Saturday, May 14—dawned bright and clear, and after a few hasty final preparations, we left our pleasant temporary quarters in San Francisco to renew our journey to our future permanent home in Alaska. About 11 A.M. we took the Sutter Street car, which brought us directly to the wharf where the steamer *St. Paul* was lying. Mr. B. Harbaugh and Mr. James Roberts came on board to bid us a last farewell, and a hearty God-speed. About five minutes before we started, Mr. McMullen brought his beautiful dog "Mack" to go with us as a household-pet. He is an Irish setter and useful as well as pretty. Precisely at 12 o'clock the gong was sounded, the ropes were loosened and the planks drawn in, and away from the shore we moved. We all enjoyed the scenery through the Golden State, but soon the land vanished from our view, and we began to realize that the long discussed sea-voyage had begun. The sea was very rough and soon one after the other of the passengers disappeared until at length we were the only ones left upon the deck. But in a short time Bro. Wolff was found missing. I went in search of him, and found him sitting in our cabin—not sick—only holding his head. A few minutes later and I was completely overcome and for the first time in my life realized the horrors of sea-sickness. Aunt Mary and the children, although not feeling well, kept up until night-fall when we were all upon the sick-list, and our recollections of our first night upon the ocean are not particularly pleasant.

Sunday, May 15.—With but very few exceptions all on board were sick, and Aunt Mary and the children were often upon deck alone. The sea is still very rough and the vessel is tossing most disagreeably.

Monday, May 16.—The weather is quite pleasant to-day, and the children are perfectly well again, and enjoy running about and playing with the other children on board. There are five children and one baby on board beside our two little ones, and in addition about twenty other passengers.

Tuesday, May 17.—This has again been a very pleasant day, and I sat for a short time upon deck.

Wednesday, May 18.—The most quiet and pleasant day which we have had since we sailed. I

took my meals below in the dinning-room for the first time to-day.

Thursday, May 19.—A cold, cloudy day, with a rough sea, growing worse and worse as the day advances.

Friday, May 20.—Spent a restless night. We had very high winds and rolling seas. This morning it began to rain, and the weather continued unpleasant throughout the day.

Saturday, May 21.—Very rough waves and high winds, the vessel rolled terribly all night, and we

could not sleep. It was raining again all day. Our quarters are very cramped, about two yards square including the berths, and in inclement weather the close confinement is very trying to the children as well as to the older ones. We were generally obliged to put Marion and Ray up into a berth, so as to allow us standing room in the cabin floor. This evening it stopped raining, and grew very cold and windy, the vessel rolling from side to side. The sunset was lovely.

Sunday, May 22.—We had beautiful weather to-day, but no calm sea, as the wind and waves continued high. This morning service was held on deck, it was opened by a short praise-meeting conducted by Bro. Wolff. After singing some Gospel hymns he read the 25th chapter of Matthew, followed by a prayer, and then another hymn was sung. After an intermission of five minutes the Rev. J. Chapman, (Episcopal missionary to St. Michaels, Alaska), appeared on deck in all his vestures. He used the form of the Episcopal Church service, and made but very brief remarks of his own.

Monday, May 23.—This morning it rained again, and we could not leave our cabins, except to go to our meals. The waves are not so very high, but we have not had a calm sea since we sailed. Nevertheless we praise the Lord for His Divine protection over us; surely we trust He will bring us in safety to our journey's end. How often we have heard of "rocking upon the cradle of the deep," and yet how little one realizes the full meaning of those words until one is in reality being rocked! How these immense waves rose up towards the sky, like a lofty mountain, the vessel sliding down its steep side into the deep valley below! How grand, and yet how terrible a sight it is when the vessel is entirely enveloped in such a wave!

Tuesday, May 24.—Did not rest well during the night, the vessel rocked so violently. Raining considerably again to-day, and it is cold and raw; we spent most of our time in the cabin. The color of the water is somewhat changed, and probably we will arrive at Ounalaska to-morrow morning.

Wednesday, May 25.—Last evening about 10 o'clock the engine was stopped and we floated slowly ahead, so as not to risk missing the Pass during the night. This morning at day-break the engine began to work again, and at 6 A.M. we were sighting mountainous islands some of which were streaked with snow. The early morning was beautiful; but about 8 o'clock it began to rain and snow, making things in general very disagreeable, especially since we were anxious to take in the scenery when going through the Pass. The

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rocks looked very beautiful in the distance and at one place immediately outside of the Pass to the right, appeared rugged mountain-peaks, projecting out of the water, and resembling a lofty city rising into view. We were told that in the month of July these islands present a lovely sight, being covered with green grass and flowers. We passed safely through the Amalgam Pass, and then sailed about seventeen miles farther, around a cluster of islands, before we reached Ounalaska. It was exactly noon when the vessel entered the dock, and we came out upon the deck in spite of the fast falling rain. Quite a number of natives had stood on the wharf to see our arrival.

Thursday, May 26.—Arranged our berths in our cabins last night just as we did at sea, but rested very much better. It was raining again at intervals this morning and very cold and damp. The natives are already busily engaged in unloading freight from the *St. Paul* and appear to be well pleased with their work. We saw them take our goods ashore and put them into a ware-house to await the arrival of the steamer *Dora*. We also saw the supplies for "Bethel" transported across the dock to the schooner *Pearl*. We took a stroll along the beach, picking up pretty shells, etc.; but it was so cold that we did not stay long. We do not know yet how soon we will be given quarters ashore. This afternoon Rev. Mr. Chapman and Bro. Wolff took a trip over the mountains. In the evening we walked through the settlement, and Sophie Kokarine, a little native girl from the Yukon River of about 13 years of age, walked with us. From all that we can learn she was taken into the family of Mr. Lawrence, trader

for the Alaska Commercial Company at St. Michaels, about six weeks before they sailed for San Francisco in the Fall of last year. They had not been in San Francisco long before the Lawrences went to the East, leaving Sophie in San Francisco in the family of Mr. Greenfield. While at the East Mr. Lawrence died, consequently his widow did not return, and wrote that she did not wish to keep Sophie. Mr. Greenfield was asked by the Company to take the girl back to her former home. The Greenfield family occupied the cabin next to us, and so we saw a good deal of Sophie and feel truly surprised to notice how much the girl has learned in the short time of only one year. She looks perfectly civilized, and speaks a little English, appears bright, and it seems a great pity that she is being taken back to her former miserable life, after having seen just enough of civilization to make her thoroughly wretched amidst her old life again.

Friday, May 27.—This afternoon we were informed that we were to keep house during our stay here, and so we went to see the house which we are to occupy until the *Dora* is to sail. We found it quite roomy. Two beds had been set up, and although we found very little besides, we were thankful for this shelter. There were also two stoves, and we were to be supplied with fuel and light. We returned to the *St. Paul*, and had not been aboard very long before we were told the *Dora* was coming, and immediately the flag was hoisted, and almost before we realized what had been said, we saw her approaching. We watched her with intense interest, until she was brought

144 side of the *St. Paul* and securely fastened.

Saturday, May 28.—This morning we moved the rest of our baggage from the *St. Paul* to our temporary home. We went back to the vessel again for lunch, and then waited until she sailed out of port. She is to lie in the Bay until day-break. The officials of the Alaska Commercial Company now had more time to attend to our wants, and at their request we made out a list of a few necessary dishes and articles of food, which they immediately sent to the house by little native boys. Bro. W. added one of our mattresses and two of our chairs, and soon we were as comfortably quartered as could be expected. Mrs. Greenfield called to see us this evening, and we tried to gather all the information we could concerning Sophie.

Sunday, May 29.—This evening Bro. W. conducted the usual Liturgical Service for the day. Revs. Messrs. Chapman and Karlson were present. Rev. Mr. Karlson is from Sweden and now on his way to St. Michaels as a missionary. I forgot to mention before that these two gentlemen room up stairs in the house with us, taking their meals at the Company's boarding house. They will be obliged to wait here probably a month before they can continue their journey.

Monday, May 30.—When we arose this morning the sun was shining very brightly, later on it rained quite fast. I began to write a letter to the Sisters Weinland and Kilbuck and was just in the midst of it when Bro. W. came running in to tell me the *Pearl* had already gone out of port, and so I closed abruptly, and he sent natives with a boat to take it out to the vessel. This afternoon Revs. Messrs. Chapman and Karlson with Bro. W. went fishing. They returned in the evening with two nice cod-fish, a young hair-seal, and some flowers.

Wednesday, June 1.—This has been a beautiful day, and the children spent the forenoon in front of the house playing with stones and sand. The ministerial trio went out hunting immediately after breakfast, and returned about 6 P.M. very tired and exhausted, but with nine partridges and one duck.

Thursday, June 2.—It has been raining very fast all day.

Friday, June 3.—This morning it was still raining but cleared off about noon.

Saturday, June 4.—Raining again all day, passed some of the time in letter-writing.

Sunday, June 5.—This morning Bro. W. attended a two and one-half hours' service at the Greek Church. This evening he officiated at our usual service. We were alone, as the Revs. C. and K. had gone out. Later they came in and we sang some Gospel hymns together.

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., SEPTEMBER 14, 1887.

JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE

From San Francisco to Nushagak, Alaska, and of the First Weeks of Missionary Life at that Station.

BY MRS. MARY E. WOLFF.

THE VOYAGE FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO OUNALASKA.

Monday, June 6.—This has been a very pleasant day and we were busy getting ready to start for Nushagak to-morrow morning. The idea grew upon us, and after prayerful consideration we decided to take Sophie with us; as the first scholar for our school.

Tuesday, June 7.—Arose early this morning in order to get ready for the sailing of the *Dora*. We did not leave our temporary home with any serious feelings of regret. Rev. Mr. Karlson went with us to the wharf and helped us carry our baggage. Rev. Mr. Chapman was there too. At 10 A.M. we swiftly glided away. It was cold, and raining at intervals, still we remained on deck, for the scenery was perfectly grand. High snow covered mountains, with rugged sides, and occasional streams of water trickling down their perpendicular sides. A beautiful cataract, 125 feet high, appeared against a jagged mountain of 2000 feet; this again sloped into a small valley, immediately back of which rose a mountain 3000 feet in height. We sailed on and on, until we reached the island of Bogos-Loff, where a number of natives were landed, sent by the Alaska Commercial Company, to catch sea-lions. We saw herds of these lions. They made a roaring, rushing noise, like distant mutterings of thunder. We watched them through the glass for a long time, and saw the great fellows pull along the shore for a few paces, and then drop down trying to get back into the water.

The following information concerning Bogos-Loff I obtained through the kindness of Captain Hague of the *Dora*. The old island Bogos-Loff arose from the sea in the early part of May, 1796. Before the island appeared above the sea, there had been seen for a long time, in that spot a column of smoke. On the 8th of May, after a strong subterranean noise, with the wind fresh from the northwest, a small islet became visible through the fog, and from the summit huge flames shot forth. At the same time there was a great earthquake in the mountains on the northwest part of the Unamak Islands accompanied by a great noise like the cannonading of heavy guns; and the next day the flames and the earthquake continued. The flames and smoke were seen for a long time. Many masses of pumice-stone were ejected on the first appearance of the island. At that time it increase in size, growing higher, and breaking down at the same time on all sides, until finally about 1823, it seemed to become fixed. Its present height is about 350 feet. In the Fall of the year 1883, the new Bogos-Loff was discovered. It is larger than the old one, and is about half a mile north-northwest of it, and rises abruptly with a rough ogee curve. The outline on the eastern side is broken on the shoulder and at the base by masses of rocks. On the western side there is a level space, just above water and thirty or forty feet in extent, where a landing can be effected. At the time Captain Hague first saw it (in October 1883) the top was hidden by clouds; but white smoke issued from near the cloud-line, which was estimated to be from 800 to 1200 feet above the level of the sea. The sides are very

steep; around the base are great steam jets, somewhat like those near the summit. At night the whole island appears to be in active eruption, and covered with fire.

Wednesday, June 8.—We rested very well throughout the night, but felt somewhat sea-sick upon rising this morning, still we succeeded in getting upon deck, and although it was very cold we remained there during most of the day. Promenaded on deck after dinner until about 9 P.M.

Thursday, June 9.—This morning dawned exceeding bright, and beautiful, and we felt in perfect harmony with the day. Saw some whales spouting this evening. The sunset was lovely at nearly 10 P.M.

Friday, June 10.—About 3 A.M. the bell was rung, and the engine stopped, and we anchored immediately outside of Togiak. Although still so early it was broad daylight, and the sun was shining brightly. Immediately after the vessel had anchored the natives came aboard, and as they had never seen any white women we occasioned a great deal of astonishment amongst them; but the excitement increased in intensity when the children were brought on deck. The natives crowded into the passage-way so thickly to see us that the steward was obliged to close it up, so we could eat our breakfast in peace. During the entire forenoon there was barely more than standing-room on deck, because of the multitude of natives of all sizes and ages. They brought various articles with which to trade, one of them wanted me to give him a knife for a few speckled eggs. I noticed that some of the natives wore several strands of colored beads festooned from one ear to the other, with an additional pendant of perhaps two inches in length suspended from the ears. Some wear the hair short, as though it had been chewed off, on the crown of the head, with longer hair hanging like fringes about the face. Some wear skin boots, others were barefooted. Their only dress is a fur parka and occasionally a pair of pantaloons made of skin. They are exceedingly filthy, to say the least, and the odor when so many are together is almost unbearable. These poor natives never see a white man except when the *Dora* comes in to gather up the furs once every year, and even then she anchors about two miles out in the bay. Hence it is not to be wondered at, that they come in such numbers to spend the day on board when the opportunity offers. About 9 P. M. we set sail for Nushagak.

Saturday, June 11.—This morning, about three o'clock, the native pilot "Bear Skin" came aboard and took his seat upon pilot-house, and by noon we lay safely anchored at Nushagak. We stood upon the deck as we approached, and by the aid of the glass recognized the place from the pictures we had seen. Three miles farther on a little around the point, we beheld the Mission House. The Lord be praised for His Divine protection throughout this long and perilous journey. Our hearts swelled with praise and thanksgiving to find that the house was still standing, apparently as Bro. W. had left it last Fall. Mr. Clark, the company's agent, the Greek priest (a short, stout, old Russian, with apparently very little culture superior to that of the natives) came

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aboard immediately after the anchor had been dropped. Later they went ashore again in their bidarkas. Mr. Neuman (an official of the Company's, traveling with us from Ounalaska) and the Greek arch-priest from San Francisco (visiting the priest at this place) were taken ashore in the same manner. As soon as the tide was favorable the boats were lowered, and the unloading of freight commenced. Bro. W. went ashore on one of the boats, and expects to remain all night.

Sunday, June 12.—This has been a dark and dreary day with occasional showers. About 6 A.M. the vessel ran with the high tide down to the fishing station about three miles beyond the place where our future house stands. The natives are sick in great numbers with pneumonia, and many have died. Dr. Lutze spent the entire day ashore, attending to their wants. We will probably be taken ashore to-morrow morning.

Monday, June 13.—Arose early this morning, and prepared to go ashore, but when we came up stairs the Captain told us they had changed their plans and would not take us ashore until to-morrow morning. Although we were very anxious to get into the house, yet were we thankful to remain aboard one day longer so as to give Bro. W. a better opportunity to prepare for our coming. The sunset was beautiful this evening.

Tuesday, June 14.—Arose this morning about 4.30 o'clock and got ready to go ashore. Bro. W. came in a small boat with Captain Larsen and Mr. Jensen of the Arctic Fishing Company. About 8 A.M. we were helped down a ladder, and away we went to the long expected home, feeling truly thankful to the Lord our God for His mercy and goodness in bringing us safely to our destination. We landed at the foot of the village and were obliged to pass through it to get to the Mission House. We found it necessary to exercise great care, not to fall into the empty fish holes. The natives, as many as were well enough squatted about their huts, and some who probably wished to get a better view of the procession had crawled to the top. All gazed in blank amazement, and yet they appeared to be well pleased. We were told they had never seen white women or children before. As soon as we entered our new home we saw what work was still to be done, and immediately began to clear up, which, however, proved rather a difficult matter at first, as the main building was still filled with lumber, tools, and implements of all kinds. An occasional shower of rain added somewhat to the general confusion. Bro. W. succeeded in getting about a dozen natives to carry our goods to the house, and although the most of them were not well, still the novelty of the thing seemed to spur them on to unusual activity. We set up the stove in the store-room, and will use that place temporarily for a kitchen. A temporary floor was laid over a portion of the attic, and this at the west end was prepared as a bed-room, while at the east end a great many of our things were piled up until proper places for them will be ready. This evening Bro. W. brought us some bread from the "Hungry Man's Home"; later the cook came with some fried fish, mashed potatoes, some dishes, and a teapot full of tea, all of which were very welcome indeed, as we had not had any proper

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meal all day. Several women came to see us, and to watch what was going on. They sat about the house in numbers all day, the children frolicking about; occasionally we saw them coming two by two, with arms linked; but whenever, any one of us came out they were very shy and bashful.

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**Extracts from Letters Received by Her Parents
from Miss Mary Huber, Carmel, Alaska.**

CARMEL, ALASKA, July 3, 1887.

July is a month of rain here; it has rained a little each of these days. With you the weather must be warm and settled by this time; with us it has been like Spring since we came to San Francisco. It seems like a very long Spring! We have a small garden; yesterday a week ago we planted seed, and the lettuce is coming up already. The soil is nice and rich-looking, but very full of roots, and was hard to rake. The natives came and looked on in astonishment when we worked, and especially when we wore our "balloons" or mosquito masks. I can not work very well with one of them on; I can not see clearly through them. When I planted I took mine off, and put on my sun-bonnet. The mosquitoes are very bad; we burn insect-powder in the house, and that kills them.

There are many pretty little flowers here, and one larger kind, much like our blue-flags at home, but not as pretty. This morning I took a walk towards the east, from our house to the native grave-yard, which is on a hill. There are pretty wild flowers below the hill and on its side. I gathered some, and some little native girls came, saluted me with "Shami," picked flowers and gave them to me. When I took them they were very much pleased and ran for more. I pinned some of them on my dress and then on one of the little girls; she looked pleased, and when I walked away the others crowded around her. I was sorry I had nothing with me to give them; and I would have liked to talk with them, but they could not understand me.

Sophie Kokarine, the little native we brought from *Unalaska*, is bright, good and cleanly, anxious to learn, and tries to imitate us. She knows the letters, and writes them, too, and can count pretty well. I have told her some Bible-stories, and she was very much interested. She told me this evening, that the natives of the place she comes from (somewhere near St. Michaels) think that if they cut off their hair they will be lost; "go in the fire," she said. They all wear long hair. Then she said, looking earnestly at me—"People that drink can not go to heaven, and that use tobacco." I replied "The Bible says no drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven." We had spoken of such things at the breakfast table. She then told me that she was sorry, that her father had once been very drunk, and had been sick with it a whole week, and that she had coaxed him not to drink any more; he should lie down and sleep. She looked so sad! I pitied her. I am very glad she is with us. Her father is a white man, a Russian; her own mother was a

native, but is dead, and she has an Indian woman for a step-mother. Sophie sews neatly, and darns her stockings very nicely too, and has a nice lot of clothes, but must have more before Winter.

While I was writing, two *native* Eskimo men came to the door and rattled the latch. I asked them if they wanted to see Bro. Wolff, but they did not understand me. When these people do not understand, they put their fingers into both ears. Bro. Wolff came down to see them, and found they wanted medicine. They coughed, and put their hands to their chests. He gave them each a bottle of pellets, and showed them all the fingers of one hand and then two of the other, indicating how many of the pellets they should take and then pointed to the sun to show at what time they should take them. They understood, and were pleased, and stayed quite a while. Bro. Wolff went to bed, it being late, when, after a little, three more came. He called to me to say "ingleruk," which means "bed." Then they wanted to go up to him, but he said he would come down and see them. They were all three ailing in the same way. Many have been suffering from pneumonia. Bro. Wolff goes to see the sick every morning except Sundays; they generally complain of pain in the chest. Almost all the sick are men; I know only of two women and one baby that wanted help.

These poor people are very pleasant and good-natured; they are dirty, but not nearly as much so as I had expected. One morning when one of the women was washing herself, she washed her hands first, using soap, then filled her mouth with soapy water, and blew it on her hands, and then washed her face with it!

Some women have clean calico dresses on when they come to see us, and we see short lines full of wash hanging out quite often. Some of the men wear shirts over their pants like a sacque; some have shoes on, and others wear skin-boots.

The fish have come at last; they were so much later than usual, that some thought they would not come this year. The king-salmon come first; the largest sometimes weigh sixty pounds. The men at the cannery offered Bro. Wolff as many as we could eat, so he took only such as he could well carry. On Friday he bought eight from the natives, and we cleaned them and put them up in cans. The people at the cannery closed them up and boiled them for us. We got three cases of 48 cans in a case, and perhaps will put up some more. There are two other canneries across the river, and one of the men came from there to see us last week. He invited us to come and see them, and told us they would soon send one of their ships laden with fish to San Francisco, and that we could send mail with it.

One evening Bro. Wolff came and told us the fishermen had fourteen hundred king-salmon down in the cannery, and that we should go with him to see them. I had a sore foot, with a poultice on it, and was sorry that I could not go. There is one large building full of cans. When they put up the fish they do not scale them; they do not think it necessary; but we think we had-

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better clean and put them in the cans ourselves. They seal the cans and boil them, leaving only a small hole in the lid to let out the steam; then that is shut up, and they are steamed again. They put up our fish as a favor. During the first few days after our arrival they supplied us with bread

and butter, and have given us all the fish we need for the table besides.

The fish season seems to be over already, which is very soon. Captain Larson told us that they had only twenty days. However, now they have commenced to run again. Yesterday they put up 800 cases, and to-day, (the 28th), about a thousand. They may have twenty thousand cases, but they expected to have thirty thousand! There are forty-eight cans in a case. Is it not wonderful that fish come in such great numbers?

Last week on Friday, Captain Larson came to the door with five salmon-trout. He said they were coming in now, were finer than salmon, and if we liked them Bro. Wolff should come and get them whenever he wanted to. They also told Bro. Wolff to take as much coal as he needed, although it cost ten dollars a ton at San Francisco, and they brought it all the way up here. It is soft coal, and comes in large pieces, some as large as a milk crock. It smokes worse than wood.

Did I tell you that the Alaska Commercial Company charged us one hundred dollars apiece for the grown folks, and five hundred for our goods? Last year they took Bro. Wolff and all his lumber for nothing.

We feel quite at home, are happy and satisfied.
MARY HUBER.

Sept 28, 1887
JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE

From San Francisco to Nushagak, Alaska, and of the First Weeks of Missionary Life at that Station.

BY MRS. MARY E. WOLFF.

AT NUSHAGAK.

Wednesday, June 15.—Rested very well in our new home, and although everything is in confusion, feel thankful and happy. This morning a native dog carried off and killed one of our little chickens. We received hot biscuits and, this afternoon, bread from the "Hungry Man's House." It is assuredly very kind of the people there and highly appreciated by us. This evening we helped Bro. Wolff hang up the chickens, so that the dogs could not reach them. He placed them into a good-sized packing-box, rather narrow and long, but high. Then he fastened a rope about the box, threw the end of it over a board projecting immediately under the roof of the house, and finally raised the box until it was safely beyond the reach of the dogs. This elevation of the chickens amused us considerably.

Thursday, June 16.—Baked bread and sugar-cake to-day; this was the first time in Alaska, and oh! how good it did taste. We were startled this afternoon by a noise amongst the chickens, and found a whole army of dogs after them. One

chicken was already killed and another one caught, and the rooster was fighting bravely. The two latter were rescued, but not before they had been pretty badly hurt. A native brought the dead chicken to our door and we took it, for it had only been hurt about the neck and head. Too-bad we did not keep the chickens elevated throughout the day! The children enjoyed digging in the ground with their little tools. They were not out long,

however, before they were surrounded by an astonished crowd of natives of all ages, from old men down to women with their babies.

Friday, June 17.—Enjoyed our ill-fated chicken for dinner to-day. Mosquitoes began to make their appearance, so I sat down and hurriedly sewed enough netting together to cover the children's bed.

Saturday, June 18.—Three natives worked for us to-day.

Sunday, June 19.—We had visitors early this morning before breakfast, three women, the one having a little boy with her. Bro. Wolff held our usual Sunday service. It seemed all new and strange to Sophie, poor girl. May God grant that in His own good time, she be brought to a saving knowledge of the truth.

Monday, June 20.—This morning Bro. Wolff dealt out medicine to a number of natives. They all seem to be suffering from pneumonia. We got our first "king salmon" from the cannery to-day. Rain fell at intervals.

Tuesday, June 21.—This has been a grand and general wash-day, and the Doty wash-machine and Dobbins' Electric soap were called upon to prove their excellent qualities. The natives—women in particular—came out in great numbers when we began hanging our clothes upon the line. They seemed intensely interested. It has been very warm, and the mosquitoes have been tormenting us at a lively rate. This evening an old woman came for medicine; poor thing, she seemed so pleased. A native boy helped Bro. Wolff all day. "Lyng," the "Chinese boss," called with a badly-bruised thumb and asked Bro. Wolff to dress it; also wanted him to prescribe for a very sick man at the Chinese house. He went to see him and gave some medicine. The sunset was lovely about 10 P.M.

Wednesday, June 22.—Mr. Clark called to see us for a few minutes to-day.

Thursday, June 23.—Two natives are helping Bro. Wolff. The one, a mere boy, is the son of the chief. His name is "Chunaluluk." The man's name must be "Chun," from all that we can understand. He is rather bright, and Bro. Wolff has succeeded in teaching him to drive nails splendidly. We call him "John the Bright," and by and by hope to call him John Albright. Poor Bro. Wolff gave the wrong nail a blow to-day, and his thumb is very painful. This evening he set his native help at making a fence around a small patch of ground, where we intend experimenting with a small garden. The old man who was here day before yesterday was here again this morning and deeply interested in the ironing process. How I wish one could understand their exclamations of surprise!

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Friday, June 24.—We are having very pleasant weather. Bro. Wolff was obliged to do his work alone as best he could, because "John the Bright" went away to get poles to make his fish-drying frames. Worked in our little garden this evening; sowed some radish and lettuce seeds.

Saturday, June 25.—This has been a very warm day, the thermometer indicating from 70 to 80 degrees in the shade.

Sunday, June 26.—Had our usual Sunday service at 10.30 A.M.

Monday, June 27.—Could not do our washing to-day on account of the scarcity of water. We can barely get enough clean water for drinking and cooking purposes. This evening Bro. Wolff took us to the cannery to see the fish which had just been brought in. We found lying upon the wharf about 1400 fine king salmon, many of them weighing sixty pounds and more. While we were there another fisherman returned with about eighty fish in his boat. We then went into the warehouse, and there saw masses of tin cans ready for filling. There were enough to fill 30,000 cases, each case containing forty-eight cans. We passed through the village coming home, and although it was rather late, some of the natives were out to greet us, especially the old woman who has been at the house several times, who greeted us with a very pleasant "Shamair." A poor, sick boy is lying in a tent within sight of our house. Bro. Wolff has visited him at different times and given him medicine. As we passed there this evening an old woman sitting at the entrance of the low tent motioned Bro. Wolff to come in, so he crawled

in on hands and feet, but stayed only a few minutes, promising to see the boy again in the morning. There was no room for Bro. Wolff to turn around and come out, so he pushed himself out backwards. We feel very sorry for this poor boy. He is lying on the ground, and is suffering from rheumatism.

Tuesday, June 28.—The sides of the house are nearly boarded up; also a part of the ceiling, but it is very hard work for Bro. Wolff with so little help. He can not get along alone with the ceiling, and so got "Chunaluluk" to help, but soon found that the boy was too small. So he sent him out to try and find a man. He ran home and returned with his older brother, who appears to be old enough to be Chun's father, and is very clumsy. It takes more patience than any help he can give to get along with him.

Wednesday, June 29.—Chun's older brother helped again to-day, and although of not much use, is better than no one. They succeeded in finishing the ceiling, all but the last few boards, when a portion of the scaffolding gave way and precipitated Chun, Sr., to the floor. At first he appeared to be hurt, but soon found he was not as badly hurt as frightened, for it is seldom that any of the natives climb to any height, so this fall frightened him all the more. We gave him some arnica, and pretty soon he began to work again of his own accord. The Consul was here looking on most all afternoon.

Thursday, June 30.—This morning Bro. Wolff was not successful in getting help, and was obliged to do as best he could. He finished the ceiling and

began putting on the last breadth of paper to the three sides of the house, and then boarded it up. About noon "Mike," as we call him, made his appearance. He was persuaded to stay and work, but can not work as well as "John the Bright," who helped several days last week. We will be glad when he can come again. He is still busy fishing and rafting logs. The Consul was here again for a long time to-day, and finally, when dinner was ready, we gave him some, too, with "Mike" at the work-bench. If the natives happen to have more than they can eat, they manage in some way or other to stuff it into their boots or under their parkas, and carry the food home with them, and I am sure they always find some one ready to enjoy it. Others, too, put it neatly aside until they are ready to go home, and then by motions try to explain that they would like to take it with them. Some of the poor little children have grown into the habit of bringing handfuls of flowers to the kitchen door, and then we sometimes give them something to eat. It really does one good to see these hungry little mortals eat. I strolled about a little this afternoon and gathered some pretty flowers. I found some violets exactly like our wild ones at home, perhaps not quite as deep a shade of blue; also some ferns. They seem to be just coming out. There are many very pretty white flowers in little clusters; also another star-shaped flower of a delicate white, with seven petals. Then there are two distinct kinds of blue flowers, although at a distance resembling each other very much; the pink cranberry blossoms and a small, bell-shaped blossom which droops its head until it appears just above the many-colored mosses and lichens. We have no trees round about us, but the ground presents a beautiful appearance, and I delight in walks. Captain Larsen, of the Arctic Fishing Company, and Mr. Haller, of the Bristol Bay Fishing Company, called to see us. A vessel of the latter company will probably sail for San Francisco in a few weeks.

Friday, July 1.—This morning Bro. Wolff had eight large king salmon brought up to the house. Some must have weighed over fifty pounds. He then brought three cases of tin cans from the cannery, and after we had them cleaned and put up in the cans, they were placed in the cart and taken to the cannery again to be canned. When Bro. Wolff returned from the cannery he told us that two dozen of our cans had become mixed with the thousands of other cans and were "lost in the crowd," so then we have 120 instead of 144 cans.

Saturday, July 2.—Raining to-day. Bro. Wolff finished boarding up the sides of the house. This afternoon he had "Chunaluluk" (we will call him Chun) and another boy of about the same size to help him.

Sunday, July 3.—A very rainy day. This is called the rainy month, and I suppose it will be so most of the time. A strange native, probably from Yekuk, came for medicine. At 10.30 A.M. we had our usual Sunday service. This evening Bro. Wolff was just about retiring when two natives (strangers, too) came for medicine. He gave them some, and after staying perhaps one hour they left and he retired, but had barely got to sleep when there were three others here, all with

the same complaint. He dressed hastily and went to attend to their wants.

Monday, July 4.—The boy who had been so very sick in the tent is greatly improved, and came along very slowly to the house this morning for some more medicine. The chief paid us a visit this morning. He has his little scrap of a flag hoisted on a tall pole, so I suppose the natives must know something of American patriotism. Frank celebrated the day by driving nails and laying the second floor. This evening four natives came to see us. One of them, a blind man, speaks a few words of English. He remarked: "Merikan July-day!"

Tuesday, July 5.—It rained very heavily throughout the entire day. "John the Bright" is back, and helped Bro. Wolff with the flooring to-day.

Wednesday, July 6.—"John the Bright" helped to work at intervals again to-day, but whenever the tide was favorable he went fishing. At 9.30 A.M. we noticed the chief's flag at half-mast, and knew at once that some one must have died. "John" ran to see, and came back saying something excitedly, which Bro. Wolff could not understand. So he went with him to see. He led him directly to the hut, and then learned that the chief had died suddenly, apparently from heart-disease. When they got there the hut was full of natives, and the corpse lay stretched upon the floor on some straw-matting.

Thursday, July 7.—This afternoon the funeral of the chief took place, the Greek priest from Nushagak officiating. The corpse was brought out into a small, square patch of ground not very far to the northeast of us, which has a fence about it. Here a cross painted red is erected, with a few boards at the foot of it, a platform, where the coffin, made of rude boards, was placed, after which the priest began his lengthy ceremony. He was wearing an old black velvet gown with silver crosses on the front and back of it. The priest also brought a small image with him, which he hung upon the large red cross. There was also an image placed upon the breast of the corpse. At the close of the service all those present kissed first the image taken from the red cross, then the corpse and then the image on his breast. After spreading a white cloth over the face of the corpse, the priest threw in a handful of earth. The coffin was then nailed shut and carried by a number of natives to the grave-yard, directly east of this enclosed spot. After that a great deal of nasal chanting and crossing and bowing down to the ground took place, and then the ceremonies at the grave were at an end.

Friday, July 8.—Again a rainy day. Bro. Wolff, with the help of two natives, is putting in a portion of the main partition of the house.

Friday, July 28.—The vessel of the Bristol Bay Fishing Company is ready to leave for San Francisco, and we will embrace this opportunity to send such mail-matter as is ready. We will have one more opportunity this Fall. The main part of the house is finished inside, with the exception of papering and painting, and this must wait until more necessary out-of-door work is done. We will begin work in the store-room next, and then the wood-shed and school-house must be built, a well dug and the fuel for the Winter's use supplied.

And now, dear friends at home, cease not to remember in your intercessions before the throne of grace your second missionary party at "Carmel," Alaska. Affectionately, M. E. W.

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., OCTOBER 19, 1887.

THE ALASKA MISSION.

Letter from the Rev. John H. Kilbuck.

BETHEL, KUSKOKWIM RIVER, ALASKA, }
August 3, 1887.

BISHOP E. DE SCHWEINITZ. — *Dear Brother:* The time has arrived for sending mail by way of Nushagak. We gladly forward our letters, for the effect of the Spring mail is still upon us. We waited until June 28, when we were rewarded with a large package of mail—all letters, sixty private ones and five from you. All the letters brought good news. The one from my home, the intelligence of my step-mother's happy departure to Christ Jesus. The letters from the Board were full of cheer. We rejoiced to hear of the awakening in several of the congregations. The Lord has answered your and our prayers. We bless our God for His loving-kindness toward us and towards you, who are at home. We feel assured that the Spirit is at work here too, and we hope soon to be able to report fruits of this gracious visitation.

Now I will proceed to note your letters. On June 28, 1887, I received your five letters, dated: July 19 and 24; August 13, 1886; April 2, and May 5, 1887. In your letter of July 24, 1886, you mentioned the mailing of three packages of picture-books and the papers and magazines up to date. These were not received until this Spring. In answer to your suggestion about a diary, I would say that thus far we have not been able to prepare one for you; but Mrs. Kilbuck has written quite a minute journal and sent it to Bro. Weinland and his wife. During the Summer I myself find but little time to write, as I am busy from morning until bed-time. In theory we stop at 6 P.M., but in fact not until the sun goes down, and then it is time to go to bed. Although these hours may seem unusually long, still we do not accomplish as much as we desire, owing to innumerable interruptions. Throughout the day there may be half a dozen different trading-parties, who take up an unnecessarily long time; or several persons may be anxious to get medicine. Thus, night comes before I am really ready for it. During the Winter I can better attend to writing, especially this Winter, as I will not be troubled about the fuel supply.

In your letter of May 5, you mention the possibility of our being able to extend aid to a certain German. We will most gladly do all that we can for the man, should he ever turn up in our neighborhood. As to the land question, Bro. Weinland will be able to answer about it. The tract was stepped off this Spring.

Besides the letters, we received the following from you: The *Century*. New York *Tribune*, New

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York *Observer*, Philadelphia *Press*, *Scientific American*, THE MORAVIAN, *Periodical Accounts*. These are all up to date (April). The last package you mailed (May) did not arrive here until July 31, by way of St. Michaels and Kolmakoffski. It arrived at Ounalaska too late for the Company's vessels, so was sent per steamer *Corwin* to St. Michaels. I did not get the Text Book you sent; I have one, German, for 1888. If you ordered the *Little Missionary*, I did not get it.

The following boxes were received from friends: One from Bethlehem, which, besides presents, contained the articles you ordered for us, viz., two suits of clothing, one pair of boots, watch and underwear. The many useful gifts this box contained, assured us of the warm hearts that beat for us at home. God bless the givers! One box came from the Mission in Kansas (Indian). This token of affection swelled our hearts, and caused our eyes to fill with tears of gratitude. A third box arrived from New York, from Sister Weinland's relatives and friends. Although this and the one box from my home were private, yet the entire missionary party was remembered. A fourth box came from the Brooklyn Sunday-school, containing many picture-books, cards and papers for the native children. These pictures have been a source of great pleasure not only to children, but to adults as well. The boys are surprised that children so far away should be willing to send such nice things. I assure you they are thankful, and they are drawn to us more closely. I can not fully express in words our gratitude to the many kind friends. I do not look at the gift so much as I do at the spirit that prompted it, and in this way I receive a double gift, the token itself, and the love that is even greater than the token. In this way, not only have we received comfort for our bodies, but also cheer and courage for the spirit. We have thanked our heavenly Father for giving us such friends at home. May He fill them with His richest joy and blessing?

As to the push-cart and sled, you have already heard from Bro. Weinland. The sled is at the Warehouse yet, but I expect to send my workman down with the *Bethel Star*, after it, and some other stuff that was left. I have not seen the sled myself, but from all accounts, I think I can use it on the river before the snow covers the ice. I fear it is too heavy for the dogs, on the snow, especially as the runners are narrow, thus being likely to cut through the snow crust. I thank you for your thoughtful care, which shows itself even in this matter.

Bro. Torgersen's grave-stone we received in good condition, and will put it down next month. The reason of the delay is the Summer's wet weather. Next month and the month following, we have less rain, therefore the grave-stone can be put down more securely, and will remain solid.

Now I will speak of our work. This Summer I have turned my entire attention to increasing the number of scholars of the school for the coming Winter, and also to look after the boys here. By working at the chores, the smaller boys have, to a certain extent, earned their board. Augustus, the oldest boy, has earned his entire board. I have re-

ceived great help from him, fishing and attending to the fish-trap. I can not very well send him to the mountains this Fall; besides, I want to know if trapping will be considered by the Government as a legitimate department of the school. The trapping seasons are from August to October, and from February or March until the ice leaves the river, i.e., May. During the vacation the boys learn to fish, but there is no trapping. Even if the boys trap at home, it would interfere with the lessons. If the Government considers trapping a proper branch of the school, I will adopt the following plan: I will provide the boys with a competent trapper, who is to receive a part of the furs trapped by the boys as pay. At first I will furnish the traps, but eventually I will expect each boy, as he is able, to buy his own traps. Of course the older boys are the only ones who can be sent to the mountains, while the younger ones can trap at home. I will then expect the trappers to provide for their own clothing, and, if possible, pay for at least part of their board. The idea is to train the boys to habits of industry, so that when we send them into the world they may not only take their place among their fellows, but may push ahead and elevate their physical condition. I believe the notion prevails in some minds that the school will turn out Cossack people, who will not be able to get along as well as the native. I will do all I can to put this notion to utter confusion.

During the vacation I have held regular services for the boys and whatever natives happen to be present. The boys are learning to sing well. They can, moreover, understand us whenever we speak to them of the new things of the Gospel. Our use of the native language is still imperfect, yet the boys manage to get the ideas that we present. Day by day we find something in the natives to encourage us. Naturally, there are many things we see that are calculated to dishearten us, but the Lord sustains us, and we are not discouraged.

I expect to reopen the school on September 8, 1887, and, if possible, continue until the end of May next. Then I will close, and as many of the boys as have homes I will expect to spend their vacation with their parents. As the school increases, we can not afford to keep all the scholars during vacation. I will keep a sufficient number to help me in fishing. About August 25 I expect to go up the river after whatever scholars may desire to come. I will go at least half way up to Kolmakoffski. On the way down I will collect building logs.

As to appointing the missionary a Government teacher, my idea is that it should not be done. Such an office will prevent him from looking after his people. The congregation that we may gather will be so scattered that a visitation will mean absence from home from a day to a week, or even more. The best time to pay these visits is during the Winter, when the people are most likely to be at home. If the idea is simply to be responsible for the maintenance of a school, and personal presence in the school-room is not absolutely required, then such an office can be filled by the missionary, but not otherwise, or else he must give up the best opportunities of presenting the Gospel to the peo-

ple and keeping them within the fold when once brought in. This is at least my opinion, and I give it for what it is worth.

You will wish to know what preparations I have made for the Winter. In the first place, in order to make room for a possible increase in the number of scholars, I am preparing to move into the log-house we used for the school last year. I will then turn the building we now occupy into a school-house. The change is to be completed by the 25th inst. The young couple, Alexi and Mattie, will be the house-keepers for the school. Both have been under Mrs. Kilbuck's training, and are now capable of taking complete control of the kitchen, under supervision, of course. I have an old woman with us, who will help Mattie in sewing the fur clothing, and the mending. These three have proved to be faithful during the Summer, and, if possible, I will keep Alexi and wife as long as they continue to be trustworthy.

As to food, my own supply will not last more than three or four months, unless we catch a great many more salmon. To be sure, we still have this entire month for fishing, and it is possible for me to lay by enough food to last until Christmas. I have, however, received word from Mr. Sipray that he is buying fish for me, which, I expect, will arrive in a few days. The price will probably be \$30 per 1000 salmon. If he is able, he will send down 2000. Mr. Sipray's figures are quite reasonable, especially as the fish have to be rafted down, and great care must be exercised so as not to get them wet.

As to fuel, I am already pretty well provided for. I have fifty-one logs, which will make at least twenty cords of wood. This supply has cost me about \$7.50. I expect more rafts, and among them some building logs. In about a week I expect workmen will begin to raise the walls of a house, the logs for which were hewed last Summer. I think we are fully prepared for the Winter, and we still have at least two more months at our disposal. At present we are all well, and look forward to the future trusting in the Lord, with hope and courage. It is natural that at times we should feel lonesome, but these times are of short duration. We miss Brother and Sister Weinland and their little ones at every turn, but the knowledge that it was the Lord's will that they should return, while we remained, makes us feel the nearness of Him whom we serve and who sustains us.

In the name of Christ the Lord, therefore, we commend ourselves and our work to the Church's intercession, confident that our prayers will be heard and that the answer may reveal the saving power of Christ, working in the hearts of the natives! How happy will they then be who have earnestly prayed for such a revelation of grace.

With much love to you, and our greetings to the Church, I remain your brother,

JOHN H. KILBUCK.

REPORTED BY THE PROVINCIAL BOARD.

GRACEHILL, IOWA.—The Rev. Wm. H. Weinland has received and accepted an appointment as Pastor of the Church at Gracehill.

THE ALASKA MISSION.

OCT 26, 88

Letter from the Rev. F. E. Wolff.

CARMEL, NUSHAGAK, ALASKA, SEPTEMBER 1, 1887.

Dear Brother E. de Schweinitz: The time for the sailing of the last vessel from here is close at hand. When we go down to the cannery and see every thing cleared up and every body busy getting ready to go home, a sad feeling possesses us at the thought, that only a few hours more and we shall be left alone with the long and cold Winter close at hand. Eight months will elapse before the stately ships shall come again from warmer climes and plow the waters of the Nushagak River and find a safe anchorage near our home.

Since my last letter, July 29, we have been hard at work. With the help of a native I tried to drive a well, but met with various difficulties. At times the pipe broke in or near the drive head, but fortunately we had tools from the cannery to cut a new thread and we could go on driving. After we were down some twenty feet, we were not able to lift the pipe any longer as we had come near water and there was too much suction. We put the pump on again and again, but no water came. So we kept on driving when a coupling of the pipe broke eighteen feet in the ground. Not being able to get the well point up any other way I set two natives to work and dig. The well being on the South side of the house and quite close up to it, they found but very little frost in the ground, and that some four feet from the top.

On the North side of our house I also had a small hole dug. We found three feet of soft ground at the top and then two feet of frost. I showed the natives how I wanted the well dug and they did it right nicely and willingly. As they never saw a well they wondered what I was going to do, and the big hole attracted many men, women and children. When the man who was digging below was hauled up out of the big hole for dinner, it caused much fun, laughter and many exclamations. The ground was not hard to dig. At nearly every place it could be done with a shovel. The soil is a very fine sand mixed with rusty streaks of iron. After getting down about twenty feet the soil became darker, being a dark sand mixed with clay which was heavy and wet. After digging to a depth of twenty-six feet we had to give up as this lower stratum of dark soil began to cave in and water collected so that it was very hard work to dig. We quickly nailed together a box to the depth of the dark soil and put it down. The next morning we found it nearly full of water and firmly set as the ground had caved in all around it. We planked the box up once more from the inside and filled the space between the outside and inside wall with gravel. We also put gravel into the bottom. Then we had to plank the well up to the top and filled in around the outside of the box. Now there is some six or eight feet of water in the well, but we have used very little of it, as the pump does not work well. It is only a pitcher pump and as there is not much water in the well it is too heavy for the pump.

154 We should be glad if we could have another pump. Our pipe is one and one-fourth inches heavy. Mud has also collected in the bottom, which has to be taken out before the water is fit for use. The water is very cold and appears to be soft.

The school-house and wood-shed are also up and under roof; we finished the roof to-day. The outside is nearly completed. I have a native who helps me steadily every day. He is from Nushagak and I got him through Mr. Beckwith, who supplies Mr. Clark's place. At first he worked four and a half days and then there being a holiday in the Russian Church he asked to go home and wanted his pay. I paid him thirty cents, the wages they pay at Nushagak. But he struck for higher wages. He talked a great deal to me, but as I understand little of their language as yet, I could not talk with him, although, I knew he wanted more money. So I wrote a note to Mr. Beckwith and sent him down to Nushagak with it. Andre, the native, came back quite willing to work for thirty cents a day. At a later time I learned from Mr. Beckwith that Andre wanted more money and complained that he could not understand me. But Mr. Beckwith sent for the old chief and after talking with them for about three hours Andre was willing to work for the old wages. He helped me faithfully all week.

We are not supplied as yet with fuel for the Winter. The Arctic Fishing Company have no coal left, so we can not get any from them. But I think we will be able to obtain some from the new cannery on the other side of the river. I have not had time to go for wood myself, and those natives who are fit to do such work as raft wood were gone hunting much of the time. But I have the promise of fifteen cords of wood from Mr. Clark at \$3 per cord, delivered here on the beach. It is dry wood cut into cord-wood length; but it will be some weeks before Mr. Beckwith will be able to get it down the river. If we can not get coal we will dispatch natives for some more wood. Mr. Beckwith will assist me, through the chief at Nushagak. I also discovered a kind of turf near here. In trying it we found it burned on a good bed of fire, even though it was wet just as cut from the ground. It keeps a good fire over night, and I think if it is dried properly it will make good fuel. We will get a lot of it for the Winter and do the best we can with it, as we have no time and appliances for drying it. Some experimenting will be necessary in order to prepare it properly for fuel. We will use as much wood and turf as we can, so that the coal bill may be as small as possible.

One thing that has troubled us of late is mad dogs. There have been some eight or ten of the dogs of our village mad during August. The natives drive them from the village, and as a rule they come over to see us, and at times they bite everything that comes in their way. There are two about now. Day before yesterday I went down to the cannery, when one snapped at me. I jumped out of his way and he passed on, biting other dogs. Some weeks ago one passed our children only a few feet from them. The natives try to kill them, but as powder and shot are pre-

cious articles, they would rather stone them and drive them off. I killed two myself. We should by all means have a fence around our house to keep away the dogs and the Chinamen, who like to loaf about when they have nothing to do. The natives also, when they play with their bows and arrows and spears, often come nearer than we care to have them, so that we have to call in our children from their play. I think a barbed wire fence would do very well, although a picket fence would be better. If the Mission Board sees fit to send us about five rolls of barbed wire and staples, we should be very glad. There are also a few other articles which we should like to have, which I will add on a separate list.

We were very sorry to hear that Bro. Weinland and family had to return to the States on account of sickness. We had a letter from Brother and Sister Kilbuck last Saturday. They were well and happy in their loneliness.

You need not worry about us, for we think we shall be quite comfortable throughout the Winter. We are all quite well and happy, and feel anxious about nothing except occasionally about Marion. We will not be able to open our school till late in the Fall.

Our whole party joins me in best regards to you and the Mission Board. Affectionately your friend and brother, F. E. WOLFF.

THE MORAVIAN.

BETHLEHEM, PA., NOVEMBER 9, 1887.

WORK NOW FOR ALASKA.—We have fully entered upon the period of the year when news from our missionaries in Alaska can not be of a recent date. The long interval of silence, so far as their messages are concerned, will last well on towards the middle of next year. Their doings and experiences can only be imagined and prayed about.

Yet this period of interrupted communication should be the very busiest time of preparation to sustain them on our part. We know for a certainty that helpers must be sent out in Spring to re-enforce Bethel, and that the cost of the Mission for the year will be enhanced by this necessary step. When the Provincial Board calls for volunteers, we trust the response will be ready, and that suitable missionaries will be found. Meantime it is for us, who expect to abide by the stuff, to provide the means. Let these Winter months be months of willing and wise efforts, that the Society may not in any way be hampered in its plans.

Just here, we would draw attention to a recommendation of the last Provincial Synod, with the request that the fullest possible attention be given to it. In the Journal of '84,

MORAVIAN MISSIONARY REPORTER

AND ILLUSTRATED MISSIONARY NEWS.

No. 112.

APRIL 2, 1888.

155 Price One Penny.



THE MAORI CHIEF, KO PAORA MATUTAERA

[See p. 31.]

ALASKA.

LEAVES FROM MRS. KILBUCK'S DIARY.

THE *Reporter* for October of last year mentioned that there would be only one missionary family at Bethel this winter, Br. and Sr. Kilbuck, with their little Kate Margaret, as Br. Weinland and family had been obliged to return to the States, through the ill-health of little Bessie and her father. It is too early yet to hear how the lonely workers at Bethel have fared during the

long winter ; but the following leaves from Sr. Kilbuck's diary will enable us to represent them hard at work, caring for the wants of their scholars, and endeavouring to lead them and the people around them to a knowledge of the Saviour. The journal was written for her own family, but they kindly allowed it to be published in the *Moravian*, so we have been able to take extracts from it for our readers. And first the brave missionary lady shall give us an account of

A BUSY DAY AT BETHEL.

All day I have been hard at work. I get up early, dress, care for baby, start the preparations for breakfast, go to the school dormitory, and see to it that each boy washes properly and gets his hair combed. While there, one little fellow asks, "Are my ears clean?" and then another exclaims, "Are mine?" The oldest of the boys assures me that I need not stay for him, as *he always* washes *his* ears and neck, so I go back to my preparations for breakfast. If I did not look after them, I believe they would attempt to wash in a half-pint of water each, and as a consequence the towels would suffer. While the others take their breakfast, I again care for baby. Then I eat my meal, clean the bedroom and dining-room, knead the bread, wash dishes, prepare for dinner, care for baby, wash out some clothes, get dinner, iron, cut, fit, and make a pair of trousers for Mr. Lind's little boy, and a much-needed shirt for one of our schoolboys. You must know I was appointed matron, and my duties began when school was opened five days ago, with nine scholars. I have the sewing on hand now, which means the making and marking for each boy, of two towels, two handkerchiefs, two shirts, two pairs of trousers, and a pair of mittens. They look quite neat, and like white boys, when they have their long matted hair cut, and are dressed in white drilling shirts, blue trousers, and blue braces. They are quite proud of their dress, and are altogether a jolly set of boyish boys.

Next I have to make dish-towels for the school, with baby on my arm, teach my class of little girls to sew for an hour, and then get supper. Here comes Alexis again, and I must stop and attend to his wants. Johnny takes an accidental seat on the edge of the river, and comes running in, saying, "What *shall* I do?" I make him stand with his back to the stove, pick up my crying baby, and run into my own room, and try to collect my senses and a little strength, so that I can get the supper up in time. After supper and evening prayers, when we never forget to ask a blessing on the dear ones we have left at home, dishes are washed, baby is put to sleep, and the hour of rest is come. Something else! A native comes in with a pleased look, and says he has killed two nice geese for me to clean, and so I begin at once. Baby wakes up; I put her to sleep, finish the geese, and look at the time, to find it ten o'clock at night; and as all but my busy husband are in bed, I sit down for a short rest and talk, resting my trembling body and fighting mosquitoes once more, and then go to bed for the night. Morning finds me rested, though somewhat stiff, and another day begins. This, you may say, is unusual. It is not *every* day quite so hard, but *more* times than not. My only day of rest is the blessed Sabbath. Service was held in the new building yesterday. It seemed so much like home to ring the bell, which is fixed on a post eighteen feet high in front of the schoolhouse, leave everything in order, and then go to church. Every one must work in this place, and work hard, too. Strong and well as I am, I feel tired most of my time, and I never was so thin for many a year.

Christmas comes but once a year, but when it comes it brings good cheer; and schoolboys in Alaska are learning to look forward to this happy festival quite as much as their comrades in England and the United States. But think of anybody writing as Sr. Kilbuck does below, "*The weather is very mild—only eleven degrees below zero.*" Mild! we should call that terribly *severe*, specially if there be a high wind at the same time. And the wind does blow in NorthWest Alaska, hard and fast and often, strong and cold and sharp. The frequent storms have given our dear missionaries no little anxiety and trouble; they threatened to blow down all the buildings, and leave them homeless in a bleak wintry waste. It was a mercy

they only stripped some of their roofing. We have heard a good deal of late from America about 'Blizzards,' and we suspect our good friends in Alaska know all about those terrible visitors, unless it be the name. But to return to the festival, when they tried to teach the Eskimoes about the love of Immanuel, God with us. Sr. Kilbuck tells us how they celebrated

CHRISTMAS.

All week I have been busy getting my Christmas presents ready, and doing some baking, besides the usual household work. I have not been very well, and I feel as if I had a touch of ague. Last night I had finished my preparations, and we put up our tree in the sitting-room, and towards evening decorated it with paper ornaments, and a few candles and the presents. You should have seen the boys' eyes sparkle with wonder and delight when they were first let into the room. They were all fresh and clean, and sat in a row opposite the tree. During service they stood and recited verses from the Bible, answered some questions, and sang the chorus to one song, all concerning the birth of Christ. Then the presents were distributed. Each wonder-struck boy received a fancy bag of Christmas cakes, a nice card, and a bright yarn scarf. We gave Br. Weinland an upholstered easy chair, and Sr. Weinland a wash-stand and a pincushion. They gave my husband a pair of socks and a nice card, and me a pair of slippers, a portfolio, and card. I gave John a pair of house-slippers and a fancy stand filled with paper lighters. Bessie and Kate each got a nice picture-book. My husband made me a sewing-table, with a deep drawer. You can hardly know the joy we felt at being able to have some of our people enjoy with us the blessed Christmas-tide. This morning I put a roast of bear-meat in the oven, sent up to the "Post" for a team, as ours is gone, and took some cakes to Mr. Lind and his children, and some to the natives there. I found them all well, and glad of a little notice. The weather is very mild—only 11 degrees below zero. We have an abundance of snow.

Our next extract shall be about

BEARS AND WOLVES.

During my husband's trip up the river in search of logs for building, he saw a good many tracks of *bears*. The tracks of one were as large round as a saucer, and the tips of the claws went into the sand about three inches beyond the solid track. This must have been a very large animal. One big bear growled around their tent one night; and the natives were so frightened that they insisted on discharging a rifle to scare it away. My husband saw one bear, caught a lynx, and saw two more. He saw where a monster of an elk had been walking. Where Br. Kilbuck's feet made no impressions in the sand, the tracks of the elk sank in about a foot. I never saw one, but they must be immense. A native lifted my husband, and then said he did not weigh as much as one haunch of an elk.

In December, 1886, Sr. Kilbuck says:—

We heard lately from the natives that the *wolves* are in the neighbourhood, which is something unusual. They are probably driven from the mountains by hunger, as food of all kinds is very scarce. They may be after our dogs. Mr. Lind tells that, on a trading trip once, the wolves and dogs fought on the top of the kashima where he was sleeping, and during the night he lost two dogs. They are the large grey wolves, and it makes me rather anxious to have them so close. Two nights ago they came up to Mr. Lind's very door, and were in our yard too. They were round again last night. The dogs are very timid, and stay close to the house, yelping and fretting constantly. We keep a loaded rifle in the room all the time, in case they should attack the dogs.

page 91, we read, "This Synod strongly recommends that the ministers and members of our churches exert themselves in obtaining members for the Alaska Auxiliary to the Society for Propagating the Gospel."

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.



WHOLE No. 206.—No. 1.

TO DO GOOD—FORGET NOT.

JANUARY, 1888.

PUBLISHED AT THE MORAVIAN PUBLICATION OFFICE, BETHLEHEM, PENNA.

"Like Him."

A NEW YEAR WATCHWORD.

Like Him—our loving, living, great Example,
In all things would we strive to grow this
year;
Nor rest, until in every word and action
His perfect image shall at length appear,
With earnest purpose may we each endeavor
To live our life upheld by power divine,
Our wills surrendered and our-
selves forgotten,
Our one desire—that Christ
may in us shine.

Like Him—may we by prayer
and close communion,
Walk ever in the grand,
eternal light,
Whose rays the meanest duty
can ennoble
And make the very darkest
way seem bright.
In growing purity of mind and
spirit
May something heavenly in
us be seen,
That thus the world may be
constrained to notice
That we have certainly with
Jesus been.

Like Him—our Saviour—may
we do our utmost
To bring the sinner to a
throne of grace,
To cheer the sorrowful, to help
the weary
That earth may be a brighter,
happier place.

"*Like Him*?"—O how unlike!"
we say in sorrow;
Yet not in weakness would
we now despair,
But rather strive the more to
follow fully;
And once "at Home," we
shall be like Him there.
—Charlotte Murray.

KITTY has got hold
of Lulu's india-rub-
ber ball, and means
to keep it if she
can.

If I am right, this is the
same Kitty that, when
younger, was once specially
"taken care of" by Lulu, as follows:

They brushed the clothes, they beat the clothes,
One sunny April day,
Their winter clothes, I mean,—and then
They packed them all away,
In paper boxes, tied around
With very strongest strings,
First freely sprinkling them with some
Tobacco dust and camphor gum,
And other sneezy things.

And when, their labor done, they took
Their tea and toasted bread,
"Why, where, is Kitty?" some one asked,—
And "I know," Lulu said,
"She's in my dolly's biggest trunk,

I brushed and beaten her,
There can't not any moths, I dess,
Det into her nice fur,
She scratched my fingers when I put
The camphor stuff about,
Div' me some toast that's buttered froo."
They left it all to her, and flew
To let poor Kitty out.
—Harper's Young People.



"Avenge not Yourselves."

AN Eastern story tells of the haughty
favorite of an oriental monarch
who, as he was passing, threw a
stone at a poor dervish or priest.
The dervish did not dare to throw it back
at the man who had assaulted him, for he
knew the favorite was very powerful. So
he picked up the stone and put it carefully
in his pocket, saying to himself: "The
time for revenge will come by and by, and
then I will repay him for it." Not long
afterward this same dervish, in walking

through the city, saw a great crowd coming
toward him. He hastened to see what was
the matter, and found, to his astonishment,
that his enemy the favorite, who had fallen
into disgrace with the king, was being
paraded through the principal streets on a
camel, exposed to the jests and insults of
the populace. The dervish, seeing all this,
hastily grasped at the stone
which he carried in his
pocket, saying to himself:
"The time for my revenge
has now come, and I will
repay him for his insulting
conduct." But, after con-
sidering a moment, he
threw the stone away, say-
ing: "The time for revenge
never comes; for if our en-
emy is powerful, revenge is
dangerous as well as foolish,
and if he is weak and
wretched, then revenge is
worse than foolish, it is
mean and cruel. And in
all cases it is forbidden and
wicked."

A Little Girl's Logic.



GIRL, six years
old, was on a visit
to her grandfather,
who was a New
England Divine, celebrated
for his logical powers.
"Only think, grandpa, what
uncle Robert says." "What
does he say, my dear?"
"Why, he says the moon is
made of green cheese; it
isn't at all, is it?" "Well,
child, suppose you find out
for yourself." How can I,
grandpa?" "Get your
Bible and see what it says."
"Where shall I begin?"
"Begin at the beginning."
The child sat down to read
the Bible. Before she got
more than half through the
second chapter of Genesis, and had read
about the creation of the stars and the ani-
mals, she came back to her grandfather,
her eyes all bright with the excitement of
discovery: "I've found it, grandpa! It
isn't true; for God made the moon before
he made any cows."

—Study the character of Jesus and His
life and spirit for your ideal of what you
ought to be. Then pray, and prune, and
build, and toil, and amend, ever and
always, all to be like Him.

Bishop de Schweinitz.

AS this number of THE LITTLE MISSIONARY is prepared for its distribution in our Sunday-schools and homes, the Church at Bethlehem is mourning the departure of one of her most illustrious children, and with her, all our churches. Born at Bethlehem, March 20, 1825, a descendant of the great and good Count Zinzendorf, and after filling several other offices of the Church, pastor at Bethlehem from 1864 to 1880, Bishop since 1870, and President of the Provincial Elders' Conference since 1878, he died, very suddenly and quietly, on Sunday evening December 18, 1887, in the 63d year of his age.

Through his frequent visitations in the churches of this Province he is known and esteemed by many readers of THE LITTLE MISSIONARY, and through his writings by many more. His love for his Church shown in the study of her history to which he devoted much labor, part of which has been published in his "Life and Times of David Zeisberger," and "History of the Unitas Fratrum," will serve as a useful guide to similar interest and devotion for future generations.

Among the many objects to which he gave attention and imparted vigor, were the Publications of the Church. For many years he was the Editor of *The Moravian*, and was a warm friend of THE LITTLE MISSIONARY ever since it has been published. Our Alaska Mission also owes its origin to him, and will always be connected with his memory. May his example of steady and unflinching industry in the work of his Lord and Saviour prove an influence for good among those who survive him and especially among the rising generation; and the works he has accomplished and bequeathed to us, follow him into the rest which he has entered, in being instrumental in inspiring others, and especially, many young men, whom he loved to stimulate and encourage, to follow his example "always abounding in the work of the Lord," "faithful unto death."

Jerusalem.

THERE is no city in the world so interesting as Jerusalem. The holy city of the Bible, founded by David, and the scene of so many incidents in the life and passion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, it has been a holy city in the eyes of Christians and Jews alike, and since its conquest by the Mohammedans, of them also, and thus the religious center of half the world. Conquered and plundered and destroyed a number of times by the Babylonians and Romans it was rebuilt by the Emperor Hadrian, in the second century of our era, as a Roman colony, called Aelia Capitolina; but with the spread of Christianity, it soon regained its former religious importance as one of the great Christian capital cities. In the seventh century it was taken first by the Persians and then by the Mohammedans;

and is now under the Turks, the capital of Southern Palestine, a district of about 2,000 square miles. The present population is upwards of 20,000, of whom more than half are Jews, and the rest are about equally Mohammedans and Christians. The majority of Christians in Jerusalem belong to the Greek Orthodox Church, about 3,000; and about 1,500 are Roman Catholics. The Protestants, about 300, belong to the Anglican Church and the Lutheran. An American Protestant Episcopal Church has also been established there. There are also several German institutions, including a girl's school and an orphanage outside of the walls. In its streets at Easter, are seen European tourists, Turks and Armenians, Greek monks and Russians, Jews and native peasants. The styles of building in the city are as various, Oriental, Byzantine, Italian and Gothic.

In our view, the valley of the Kedron lies in the right foreground; the Moslem quarter, with the Dome of the Rock, occu-

from the Kaiserswerth Orphanage, called "Talitha Cumi." Fatme, who was fourteen years old, had been an inmate of Mueller's House at Bethlehem. Lative, also fourteen, was sent by the Russian authorities from Bathshalei, and was a nominal Christian of the Greek Church. The two former knew Arabic well, and had been taught to read and write in German, and under their instruction Lative learned to read the Bible and Arabic tracts. The story of their early days in the Home, as told by the good House-father Tappe, is very touching. "As their fingers have not yet become stiff, they willingly help in housework, and as their voices are not yet hoarse, they go about singing hymns which they have learned in the before-mentioned excellent institutions, or from Sister Johanna, our Arab maid, and Saltana. Really it teaches one contentment to see them so cheerful, remembering that they must look forward to a life of suffering, in which each year must be worse than its predecessor. Poor girls! their sisters would think

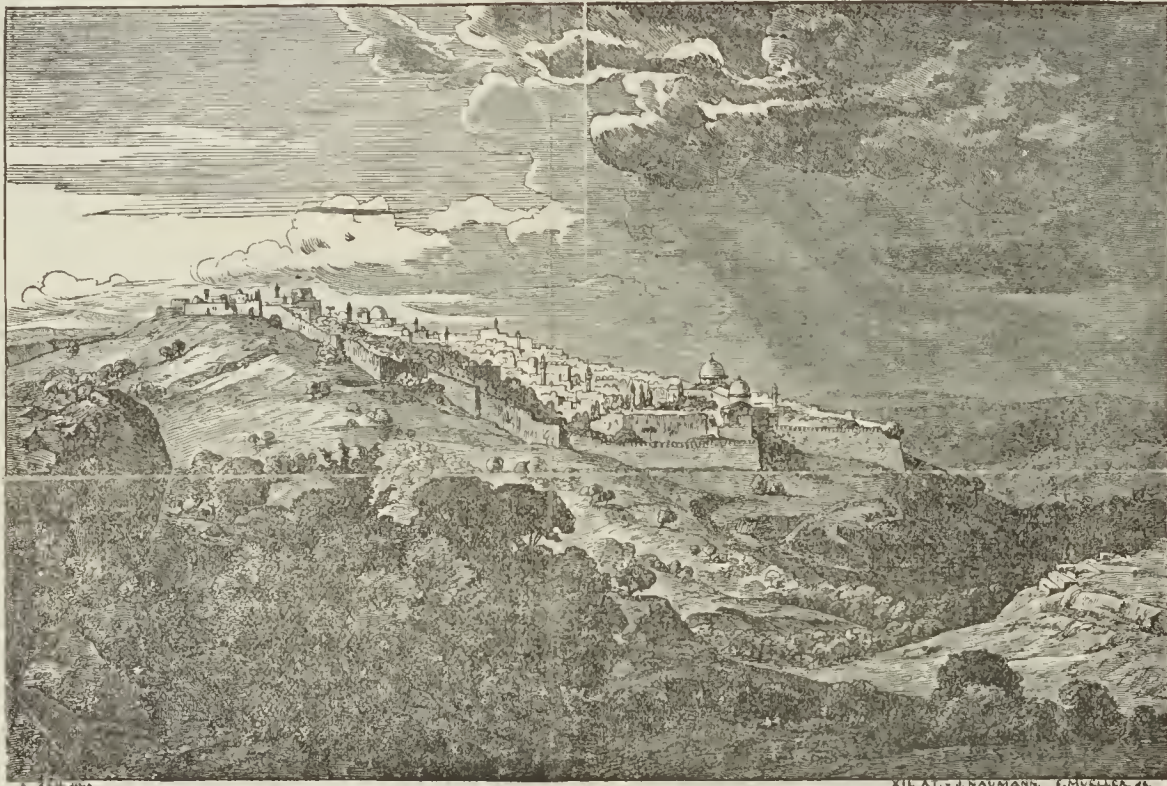
twice before they offered them a hand, nay, their own mothers could scarcely bring themselves to kiss them, and they are denied all those caresses which are amongst the blessed memories of our childhood homes. We rejoice in the hope that our endeavors to bring these afflicted little ones to the Saviour have not been in vain."

In June, 1875, Smikna, a modest, lively girl, about Hassne's age, and of Greek parentage, came from Ramallah, a leper-stricken village. The little group of girls became close friends, helped

each other, and ministered to their fellow sufferers. In 1878, a poor woman named Chesne, came to the home. Lative insisted on sharing her room, and waited on her with loving self-sacrifice. And she had a reward, for just before Chesne died, she said to Lative, who was trying to moisten her parched lips, "Oh! let me alone now, I am no longer here, I am in a more beautiful place where everything is beautiful, so beautiful!"

In 1883, both Lative and Fatme were admitted into the Home, where no inhabitant shall say "I am sick." Fatme was first called. Her last sufferings were intense, but her Saviour was always with her, and when she was reminded how He suffered for her, tears rained from her eyes, and she summoned courage to hold fast the beginning of her confidence steadfast to the end.

Lative did not long survive her friend. She was leprous all over, and a fall downstairs resulted in a festering wound that could not be healed. But the Lord used these chastenings to draw her closer to Himself. Happily she understood His design, and departed in peace. Thus two have been taken to the Home above, and two left a little longer to the tender ministrations of the physician, the self-denying house-parent, the attentive sisters, and the diligent evangelist of the Leper Home at Jerusalem.



pies the right middle-ground, the Jewish quarter follows to the left; and behind it, the Christian quarter.

Among the Christian institutions, is the Leper Home, established by a noble Christian lady, for the gratuitous care of lepers in Jerusalem, of every confession, Mohammedans, Greek or Roman Catholics, or Protestants; and carried on by our Church since 1881. The last report of this House of Mercy announces a total of twenty-three patients, and tells how those engaged in this medical mission are cheered by evident tokens of spiritual good. In the Spring of this year the institution has been transferred from the old house on the Jaffa road to a new asylum occupying a healthy site to the right of the road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem.

The following story was written some years ago by Bishop La Trobe for many years the Correspondent and Treasurer in England for the Leper Home.

THE STORY OF FOUR LEPER GIRLS.

In the Spring of 1874, three girls were admitted into the Leper Home at Jerusalem, founded by the Baroness Keffenbrinck Aseheraden, but under the care of Bro. Tappe and his devoted wife, missionaries of the Church of the United Brethren. Hassne, then only ten years old, came

The Little Missionary.

BETHLEHEM, PA., JANUARY, 1888.

To Do Good—Forget Not.

(Hebrews 13: 16.)

"Happy New Year."

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY presents its hearty greetings to its many youthful readers. The good old congratulatory phrase has not become worn out with use—"We wish you a Happy New Year." In its fullest sense this is our wish for all our dear young friends.

May it be a happy new year for each of you in your personal experience. May your highest aim in 1888 be to do your Saviour's will, and to be "rich in good work" for His blessed kingdom on earth; asking, morning by morning, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

May those of you who have already tasted a Saviour's love, drink more fully than ever of "the river of God's delights." And may those of you who have heretofore refused to accept that love, make the New Year the glad time when they shall find "peace to their souls."

May every home which this paper reaches, and every social circle, be brighter and more truly happy in 1888 than ever before. The simple verses (selected) which follow, express fully what THE LITTLE MISSIONARY earnestly wishes you may all lay to heart, and do.

MY NEW YEAR HYMN.

The glad new year! It comes to me
With messages of love,
With happy wishes from my friends,
And mercies from above.

The bright new year! Hope's radiant bow
Encircles it around,
And joys in fairy garb and guise
Along its path abound.

Untried new year! I know not what
It has in store for me;
But in my Saviour's care I walk
With sweet security.

It can not bring a real ill,
Since He my Leader is;
His ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all His paths are peace.

O fair new year! It holds for me
A tablet pure and clean;
Would that it might unmarred be kept,
To be returned again.

So now I lift my prayer to Thee,
My Saviour and my God;
Be Thou my Guardian and my Guide
Along this untried road;

From acts of selfishness and sin,
From Satan's tempting ways,
Dear Saviour, keep Thy trusting child
Through all the coming days.

The following excellent letter from Brooklyn will repay perusal. It shows us what even the youngest child may do for Jesus; and how bravely little Stanley bore aloft our motto:

"To Do Good—Forget Not."

DEAR LITTLE MISSIONARY:—A long time has passed since you have had a line from Brooklyn, and therefore lest you think that we have lost all interest in you, let me ask the favor of a little space in your interesting columns to-day. My object in writing to you just at this time is to let the children know of the beautiful life of a little boy who was called by the Saviour to the Heavenly Home last week. His name was Stanley B., and he lived with his parents and baby sister not far away from our church.

His home was a lowly one and yet it was comfortable, and was made happy by the spirit of contentment which pervaded it. Two years

ago little Stanley, then hardly four years old, was brought into the Sunday-school by one of the lady teachers, who, while visiting in the neighborhood, discovered his home and found the mother quite ready to have her little boy go in the Infant Class. Regularly after this Stanley was always in his seat, and it was not long before his teacher found him to be a very bright boy; his big, dark eyes fairly sparkled with delight when his turn came to recite the text, and when the sweet story of the lesson was told, Stanley was eager to catch every word. Going home he would repeat all that he had heard to his mother, and so he soon became a real angel in the household, bringing the "good tidings of great joy" and peace. His mother was not able to attend church or Sunday-school, because of baby who needed all of her care and time, so that Stanley was the winner of the spiritual bread which gave her so much comfort.

Early in this present year, not contented with what he gained in Sunday-school, Stanley determined to attend the morning service, and at once he came. Every Sunday morning found him in his place, and although he was such a very little boy yet he sat quietly and listened to all that was said. One Sunday he came to his mother and asked whether he might not do something for the church. He thought he would like to save his pennies and at Christmas take his offering to the Sunday-school. No doubt this thought was suggested by the Superintendent's proposition to the children to bring an offering at Christmas, but it manifested the true spirit in Stanley and showed him to be a real "doer" as well as a "hearer of the Word." Two Sundays ago he came to church and Sunday-school as usual and was among the happiest of the children at the thoughts of the near approach of Christmas. His little voice joined merrily in singing the carols that were to be used at the glad festival, but when the next Sunday came Stanley's face and voice were missing. A severe cold which it was thought would soon be relieved by the Doctor's care, kept him at home. But alas! for all human expectation, it was more than a cold that had seized the little boy. Before Tuesday morning the waiting angel had borne the spirit to Jesus, and the place which had been so well filled on earth was vacant. Seldom have we met with a sweeter instance of grace in a little child than that seen in this bright-eyed boy, who truly was one of the "babes" to whom the things of Christ's kingdom had been revealed. When the precious body had been laid away in its silent bed, the mother with trembling hand gave me the contents of the little bank where Stanley's pennies had been deposited, and lo! these pennies had become four dollars.

And now, dear LITTLE MISSIONARY, trusting that the gentle and good influences going out from the example of this modest and earnest little life may be felt by all your readers, and that all who love the Saviour may be incited to renewed faithfulness in doing good, I pass over into your hands Stanley's Christmas offering, and would suggest that it be applied to the cause of our Missions in Alaska. E. S. W.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 13, 1887.

Donations.

Received for the Genadendal, South Africa Memorial Church:

Schoeneck, Sunday-school..... \$1 50

Received for the Theological Seminary:

Bethlehem, Sunday-school..... \$50 00

South Bethlehem, Sunday-school..... 3 18

Egg Harbor, N. J. "..... 3 00

Lebanon, Sunday-school..... 1 85

Fort Howard, "..... 1 60

Northfield, "..... 1 50

Harrowgate "..... 2 50

Total..... \$63 63

Received for Foreign Missions:

Emmaus, Sunday-school..... \$1 20

Received towards Deficiency in Mission Accounts:

Schoeneck, Sunday-school..... 1 75

Received for Alaska Mission:

Grape Festival and Fair of Little Missionary Society, Salem, N. C..... \$5 00

Proceeds of a Fair by eight children, Lititz..... 12 00

Stanley B., Brooklyn, N. Y..... 4 00

Total..... \$21 00

Grand Total..... \$89 08

Alaska.

THERE are some racy bits of reading for the New Year. They will serve to stir us up in loving and active remembrance of our brave friends, who labor so earnestly for Christ, on the banks of the Kniskokwim in Alaska.

These brief extracts are from the off-hand but very readable diary jottings which Sister Kilbuck sent to some of her friends and from which we have been permitted to make selections.

Here is the first glimpse of Bethel home-life.

June 11, 1887.—"Little Alexi, one of our boys, came home yesterday. He spent his time in amusing Katie, who is eager to have him with her, and cries whenever he goes away. Mattie's finger is well again, and to-day she kneaded the bread for me, and did very well. Alexi has had a lamed back, but is better now. The sick man is still at the trading post, but seems a little better. A large party of his relatives are with him. They are well provided for; have four tents, a large bidarka, and plenty to eat and wear. Mattie and Alexi are fishing for white fish to-night. . . . House cleaning is partly finished, and we feel quite freshened up, although there is still room for improvement in some parts. The bedroom carpets under the beds, and along the walls felt like wet paper in handling it. It was soaked, and would tear in any direction. The glued pieces of veneering on the bedsteads next to the wall peeled off, owing to the dampness; while the varnish showed white, or, quite correctly, greenish white. It is a wonder that any of us have been able to keep well under such conditions."

(Ought not these last sentences to make you very thankful for your own warm and cozy bed, around which there is not a particle of dampness?)

Here is a second glimpse:

June 19.—"Katie has been a very sick child but is better again. . . . We set the white fish net below the Kashima, and caught fourteen fish in it, of which some were pike. They came in quite handy for our larder. We have very little variety at present, and eggs are very hard to get. Yesterday we got two large king salmon, and last night three more; one of them weighing nearly 40 pounds. I let an old man have all of my macromay cord this morning to make a net. He was worrying because the fish had come, and he had nothing to fish with.

Alexi has the fishing fever too, and we are glad that he has. . . . Mattie is sick with pain in her side, and a headache. She mopes around and makes a most doleful picture. . . . The sick man at the trading post became so much better, that his friends took him home. . . .

"Alexi's mother comes to-morrow to cure the fish. Alexi-man fell off the bidarka while sitting and looking after the net in the river. He went under, and the bidarka filled with water; but Andrew got him out with a canoe. Andrew is a jolly boy, and very willing and helpful. . . . "Agootuck" (one of the dogs) jumped through a pane of glass into the school-room, last week. . . . The mosquitoes have not yet arrived."

—Every day remember that to-day you have a God to glorify; a Saviour to imitate; a soul to save; your body to mortify; virtue to acquire; heaven to seek; eternity to meditate upon; temptations to resist; the world to guard against; and perhaps death to meet.



AM the Bread of Life.—John 6 : 35.

There are people who live to eat. Eating is their chief enjoyment. They give much thought and effort to find something new and tasty, and spend great sums of money for feasts. They "spend money for that which is not bread," and disease, and pain, and death, cut short their time of enjoyment. The better they live, the worse they feel. The better they fare, the worse they wear. The time comes too soon when nothing tastes good—their stomachs are a burden, and their days weariness. By living to eat they make life short, and death a terror. Such make a great mistake.

We must eat to live. When appetite fails we are not well. When food fails we must starve. If we have bread we can live and be in health. So when Jesus says that He is "*the Bread of Life*"—He means that men have need of Him every day; that He is to men what bread is among the different kinds of food—the only thing that will keep us alive and well, if all other food were taken away. It is one way of saying that we cannot do without Jesus. Of all food He is *the* food, of all bread He is *the* bread—the very staff of life.

But Jesus is the most rare and rich feast ever set before a hungry world. Though He is a daily portion, He is none the less a wonderful portion. On our tables we may nearly always see something that comes from a distance. Tea from China, coffee and sugar from the tropics, meat brought hundreds, if not thousands of miles, even one flour of which our bread is made may have been grown and ground half way across the continent. The water we drink may be brought into our houses by pipes from a distance. Some delicacies are much prized because put up in some foreign land. But the Bread of Life—what think you?—"came down from heaven!" How foolish to pass this by, without even trying it.

Chiefly wonderful is "the Bread of Life" because he that "eats of this Bread shall live *for ever*." Jesus offers Himself to dying men and women that they may "live and not die." There is no other bread that has such life-giving power. No wonder the people who heard Jesus speak these words, said: "Lord, evermore give us this Bread."

If you were hungry and one brought you bread, should one have to say?—"eat!" Could you without eating get any good from the bread, or from the richest feast? Dying, perishing, without Jesus, why must we so often urge you to *take and eat* of this Bread of Life?

The Love of God.

SAXE HOLM.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,—
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe, and slow,
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest
Are the ones the tender mother

Holds the closest, loves the best,—
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great heart of God! whose loving
Can not hindered be nor crossed;
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost,—
Love divine! of such great loving
Only mothers know the cost,—
Cost of love, all love passing,
Gave a Son to save the lost.

New Year Thoughts.

What is in store for me, brave New Year, hidden
Beneath thy glistening robe of ice and snows?
Are there sweet songs of birds, and breath of
lilacs,
And blushing blossoms of June's scent-laden
rose?

* * * * *
So, hope-lit New Year, with thy joys uncertain,
Whose unsolved mystery none may foretell,
I calmly trust my God to lift thy curtain;
Safe in His love, for *me* 'twill all be well.

—Julia B. Cady.



The Wolverine.

W is a very cross-looking animal and ought to be called "Cross-patch." His great claws help him to crawl on the ice and snow and to burrow as well, if he wishes. His black coat of fur keeps him warm—and it would seem he needs it, for he looks to be in a very cold place. His fierce eyes and sharp teeth would make him rather an unpleasant fellow to meet. In fact, none of us would be likely to shake hands with him and say: "Happy New Year, Mr. Wolverine. What ever makes you look so cross?" We would rather get out of his way and leave him out in the cold. He has nobody to blame but himself, though he might say it is his *nature* to be cross and savage. This is not true of *you*, and if *you* snap and growl and show ill temper, be sure everybody will be glad to get out of your way.

A Hindoo "Saint."

R. BRUCE, missionary at Satara, a city only three miles from Mowli, writes of an event which caused great excitement some years ago.

"Three or four years ago when we went into Satara, we used to see, sitting in the

veranda of his house, an old man covered with rags, and surrounded with rags. Sometimes we used to see him in the street, with rags innumerable upon his person. In America we should have called him a crazy man; but ideas differ in different lands. Here he was a *saint* in whom one of the gods dwelt. When his saintship came to be known by the people, he was honored and worshiped everywhere. Men who ought to have known better would, on seeing him come near, leave their work, and run and prostrate themselves at his feet. His rags were removed, and he was clothed with a robe of purple. No expense was spared to supply all his wants, and he was attended by two servants, furnished by the Prince of Ound. Well! This rag-man, crazy-man, saint, died. He had said previously, 'Wherever I die, there let my tomb be built.' He died in the city, and there the people wished to bury him and erect a tomb which should ever after be an object

of worship. But the city officers interfered and ordered the body to be taken from the city. The Prince of Ound was summoned from his capital twenty-five miles away, and he came as quickly as his horses could bring him. He owns a large place here, and he offered a corner for the burial place. But the officers of the law were inflexible. The Prince telegraphed to the Governor in Bombay, but permission was refused. So the body of the rag-man-saint was carried in great honor to Mowli to be buried. And now a new temple will doubtless, be added to the large number already at Mowli, and one more god will be added to the 330,000,000 in India."—*Mission Stories of Many Lands.*

A Better Way.



LITTLE boy had to be punished for saying bad words. His sister said that mamma was "unlearning" Freddy the bad words. I

should think that was a great deal harder than learning them. There is a better way than to "unlearn." It is the squirrel's way. When he gets a bad nut he does not fill his mouth with it, and then make a wry face and spit it out. He just throws it away without tasting it. It is easier to keep sin out of the heart than to *put* it out. Children, prevention is better than cure.—*Lutheran Sunday School Herald.*

—Whoever makes a fuss about doing good, does very little; he who wishes to be seen and noticed when he is doing good will not do it long.

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